

EASTER NUMBER

# COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE  
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# COMFORT

The Key to

Happiness and Success in over  
A Million and a Quarter Homes

In which is combined and consolidated  
THE NATIONAL FARMER and HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to  
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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## CONTENTS

	Page
CRUMBS OF COMFORT	2
GENEVA'S EASTER BONNET	2 & 27
Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil	
EDITORIAL	3
COMFORT SISTERS' CORNER	5, 13 & 25
EDNA'S SECRET MARRIAGE (continued)	6 & 22
Charles Garvice	
TOUGHIE: Childhood Adventures on a Texas Ranch (continued)	7 & 19
Adelle Steiner Barleson	
A THORN AMONG ROSES (continued)	8 & 23
Mrs. George Sheldon	
THE WORLD NEEDS FAITH An Easter Sermon	9
Uncle Charlie	
COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS Con- ducted by Uncle Charlie	10, 18, 26 & 28
JULIA'S FIRELESS BROODER Short Story	11
Josephine Page Wright	
THE COSSACKS Short Story C. L. Chap- man	11
HOME DRESSMAKING HINTS Geneva Gladding	12
POULTRY FARMING FOR WOMEN Mrs. Kate V. St. Maur	14 & 20
MODERN FARMER	15 & 27
MARKETING FARM PRODUCTS BY PAR- CEL POST Edna Mary Colman	16 & 21
THE CALAMITY BREEDERS Short Story Thomas Addison	17 & 22
POUTY POLLY A Story for Little Folks Webb	18
PRETTY GIRLS' CLUB Conducted by Katherine Booth	19
TALKS WITH GIRLS	20
VETERINARY INFORMATION	21
INFORMATION BUREAU	23
A CORNER FOR BOYS Uncle John	24
MANNERS AND LOOKS	25
FAMILY DOCTOR	26
FEBRUARY PRIZE-WINNERS	26
SIX WHEEL CHAIRS IN MARCH	27
HOME LAWYER	27
IN AND AROUND THE HOME Fancy Work Conducted by Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson	32

## Crums of Comfort

A bad tempered dog must be tied short.

Every wife is the architect of her own husband.

Love, unrest and sorrow always journey together.

Old acquaintances are better than new friends.

Many wish to be pious, but few wish to be humble.

He who stumbles and falls not should mend his pace.

Better paddle your own canoe than owe for a motor-boat.

Every person is at times what he should be all the time.

We please others oftener by our defects than by our virtues.

The hand never tires of writing when the heart dictates.

Marriage is a treaty in which the conditions should be mutual.

Matrimony doth shape our ends, rough hew them as we may.

Good to hear is the laughter that opens the lips and the heart.

An indifferent agreement is better than carrying a cause to law.

To be happy is not to possess much, but to hope and to love much.

Man alone is born crying, lives complaining and dies disappointed.

It would be better were we as slow to give advice as we are to take it.

He who boasts of his descent boasts of that which he had no part in making.

To blame a young man for being in love is like blaming anyone for being ill.

If you put all your eggs in one basket you should put your basket in cold storage.

The lives of some people remind us we can make our own sublime by doing different.

Flowers that come from a loved hand are more prized than diamonds from any other.

When death consents to let us live a long time we pay for the privilege by giving up to all those we have loved.

# Geneva's Easter Bonnet

By Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil

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GENEVA WILSEY loved beautiful clothes as some women love flowers, and others, jewels;—for their own sake; not merely because they enhanced her own attractiveness, for she admired them on others as much as on herself; and not for the desire of public approval, for on the stormiest days, when she remained indoors, or even when convalescing from occasional illnesses, she was as critical in the arrangements of ribbons and laces as if she were about to be presented at Court.

The saying that pretty babies grow up homely did not apply to Geneva, for from earliest infancy she was dainty and winsome. Even at the awkward age, when the hair is gradually going up and the skirts gradually coming down, and one's hands and feet are constantly thrusting themselves into notice, Geneva gracefully typified Longfellow's "Maidenhood."

It was but natural that Geneva's father and mother should endeavor to provide a suitable setting for so charming a picture, and from the beginning of her existence she was clad in the finest and daintiest materials, carefully designed, and made to express her individuality and personal charm.

When Geneva was five years old the firm of Warren and Wilsey failed, and Mr. Wilsey, for many years a semi-invalid, fell a victim to nervous prostration as a result of worry over his financial losses. Death claimed him shortly afterward, and his widow found that she and the little daughter were nearly penniless.

Realizing full well the strain of providing the child with impractical, however beautiful, garments, she procured a number of sturdy little dresses in ginghams and percales, made for hard wear and much laundering. Geneva, always charming, was still a beautiful child in the plain, sensible frocks, but her fairlike daintiness was gone, and the alteration was so radical that the tender mother-heart could not endure it. The percales and ginghams were laid away, and thereafter, though it cost Mrs. Wilsey many a sacrifice, Geneva wore her customary organdies and dimities and pongs, and laughed and played her baby way through life as though she were indeed a carefree fay.

The handsome residence of the Wilseys was sold, and an unpretentious little cottage secured in an unassuming section of the town. Part of the furniture was retained, and among other treasured possessions was the beautiful and costly piano. Later, when affairs had been straightened out as well as possible, and Mrs. Wilsey could calmly face the future, she decided to utilize the instrument and her own musical ability for the support of Geneva and herself, by giving piano lessons and preliminary vocal training.

Her venture proved successful, and she was enabled to carry out her cherished plans for Geneva's education. The child's every whim was gratified; hers was the prettiest bouquet when she graduated from grammar school; hers was the costliest gown, when the high school honored her as valedictorian; hers was the most extensive wardrobe of elaborate toilettes, at college; and all without the slightest effort on her part. Naturally she grew thoughtless—even somewhat selfish; but the affection between mother and daughter was so great that neither realized the injustice to the other.

At college, Geneva developed a certain amount of literary talent, and a few compliments from the learned professors set her brain whirling with

dreams of being the Charlotte Bronte or the George Eliot of the future.

So when college days were over, and she had returned to reside with her mother, one of the first things she did was to purchase a bright new typewriter, which was an inspiration in itself, and "go to work."

Hours upon hours she sat with her chin between her dimpled white hands, thinking out plots; and hours upon hours she spent in shops and parks, at ball games and matinees, seeking material and studying types.

And now, for the first time, she began to observe her mother's labors. The "one, two, three! One, two, three!" and the "Do, re, mi," sometimes set her nerves on edge, and she thought how patient her mother must be to listen to it day after day, week in and week out. Pursuing this line of thought, she began to consider what an expense it must have been, to provide her with so many pretty hats and gowns and slippers, and all the accessories of dainty apparel, which had been lavished on her from earliest childhood. House-keeping, too;—if she wanted strawberries in January, she had but to express her wish and they were set before her. Naturally, somebody paid for those luxuries; and naturally, that somebody was—Mother.

Geneva was grateful, certainly; and now, repenting her former thoughtlessness, she resolved that the proceeds of the very first story she sold would go to mother, for mother's own use. And having thus disposed of her troublesome reflections, she turned to her typewriter again.

At last that miracle did come to pass; a story was accepted, and a check forwarded—quite a generous check, too. And Geneva, in her ecstasy, remembered nothing save a "love of a dress," hand-painted in rosebuds, with slippers and buckles to match, which she had seen displayed in a shop-window a few days previously. It was so expensive that she had not dared to look twice at it; but now she could buy it, with her very own money! And after all, there would be other checks.

So there were; and though she frequently remembered mother on these occasions, and bought her some pretty gift, or generously presented her with the check itself, there were so many pretty and costly things that a girl must have—actually must have—that Geneva's intentions of relieving her mother of the burden of maintaining the household were never fulfilled.

Easter Sunday, the formal beginning of spring, was Geneva's gala day. Then, like the blossoming orchards, she was at her sweetest and daintiest, in new and beautiful apparel, in the freshness of her child-face and rosebud mouth.

Easter, when all is again made new! When the lilacs nod their waxen blossoms, and the shy violets peep forth from the tender blades of grass; when birds begin to carol, and skies grow bluer, knowing it is spring! And when people gaze on Geneva Wilsey's sweet face and graceful, girlish figure, gowned in pretty, new apparel, they could not help regarding her as a personification of spring, and smiling appreciatively and indulgently.

This Easter, she wanted to look particularly charming—for Victor Scott was expected home from Europe. When the great war had broken out, a prominent magazine sent him abroad as special correspondent, and he had remained there ever since—now following the armies, now in the great capitals, delving into the depths of diplomatic intrigue—here and there and everywhere.

But his father, Doctor Scott, pastor of the church which Geneva attended, had suffered a

slight stroke of paralysis, and feeling that his days on earth were nearly numbered, had asked his son to come home. So, on Easter Sunday, Dr. Scott would preach his farewell sermon—and Victor would be there to hear him.

Her heart quickened a little, as she wondered if he really cared for her. He had written her some charming letters from Europe—a few of them very tender in tone; and yet—! She rested her dimpled chin in her dimpled hands and wondered.

At any rate, if he admired beauty—as what man does not?—he would have to admire her! For she had in mind one of the most exquisite frocks imaginable—all pink and white, like a drift of apple blossoms, with the quaintest and prettiest poke bonnet in the world, that matched the dress perfectly. So costly were they that even Geneva had hesitated; but when she thought of Victor she forgot all about the number of dimes in a dollar, and resolved to wear that frock and bonnet on Easter Sunday morning.

"Of course you'll go to hear Dr. Scott's farewell sermon on Easter morning, mother; you and he have been friends for years and years!"

Mrs. Wilsey flushed a little. "I think I shall wait and attend the evening service," she said quietly.

"The evening service! But there's to be a new minister at the evening service!" And then Geneva, in a flash of comprehension, flushed a great deal.

She had been spending a lot of money lately—all she had earned by her literary work, and some that her mother had earned by teaching one-two-threes and do-re-mis. And—now that she paused to think about it—it had been ages and ages since mother had bought even a moderately dressy gown. Mrs. Wilsey had pride—ever so little, but still it was there—and it would be too embarrassing for her to attend the morning service with Geneva—the daughter fashionable and beautiful—the mother in garments that dated from year-before-last.

All this Geneva realized in an instant. She said no more on the subject, but later in the day she surreptitiously examined Mrs. Wilsey's wardrobe. She was amazed, astounded. The gowns were so out-of-date as to be conspicuous, and shabby as well; and as for the checks and hats!

She went to her desk and took from it two checks. She had received a few days previously. She fingered them lovingly, as she thought how surprised her mother would be. Before her eyes rose a vision of a dress like a drift of apple blossoms, and the quaintest, prettiest poke bonnet in the world; but she shook her head impatiently, as if the thoughts were a troublesome insect, and straightway went forth to shop.

She did not stop until she had spent every penny represented by those two checks. Then, happier in her self-sacrifice than she had ever been in the gratification of her own desires, she walked serenely homeward. She had put away resolutely the thought of the rose-pink gown and the old-fashioned poke bonnet, and if now and then a thought of Victor intruded itself, she told her heart that she didn't care whether Victor cared or not, so there!

When Mrs. Wilsey woke on Easter morning, she reached sleepily for the lavender housewren that should have hung on the chair beside her bed. Instead, her fingers encountered something unfamiliar, and she sat up in surprise—surprise that grew to amazement when she saw the things that hung on the chair and lay on the shirt-waist box.

There was a soft silken gown, of a shade that matched perfectly the deep blue of her eyes; a wrap that seemed as if it must have been designed expressly for her; a hat that could not have been more becoming had it been made to order; and all the dainty accessories that such an outfit required—new gloves, handkerchiefs, neckwear, shoes—even a corsage bouquet of violets.

"Geneva!" she called. "Geneva!"

"Yes," answered Geneva, in the adjoining room. "A happy Easter, mother!"

She entered her mother's room a moment later, smiling brightly, but with a guilty flush on her cheek.

"So!" said Mrs. Wilsey. "Your face betrays you, Geneva! You bought all these things for me—with your own money!"

She said it so sternly, as if it were a crime, that Geneva burst out laughing.

"Why, yes, mother, I did. And you want to know why I didn't tell you? Why, because, in your unselfishness, you'd have sent them all back. And it's only your due, mother, that you should have pretty things for Easter—and always! I've been thoughtless and selfish, and I'm sorry. Now, dress quickly, and we'll be away to church."

"Geneva, I'll warrant you spent all the money you received from the Continental magazine—yes, and from Lister's Monthly, too! You did! I see that you did! Now, what are you going to wear?"

"I'm going to wear that lilac frock I had made last summer—it's as good as new. If I had thought of it, I'd have got a new hat, but as I didn't think until I'd spent all the money, I just took my old spring hat and put a new flower and bow of ribbon on it—and now it's as good as new, too."

As Geneva and her mother entered the church, people turned their heads a little. People always looked for Geneva, and at her; but now—they openly stared. Pretty, as always; but surely they had seen her in that gown before! And certainly that hat was not of this year's design! Geneva's cheeks flamed, knowing their thoughts; but she held her head high, and appeared unconscious of their whispered comment.

They waited a few moments, Geneva and her mother; and a few noting Mrs. Wilsey's new toilette; understood and murmured a blessing on Geneva's pretty head; others, not so well acquainted with the Wilseys or their circumstances, secretly wondered.

The little church was crowded, and the usher had some difficulty in finding a seat. He preceded them up the aisle until they reached the Scott pew. Victor was there, and as they approached he rose and made place for them, with a smile and nod. Then, he, too, for a moment stared, and Geneva told herself again that she didn't care whether he cared or not, so there!

Throughout the service she felt that his eyes were fixed upon her, but now she really did not care. She wondered whether every Easter service and the clear, sweet voices of the choir-boys, had been so beautiful as this, and if so, why it had never seemed so before. Why had the music, never before carried so direct an appeal to her heart? Why had Dr. Scott's sermons never before seemed so earnest and convincing? Why had her soul never before been touched with the true inward beauty of the day? Was it because she had, as she herself admitted, made it a day for dress parade?

When the service was over, and people were departing from the edifice, after a few words with the retiring minister, Victor Scott, in the vestibule, found himself surrounded by friends who were anxious to greet him after his long sojourn in troubled Europe. Geneva had no opportunity to converse with him, but as she passed out she gave him a friendly smile as she murmured, "Welcome home!"

It was a beautiful day to Geneva, though she scarcely realized that her own beautiful unselfishness had made all the difference.

In the afternoon the bell rang, and answering it, she found Victor Scott at the door. She was surprised, for she had not expected him to call so soon. His modest recital of his European adventures charmed both Geneva and her mother, but when Mrs. Wilsey excused herself and left the room, in order to look after some household arrangements, Victor rose and crossed the room, seating himself close to Geneva.

"That's enough about the war, Geneva—now I want to talk about you. First of all, I want to apologize for having entertained an erroneous and unflattering opinion of you. To be candid, I always thought you were a selfish little prig! Sweet and lovable, and I couldn't help loving!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

## "A Sacrifice to Love"

By Hapsburg Liebe

is a grand story of noble, rugged manhood that commands admiration, of woman's devotion and fortitude such as glorified the martyrs. Though it sounds the depths of pathos in a sacrifice of what is dearer than life for what is dearest of all, the somber shades are relieved by a bright thread of tender, charming romance, and the interest in the narrative is intensified by thrilling incidents and startling situations. It is a story of 4500 words, but we shall print it

## All Complete In May COMFORT

After half a century the animosities engendered by our Civil War have been so far replaced, both North and South, by sentiments of mutual respect, confidence and friendship that the survivors of two armies that had fought each other at Gettysburg met there a year ago last summer, as guests of the State of Pennsylvania, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the great battle, and last year the representatives of the G. A. R. and of the United Confederate Veterans with President Wilson and other government officials assembled in the great National Cemetery, at Arlington, to dedicate the majestic monument there erected in honor of those who gave their lives for the "lost cause." May COMFORT will contain an interesting account of the impressive ceremonies in which the President took part, extracts from the inspiring addresses, and a description and full page picture of the monument showing its beautiful sculptures in detail. And there will be a lot of other fine things in May COMFORT.

## Your Last Chance

Now is your last chance to win cash prizes. April is the last month of our Grand Prize Contest. Enter now, for you may win two good cash prizes this month, an April monthly prize and a Grand Prize too. Others have done so. Why not you? Get your friends and neighbors to subscribe or renew their subscriptions and help you earn a nice premium and win a good cash prize, too,—perhaps two cash prizes. Read Grand Prize offer elsewhere in this paper. Enter now and win your share of the cash prizes. But LOOK OUT for YOUR OWN SUBSCRIPTION so not to miss May COMFORT.

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### Beware of Adulterated Bread

**A**RE you eating ground plaster in your bread? Not if you know it, of course, for nobody would eat it knowingly. Yet finely powdered plaster of Paris is one of the adulterants that some people are eating in their bread and don't know it, according to Dr. James O. Jordan's investigation and report to the Boston Board of Health.

Dr. Jordan reports that in the mixing room of a large Boston bakery he found a bin containing between 200 and 300 pounds of a mixture called "A. B. C." flour composed of plaster of Paris, salt, ammonium chloride and flour in the following proportions:

Plaster of Paris	24 parts.
Salt	24.9 parts.
Ammonium Chloride	11.6 parts.
Flour	39.5 parts.

In the basement of the bakery he found 5180 pounds of this mixture in bags, and he was informed that it was used in bread-making; one of the officers of the bakery company claimed "that it aided in breaking down the gluten in the flour, that it saved yeast and also gave an added bloom to the loaves."

Dr. Jordan says it appears to be a fact that loaves of bread prepared with plaster of Paris and ammonium chloride are much larger and lighter than would be obtained from the same quantity of flour not combined with these materials.

He speaks of an investigation of two bakeries in a city in an adjoining State and the discovery of more of the "A. B. C." mixture.

He urges that these conditions necessitate the enactment of a State law to give the Board of Health oversight of the substances kept in bakeries for bread-making.

Dr. Jordan is professor of chemistry at the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy and is regarded as one of the best analytical chemists in Boston, especially with regard to food, milk and drugs. His investigation and report were made at the request of the Boston Board of Health.

The Doctor is certainly right. Not only Massachusetts but every State ought to have a stringent law to prohibit the manufacture and sale of fraudulent bread and adulterated bread materials, including impure baking powders.

Pure cream of tartar is one of the chief constituents of high-grade baking powders but, as it is costly, you can't expect to find much of it in the cheap ones. The latter are likely to contain some inferior substitute, even alum which we believe to be unwholesome. We have known cream of tartar to be heavily adulterated with alum. Buy the pure article and see that you get it.

### Dope Habit Hard Hit by National Law that Regulates Sale of Opium and Cocain

**A**T last our government has learned a lesson from China which for some years past has prohibited the sale of opium and even stopped the raising of the poppy from which the drug is obtained. On the first day of March the United States government assumed control of all opium and cocain in the country, so that on and after that date opium and cocain cannot be imported, manufactured, kept, distributed, sold or given away in any manner or form in any part of Uncle Sam's dominions except under the very strictest government supervision and regulation. It is the most thorough-going law of that kind ever enacted by Congress and undoubtedly will accomplish the beneficent purpose for which it is designed.

The use of habit-forming narcotic drugs, especially those derived from opium and cocain, has grown to alarming proportions in the United States and has become an evil of magnitude second only to the liquor habit.

The efforts to mitigate it by State laws have proved disappointing in their results. The previous legislation by Congress prohibiting the importation of these drugs except for medical purposes and requiring the per cent of either of them contained in any remedy to be printed on the label has fallen far short of accomplishing its purpose.

Opium smuggling flourished, Chinese opium joints in the cities throughout the land persisted not only in serving their Asiatic votaries but also in dragging down to the lowest depths of degradation an

ever increasing legion of American victims of the irresistible opium pipe, and besides these the drug-stores were supplying cocain, morphine, codeine and various other preparations and derivatives of coca leaves and opium to hundreds of thousands of poor wretches who in one way or another had become slaves to the dope habit.

While drinking is a social vice and the drunkard makes himself conspicuous, the use of dope is indulged in secretly so that the extent to which it prevails and the evils it results in are not generally known. The habitual use of any of the various forms of opium or cocain ruins the health, destroys the will power, weakens the mind, dethrones conscience and subverts morality. The dope habit is more difficult to cure than the liquor habit, and is more disastrous in its consequences. Most drunkards have intervals of sobriety between drunks, but the dope-user's constitution soon becomes so affected that he has to keep himself continually saturated with the drug and to increase the dose as time goes on; if deprived of it for a short time he suffers crazing agony that often impels to suicide.

The law which went into effect the first day of last month requires every person who imports, manufactures, keeps, sells, gives away, compounds or distributes coca leaves, cocain, opium or any preparation or derivative of either, to register his full name and place of business with the Collector of U. S. Internal Revenue for the district in which he resides and pay an annual tax of one dollar; and they are all required to make an inventory and report the respective quantities of these drugs on hand on the first day of March. This applies to doctors, dentists and veterinary surgeons as well as to retail, wholesale and manufacturing druggists; all must be registered and report.

None of these drugs can now be imported, compounded, sold, dispensed or given away except for legitimate medicinal purposes. Sale or delivery of these drugs is not permitted, even by one registered dealer to another, except in pursuance of signed orders made out in duplicate on government order blanks furnished by the Internal Revenue Department at one cent each. The purchaser and seller are required each to retain a duplicate of every sale order and keep it on file for two years to enable the government to keep track of every bit of cocain and opium products in the country.

The druggists are not permitted to sell or dispense cocain or opium in any form to the public except to fill prescriptions issued and signed by physicians, dentists or veterinary surgeons registered as required by this law, and are obliged to keep the prescriptions on file for two years after they are filled. Each prescription must be dated the day when issued, must bear the registry number of the physician, dentist or veterinary who signs it and the name and address of the person for whom it is given, and it can be filled only once.

Physicians, dentists and veterinary surgeons registered under this law may dispense these drugs to their patients provided they make and preserve a record showing the quantity of the drug, name and address of the patient and the date when dispensed.

The law does not require officers in charge of Federal and State medical departments and institutions to register or pay the tax for purchasing and keeping these drugs in the performance of their official duties.

Liniments and ointments for external use, though containing opiates, and internal remedies containing certain small specified portions of opium or its derivatives are permitted to be sold freely as heretofore.

The penalties for violation of this law are very severe, and its terms are so stringent and far-reaching as to give strong promise of being effective in banishing the cocain, opium and morphine dope evil from the United States.

The noticeable feature of this law is the completeness of the control that the National government has assumed over the manufacture, sale, distribution and use of opium and cocain. But it is equally interesting to those versed in the intricacies of constitutional law to note how this is accomplished by an application of the taxing power of the government. None but a lawyer would dream of classing this as a tax law, and yet it is as a tax law only that Congress has the constitutional power to make and enforce it, except as to interstate and foreign commerce. If the little one dollar registration tax and the one cent tax for the order blanks were cut out all the rest of this

law applying to manufacture, sale and distribution within any State would be null and void.

The power to prohibit or directly regulate any business within a State belongs to the State legislature and not to Congress. But Congress has the power to tax, and so when it wishes to regulate business within the States it does so indirectly by imposing a moderate or even trifling tax and making the regulative features incidental to the assessment or collection; and when it wishes to drive out of existence a business or manufacture that it cannot directly prohibit, it accomplishes that object by the thoroughly effective means of imposing a tax so excessive as to be absolutely prohibitive. By taxing it to death Congress rid the country of the dangerous yellow phosphorus match, and the same method was employed to abolish the issue of currency by State banks.

I have discussed these interesting points of law to bring out clearly the proposition that

### Congress Can Establish Nation-Wide Prohibition of Liquor by the Exercise of its Taxing Power

**I**T appears to have been erroneously assumed by the friends of temperance that an amendment of the Constitution of the United States was necessary in order to empower Congress to prohibit or assume control of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquor throughout the country. Therefore they have been laboring for the adoption of such an amendment, which is a slow and difficult task requiring for its accomplishment favorable action by a two-thirds vote by both branches of Congress and acceptance by the legislatures of three-quarters of the States.

The resolution for a prohibitory amendment introduced and urged in the last Congress by Congressman Richmond P. Hobson, of Alabama, was favored by a majority vote in both the Senate and House of Representatives but failed of a passage because it fell a little short of the requisite two-thirds.

Now here is the vital point. While it requires a two-thirds vote of Congress to submit a constitutional amendment for consideration by the States, and then a long delay with the final action of the States in doubt, only a bare majority of both Senate and House (without reference to the States) is necessary to make a law that becomes immediately effective.

It must be assumed that the senators and congressmen who voted last winter in favor of the prohibitory amendment were sincerely in favor of nation-wide prohibition and would have voted for a law designed to accomplish that object, and therefore had it been a proposed prohibitory law, instead of a constitutional amendment, it would have been enacted and we should now have nation-wide prohibition.

Let us not wait for the slow, tedious and doubtful process of a constitutional amendment, but rather let us demand that Congress, at its next session which begins in December, make a law whereby in the exercise of its taxing power the National government shall prohibit the sale of liquor for a beverage and shall assume full and effective control of the manufacture, sale and distribution of alcohol and alcoholic liquors and restrict their use to mechanical and medicinal purposes.

Now that Congress has strangled the dope evil it should immediately attack the greater demon, alcohol, by a law similar in its design but somewhat different in detail.

How many of our readers will give their active support to such a campaign by circulating petitions to their Congressmen and Senators if COMFORT will lead the fight and supply the ammunition?

I would like to hear from you, to get your views on the subject and to see whether enough are interested to make it worth while to launch the movement through COMFORT.

In the million and a quarter homes that take COMFORT there are enough to make a big army and exert a powerful influence if you will enlist in support of this cause. I shall be grateful for a letter or a post card in reply.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.





# The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

*Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.*



## AGENTS WANTED

**Agents Make \$3000 this year.** Be your own boss—Independent—abundant money—your time your own. No experience—time at home or traveling. Write E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr., 632 Third St., Cincinnati, O. today for full particulars.

**Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Photo Plates, Pennants, Paper Mache Pictures, Etc.** Credits prompt shipment; samples sent free. Agents \$30 day credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk X5, Chicago, Ill.

**Agents.** Sell rich looking 36x88 imported Rug, \$1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit \$57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

**Agents Wanted—To advertise our goods** by distributing free sample to consumer, 90 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. The Fawcett Company, 1019 West St., Dayton, O.

**Agents—200% profit.** Wonderful little article. Sells like wildfire. Can be carried in pocket. Write at once for free sample. H. Matthews, 1919 Third St., Dayton, Ohio.

**Agents—Snapshots** household line on earth. Red hot sellers, steady repeaters—100% profit. 250 light weight, fast selling, popular priced necessities. Agents Outfit free. Get busy—Quick—Write today—postal will do. American Products Co., 635 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

**Agents sell "Kant Leak" Rain Coats—\$5.00 kind for \$3.98.** Cooper cleared \$60 in 6 days. We deliver direct to customer. Write for terms and Free Samples. Comer Mfg. Co., 26 Broad St., Dayton, O.

**Billy Sunday's Message.** Authorized. We will pay you \$20.00 to distribute it in your neighborhood, 60 days' work. Great opportunity for man or woman. Spare time may be used. Particulars and sample free. Universal Bible House, 606 Winston Bldg., Philadelphia.

**Guaranteed Hosiery Manufacturer** wants man or woman to establish permanent distributing route. No capital or exp. needed. Liberal inducements for all or part time. G. Parker Mills, 2733 N. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

**Sells Like Hot Cakes;** Laundry wax perfumes clothes with lasting Violet perfume; outfit 5c; Perfume-Gloss, 13 Water St., N. Y.

**Agents Wanted—women and men—for** Glorietta Cream, new quick seller. Good profit. No experience necessary. Some make \$50 first week. Write for full particulars. E. J. Husted, Dept. 3044, Grand Rapids, Mich.

**You can sell our Raincoats.** Anyone will buy. We give you one. Outfit free. Temple Raincoat Co., Box 212, Templeton, Mass.

**Big Textile Mills** will employ every where reliable people to take orders for dress fabrics, hosiery, underwear and newswear samples. Factory prices. Spare or all time. No experience. Permanent. Many making over \$30.00 weekly. Steadfast Mills, 34 Remsen St., Cohoes, N. Y.

**We start you in business,** furnishing everything; men and women, \$200 weekly operating out of "New Street Candy Factory"; Book free. William Bagdale, East Orange, N.J.

**Wanted: Men and women** to introduce our fine line of popular priced Coffees, Teas, Baking Powder, Etc. Valuable and useful premiums free. No experience or money necessary. Exclusive territory. No traveling. We pay well for your services. Employment permanent. Write for our proposition. The Great Eastern Coffee & Tea Co., Department 67, St. Louis, Mo.

**Young Man,** would you accept a tailor made suit just for showing it to your friends? Then write Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 36 Chicago, and get beautiful samples, styles and a wonderful offer.

**Man Or Woman** of good character in each town to distribute free goods as advertising; experience unnecessary; references required; \$15 a week to start. Address Hudson, King & Co., Dept. A, 9 South Clinton St., Chicago.

**Agents make \$10 a day** selling rugs at \$1 each, cost agents 55c. Size 36x58. Sell from one to six at every house. Something every housewife wants. Full size rug for sample, 98 cents by parcel post. Commerce Specialty Co., Commerce, Tex.

**Make \$21 Next Saturday.** Brand new proposition, patented last January. Amazing invention, guaranteed air and water purifier, weighs but 2 pounds; excels work of high priced machines. Customers excited; agents coming money. A sale at every house. Price only \$1.50; 200% profit. Cleans tub of clothes in 3 minutes; works like magic. F. Hughes made \$21 first 8 hours. Investigate. Write now. Wendell Co., 793 Oak St., Leipsic, O.

**Agents—\$1,000 to \$3,000 yearly** selling over eighty every day articles to farmers. Pleasant permanent business. Full instructions. Big Chance, Write quick. Dept. 40, Duofarm Company, North Java, N. Y.

**Agents—here's a big money maker** for you—Thermosone, a simple, successful home treatment for all common diseases. You can sell it because it is a big money saver for the user. Write Badger, Oneida, N. Y.

**\$1000 Per Man Per County—Strange** invention startles world—Agents amazed. Ten inexperienced men divide \$40,000. Korstad, a farmer, did \$2,200 in 14 days. Schleicher, a minister, \$195 first 12 hours. \$1200 cold cash, made, paid, banked by Stoneman in 30 days; \$15,000 to date. A hot or cold running water bath equipment for an home at only \$6.50. Self-heating. No plumbing or waterworks required. Investigate. Exclusive sale. Credit given. Send no money. Write letter or postal today. Allen Mfg. Co., 3077 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.

**Ladies Wanted** to sell patented nursing shirt waists to mothers. An exceptional opportunity is offered. Write Chas. M. Lewis Co., 184-5 Ave. N. Y. City.

**Everybody sings, or plays!** That's why it's so easy to make money with our "special" offer. Just send your name and 35c (cost) for samples and increase your income. The Song Shop, Dept. M, Louisville, Ky.

**Agents To Sell Hosiery.** 6 pairs guaranteed Hosiery for \$1. Big Commissions. Send \$1 for samples and instructions. Giant Strength Hosiery Co., Shamokin, Pa.

**If We Had Your Address** we'd show you how to earn \$25 one week, but weekly. Send for samples. Money back if you want it. S. Mfg. Co., 41 Y. Warren St., N. Y.

**Ward's "Key"** tells how to start a mail order business at home for 20c. Send 10c for "Key" and circulars. Ward Publishing Co., Box 433, Chicago, Ill.

## AGENTS WANTED

**Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free.** State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triple Wear Mills, Dept. 43, 112 So. 13th St., Phila., Pa.

**Agents—New Mighty Money-Making** marvel. World Startled. New marvelous clothes washing crystal. Clothes washing ideas revolutionized, positively abolishes rubbing, washboards, washing machines; women astounded; wild over it, absolutely harmless. \$1,000 guarantee goes with it; make \$50 to \$100 weekly. Marshall of Pa. amazed. Telegraphs "Rush 5,000 packages." Exclusive territory; no experience necessary; credit granted; own a business; supply customers; pocket big profits; nature's mighty elements do work. Hurry! Write today—get overwhelming proof, all free. Equitable Corporation, Dept. 261, 215 W. Superior, Chicago.

**\$61.50 Weekly.** Introducing and selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamps. No chimney. No mantle. Samples free. Luther Manufacturing Co., Dept. 503, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**Agents are coming money** selling our Big 10c Packages of 20 Assorted Postal Cards. "6000 Varieties." Big Profits. Sell everywhere. Sample Pkg. 10c. Particulars Free. Sullivan Card Co., 1234 Van Buren St., Chicago.

## FEMALE AGENTS WANTED

**Women Make Money** introducing Frisella Fabrics, Hosiery, Raincoats, etc. All or spare time. Samples free. Get particulars. Fitzcharles Co., Dept. 65, Trenton, N. J.

**Make \$35 Weekly** Selling Sanitary Aprons, Stock Pants, Bolero Shields. Sample Free. Climax Co., 710 Walton Ave., St. Louis.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**We Pay 25c cash** each for farmers' names. Any number taken. Send time for contract. T-Sun, LeRoy, Michigan.

**Wanted—Names and addresses.** All kinds. We pay 25c each. Send time for contract. Directory Co., 9469 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

**Free—6 Months—Investing for Profit.** a monthly Guide to Money-Making. Tells how \$100 grows to \$2,200—how to get rich quickly and honestly. H. L. Barber, Pub., 470, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

**Cash Paid** for all kinds Medicinal Roots, Bark, Herbs, Etc. Cash ready. Write for circular. Grand Co., Logan Sta., Philadelphia, Pa.

## MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

**Write Moving Picture Plays:** \$50 each. No correspondence course. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 326 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

**\$50 to \$100 Weekly** Writing Moving picture plays. Free book, valuable information and special prize offer. Chicago Photoplaywright College, Box 278 T. Z. Chicago.

**We Accept Mss. in Any Form:** Criticism Free; Sell on commission. Quick sales; Big Prices. Don't waste money on instructions. Write us. Story Rev. Co., Box 71, Southampton, Pa.

**Write Moving Picture Plays.** \$75 each. Literary experience unnecessary. Send for Free book "How to Write Moving Picture Plays." Lundeen Pub. Co., 303, Fergus Falls, Minn.

## An American Woman's Success in England

By Clara Berwick Colby

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Thirty years ago Mrs. Mary E. Wilson was left a young widow in Indianapolis, Indiana, to face the world with limited resources, and a son to educate. She pondered long, considering what course she should pursue—whether to give her son or herself the first opportunity of college. She had graduated with honor from the Indianapolis High School, and had before her marriage been a successful teacher in that city. But she had always had a great longing for a University training. This had never left her during her married life. She could now put her son at some paying employment, use her money to put herself through College and thus not only realize her day-dream but be in a better position to help her son through College afterwards. Ah, but if he once felt the charm of money-making might he not lose his desire for a higher education. This thought decided her, and she sent her son to Cornell while she resumed the work of teaching to support herself and him.

The young man graduated in 1892 and the autumn of that year Mrs. Wilson enrolled among the students of the scientific and medical department of Cornell University, while the young man took his turn as a breadwinner. After five years study Mrs. Wilson graduated from both departments, remained another year for post-graduate research and the practice of her chosen work as an oculist. Then she continued her studies abroad taking clinical work at the hospitals in Berlin, Paris, and other cities. In 1900 she went to Moorfields, London, for the same purpose. This is the oldest and the largest Eye Hospital in the world, and she found such opportunities that she remained nineteen months as clinical student under the senior surgeon. Leaving for a visit to her old home she was offered if she would return, the position of chief clinical assistant in this great hospital. Such a position had never been held before by an American, not to say by an American woman, and coming to her unsought it was a marked recognition of her ability. For the honor of her country, and especially to demonstrate woman's capacity for a responsible position, and one requiring unusual skill and stability, Mrs. Wilson determined to serve seven years. During this time, although her services were, like those of the staff surgeons, rendered without any payment, she was never absent or tardy and had a record of more than one hundred and five thousand cases that had passed through her hands. The fascination of the work and her attachment to her co-laborers who like herself were putting their talents freely at the disposal of those in need, grew upon her so that she has remained twice as long as she had planned, making it possible to give her services without remuneration, by other work outside of hospital attendance.

## POULTRY

**Gibson White Leghorns, R. I. Reds, Barred Rocks, White Wyandots** are properly bred. They lay and pay. Baby Chicks, Strong, livable, safe delivery guaranteed. Eggs for Hatching, guaranteed highly fertile, give large hatches. Breeding Stock, large size, vigorous, healthy. Write for free catalog—Today. G. F. Gibson, Galen Farms, Drawer D, Clyde, N. Y.

**Poultry, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, Pigeons, and Dogs.** Send 10 cents for book (tells in color) tells how to make money with poultry. Largest producers of poultry in the world. United Poultry Farms, Box 60, Hope, Ind.

**Cornish Indians.** Fine in station, shape and color. 15 eggs \$1.50 prepaid. S. A. White, Box C, Timberville, Va.

**Chicks, Hatching Eggs, Record 266.** trap nested Leghorns & Light Brahmas. Send for catalogue free. Box CT, The Underhill Farms, Fort Ann, N. Y.

**Poultry Paper, 44-124 page periodical,** up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit; four months for 25c. Poultry Advocate, Dept. 112, Syracuse, N. Y.

## MALE HELP WANTED

**Government Farmers Wanted—Age 21 to 50.** \$75 to \$125 monthly. Osmont, S-F St. Louis.

**I Conducted Government Examinations** can help you secure Railway Mail or other Government Positions. Trial examination free. Osmont, S-F St. Louis.

**Increase Your Income \$8 to \$40 weekly** raising mushrooms in cellars, sheds, boxes. Free booklet. H. Barton, 404 W. 48th St., N. Y.

**A Money Proposition—Co-operate with** me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars Desk 152, Hazen A. Horton, Tekonsha, Michigan.

**Railway Mail Clerks Wanted.** \$75 Month. Sample examination questions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. S-9, Rochester, N. Y.

**Be A Detective—Earn \$100 to \$300 per** month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 287 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

**\$80 Monthly** and expenses to travel and distribute samples, take orders, appoint agents, permanent. Manager, 2144 Ogden Ave., Chicago.

## CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

**Optometry—means money to you.** New, uncrowded profession—the art of fitting glasses. Our "Home Study" method will quickly and thoroughly prepare you for practice. Diploma granted. Liberal payment plans. Catalog free. Chicago School of Refraction, Office, 501 Journal Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

**Will pay reliable Woman \$250.00** for distributing 2000 Free packages Perfumed Soap Powder in your town. No money required. A. Ward & Co., 218 Institute Pl., Chicago.

**Spend Summer** gathering insects. I pay big prices. Instruction Book. Send Stamp. Sinclair, Box 244, D. 30, Los Angeles, Cal.

## FARMS FOR SALE

**Strout's 1915 Farm Catalogue,** just out; describes hundreds of going farms and country homes throughout 14 Eastern States, photographs of many; one acre to 1000 from \$10 per acre up; copy free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 3027, 47 West 34th St., New York.

## FARM LANDS WANTED

**Wanted—To hear from owner of good farm** or unimproved land for sale. C. C. Buckingham, Houston, Texas.

## FARM LANDS

**Productive lands, crop payment or easy** terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, 22 Northern Pac. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

## HELP WANTED

**Secret Service Operatives** work everywhere. Be one, big pay, easy work. Travel. Write, Fidelity Secret Service, Wheeling, W. Va.

**\$25 Weekly** collecting all kinds names and addresses. No canvassing. Send stamp. Superba Co., A., Baltimore, Md.

**Men-Women Wanted—Government Jobs.** \$100 month. Write for list positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. S 12, Rochester, N. Y.

## COINS AND STAMPS BOUGHT

**\$50. paid for Half Dol. 1853 no arrows;** \$6. for 1878 Half S. Mint; \$100 for 1894 Dime S. Mint. Many valuable coins circulating. Send 4c. Get our Illus. Coin Circular. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6, Fort Worth, Tex.

**\$4.25 Each Paid** for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. Keep all money dated before 1856, and send 10c at once for New Illus'd Coin Value Book, \$7.10 may mean a fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 20, LeRoy, N. Y.

**Buffalo Nickels—High Prices Paid** for them and Lincoln pennies, certain kinds. Highest prices paid for all old coins. Send 10c for coin catalog and particulars. Means \$ to you. Jones, Coin Dealer, Dept. 90, Newton, Ill.

## POST CARD CLUBS

**Receive Post Cards** from everywhere. Membership in best club 10c. H. J. Teeple, Box M, Decatur, Indiana.

**You'll have friends and sweethearts** the world over. Membership 10c. The Quality Club, Terre Haute, Ind.

## POST CARDS

**Send Ten Cents** for 20 Assorted High Grade Post Cards; One Flag Bug Free. Nichols Specialty Co., Whitehall, N. Y.

**San Francisco Exposition** postals all handsomely colored. A rare opportunity. Write now. 10c. Ravenswood, 9 Edna Ave., Bradford, Pa.

I had long intended to visit my fellow-countryman at her work, and the morning I happened in was a favorable time for her staff-surgeon was absent; and she had full charge of his clinic. There were about five hundred patients that morning, and a fair share of these were attended to by Mrs. Wilson. (Surgeons in England are not called Doctor, but simply Mr. or Mrs.) As I was presumably a student I was able to follow Mrs. Wilson to the dark room where she critically examined the eye to its innermost parts with the ophthalmoscope; to the testing room, and to the operating chamber. I noted the gentleness and certainty with which she handled the various cases, and that many of the patients waited long rather than be treated by another. Her whole mentality was concentrated on each patient as she quickly and skillfully attended to the case; yet as she told me afterwards, she was very sad that morning, as she just learned of the death of a friend who had for many years been in charge of a clinic at an Eye Hospital in Philadelphia. Mrs. Wilson used to spend her Cornell vacations studying with him, and he gave her the first encouragement to enter the profession, she said with emotion.

Moorfield's Hospital is attended by students from all parts of the world. The morning I was there men were present from Egypt, India, Australia, Canada, and the United States. A California doctor whom I met elsewhere expressed his regret that he had spent so much time at clinics on the continent when he could learn so much more from Mrs. Wilson. Mrs. Wilson's career is an encouragement to other women not to be afraid to take up a profession after early womanhood has passed even though that profession be one that requires long and arduous preparations. Dr. Wilson was the mother of a grown son when she began her special education, and now after twenty-two years of training and experience she feels her life-work is still before her. It is not the fashion for women to grow old, they may not live longer than women used to, but while they do live they are alive to what is going on, and if they wish to beguile what would otherwise be the tedium of old age by taking up a new pursuit or some line of education there is nothing in conventions, or in public opinion to prevent them. I know a woman who after sixty, entered a medical college, and entered upon a successful career after graduating; and another friend of mine attended the University of Wisconsin after she was eighty years of age, and nobody laughed at her, but all appreciated her pluck, and as she said of herself, she was having the time of her life. There is nothing like getting hold of new knowledge to fill a vacant or to cheer a sorrowful life, even if no other practical use is made of such acquirements.

## The Bolometer

"You don't know what a bolometer is, do you?" inquired the professor party when somebody has been talking about thermometers. "No? I thought not. Most people don't, but it is very useful to science just the same and science is doing a whole lot for most people, though as a rule it is very quiet about it. All of you know what a thermometer is and that it measures heat in degrees and none that you ever see in public make it any finer than one degree, but the bolometer is different. It measures heat, but not by mercury in a glass tube out in the weather. On the contrary it must be carefully protected from the air by a case. Its gauge is a strip of fine platinum wire acted upon by electricity and it is so sensitive that it will measure to one hundred millionth of a degree. A lighted candle brought into a room with a bolometer will have a noticeable effect upon it and the heat of the hand several feet away will be registered. So sensitive is the bolometer that it can be used only at night when few or no people are moving about and when there is nothing likely to disturb it."

## Against Desecration of Flag

A bill has just been passed by the senate which provides a fine of \$500 for desecration of the American flag, the coat of arms or other insignia; by use in advertisements, trade-marks, labels, etc. Also, the person who tears down, tramples upon, treats with indignity or destroys wantonly the flag or coat of arms would be guilty of a misdemeanor.

## A Man Who Paints Under the Ocean

Oddities, of no matter of what kind, have always appealed to the great major-

## REAL ESTATE

**Virginia Farms \$15 an acre** and up. Easy payments, mild climate, fertile soil. Ideal for fruit, stock or general farming. On railroad with big markets near-by. Write for list, maps, etc. F. La Baume, Agri. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 269 N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

**Farms Wanted.** Have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming price. We help buyers locate desirable property free. American Investment Assn., 71 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

**Money-Making Farms** throughout 14 states; one acre to 1,000 acres, \$500 to \$50,000, many with livestock, tools and crops included. Write for Strout's New Catalogue No. 38. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Sta. 3027, 47 W. 34th St., N. Y.

**Real Estate Wanted.** Sell your property quickly for cash, no matter where located, particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., Dept. 11, Lincoln, Neb.

**Farm Homes** in best districts of South make large yields grains, hay, give best stock raising and dairying opportunities, reasonable prices. Information on request. M. V. Richards, Ind. & Agri. Commissioner, Room 19 Southern Railway, Washington, D. O.

## FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

**Have You A Camera?** Write For Samples of my magazine, American Photography and Popular Photography, which tell you how to make better pictures and earn money. F. R. Fraprie, 694 Pope Bldg., Boston, Mass.

**Developing 10c,** prints 2c. Quick returns. Free sample prints and enlargement. H. Cobb Shaw, 318 Bowdoin St., Boston.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**Old Letters Wanted.** I pay high prices for original letters of famous people. Walter R. Benjamin, 225 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

**Your Name** embossed in gold on 12 beautiful pencils 50c postpaid. Sample 5c. O. L. Lawry, Box 127-C, Knoxville, Tenn.

## MUSIC AND SONG WRITERS

**Song Writers "Key to Success"** Free! We compose and facilitate free publication or sale. Submit Poems, Knockersbocker Studios, 522 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

## PHOTO FINISHING

**Kodak Films** Developed, 10c. per roll, any size. Prompt attention given mail orders. Prices 2 1/2c. to 3 1/2c. 4c. to 5c. to 6c. to 7c. J. M. Manning, 1063 Third Ave., New York City Box 8.

## ENTERTAINMENTS

**Plays, Dialogues, Speakers and Entertainments.** Catalogues Free. Address Dept. A. Ames Publishing Co., Clyde, Ohio.

## BY PARCEL POST

**Special—Get acquainted** offer. Self-filling Fountain Pen \$1.50, New Shoe Polish in tube 15c and family Needle Case, 115 needles 25c, all \$1.00 Postpaid. Framingham Novelty Co., Framingham, Mass.

**Baby Shoes,** sample pair and price list 20c. E. D. Fiegenbaum, 1336 Lydia, Kansas City, Mo.

## MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

**Earn \$35 to \$50 Profit Nightly.** Small Capital starts you. No experience needed. We teach you and furnish everything. Capital Mds. Co., 255 Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

## STORY WRITERS WANTED

**Poets—Authors! Good Money** Writing Short stories, poems and other articles. Mail Literary and Pub's Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

## HOW TO GET PATENTS

**Patents Secured Or Fee Returned.** Send sketch for free search and report. Latest and most complete patent book ever published for free distribution. George P. Kimmel, 232 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

## PATENT ATTORNEYS

**Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers** are willing for patents procured through me. Three books with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Advice Free. I get patent or no fee. R. B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

## FEMALE HELP WANTED

**Ladies** send stamped envelope for particulars, testimonials and prices we pay to others working for us. Many have been with us for years. Pay sent weekly. No canvassing. Address Universal Co., Dept. 6, Phila., Pa.

**Ladies:** We pay good wages to women working for us. No canvassing. Send stamped-addressed envelope for particulars. Eureka Co., Dept. 45, Kalamazoo, Mich.

**\$2.50 Per Day Salary Paid One Lady** in each town to distribute free circulars and take orders for concentrated flavoring in tubes. Permanent position. J. S. Ziegler Co., 7D East Harrison, Chicago.

**Wanted.** Tea aprons by dozens. Will buy all you can make. Send 15 cents for pattern and prices. Kenwood, 442 E. 81st St., Chicago, Ill.

## HEIRS WANTED

**Thousands of families** are wanted to claim fortunes. Many now living in poverty are rich, but don't know it. Our 400-page index, entitled "Missing Heirs and Next of Kin," alphabetically arranged, contains authentic list of unknown relatives and heirs wanted and advertised for in America and abroad to claim fortunes. Also contains Chancery Court of England and Ireland lists, and Bank of England unclaimed dividend list. Thousands of names in book. Yours or your ancestors' names may be among them. Send 2c stamp at once for free booklet. International Claim Agency, 2 Pittsburgh, Pa.





This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families, as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become co-workers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHELAN WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

**T**HE selfish mother—nine times out of ten that means YOU, even though you heartily deny it and say you do everything in your power for your children and right there you convict yourself. You do too much, for in the fullness of your mother love you run here and there doing for the different members of your family what they should learn to do for themselves and thus plant the seed of selfishness which will be the cause of unhappiness when the child is among strangers who do not see with your eyes. The mother who continually gives up her own time, money and strength for the gratification of her children, teaches them to expect it. If the mother wears an old dress or coat that the daughter may have new ones, she is fostering a spirit of vanity that may be the cause of sorrow later.

As a general rule the mother has more care and anxiety than any other member of the family and neither husband nor children will love her any more for sacrificing herself to their comfort—perhaps they will appreciate it but that appreciation is likely to come too late. She should be just to herself. I do not mean that she should make slaves of her children any more than they should make a slave of her. Children like to be useful and feel they are a help, and if a little praise with occasionally a small amount of money, is given them they will learn to enjoy the work for the pleasure of helping mother and of earning spending money for themselves. Thus the mother has time to devote to study and can keep abreast of the times and be able to converse intelligently on matters of current interest. Remember that "Unselfish mothers make selfish children."

LYNN HAVEN, FLA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May I come in a few minutes to tell you how delighted I am with this corner? Will you send me some of the things I wanted to know about Florida and could not find out till I came here.

First, so many people have the idea that it is expensive living here. It may be in the eastern part of the state but here in the western part the land is good for farming, back a few miles from the Gulf and bays of which I think Florida has her full share. Good farm land can be bought from ten to twenty-five dollars an acre; much of the land that is not cleared can be bought for five dollars an acre.

People coming from the North learn by bitter experience that farming methods differ here and the crops one raises here are different. There is no reason why one may not make a good living on twenty acres here easier and better and with much less work than on a sixty-acre farm in the North. I can speak from experience for I was born and reared in Michigan, and then the difference in the amount of fuel and heavy clothing in one year more than makes up for the expense of coming here.

Fruit will grow here but don't make the mistake of thinking that it is plentiful now for it is not, as this is comparatively a new country and must be considered as such. However, as soon as the fruit is planted it grows just as fast as anywhere. Apples are about the only one of the old home fruits we cannot grow here. Lynn Haven is one of the new cities of Florida, on St. Andrews Bay and is sixteen miles from the pass out to the Gulf of Mexico so while we have the salt water of the beautiful bay and fine bathing beach and the air from the Gulf we are away from the storms and breakers.

I fear my letter is too long now so will close by saying to any that want reliable information about homes here I will write if they will send me self-addressed, stamped envelope. I have no land for sale, but know of some that is cheap and good as any in Florida on a good, rolling ridge with water in abundance, and in a good community. I wish the COMFORT staff would come and go fishing with me this morning. Just pin on your sunbat, put on a Jersey jacket for a wrap and we will have a mess of trout in short order.

Success to COMFORT's staff and love to all the sisters.

Mrs. M. E. PARTRIDGE.

Mrs. Partridge, I am relieved to learn that I am not the only follower, among the sisters, of Isaac Walton and wish it were possible for me to accept your invitation, as fishing is a favorite sport of mine and I always join my children on their fishing trips whenever my work will permit and, to be perfectly truthful, sometimes when it doesn't. All the sisters tell of their work, which we want to know about, but why not tell of your play and amusements also, for a certain amount of the latter is conducive of better results in the former—do you not agree with me?—Ed.

REDWOOD, VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you admit a lonely blind girl into your social circle just for a little while? Although I am blind I am a subscriber to COMFORT and it is a great pleasure to me to have my mother read your interesting letters.

I will describe myself so you may have some idea how I look. I am five feet four inches tall, black hair, blue eyes, fair complexion and weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds.

I live in the country on a farm with my mother, father and my brothers very sad one. I was stricken blind at the age of seventeen years, after a long spell of sickness. I have been blind just half my life, seventeen years. While I was very sick I awoke one morning and everything was in darkness to me. I asked my mother to light the lamp. She told me the sun was shining brightly. I could not believe it and told her to light the lamp and bring it to my bedside. She brought it and when I felt its burning blaze I said: "Oh mother I am blind."

It was a great grief to me and my people to know I was blind just in the bloom of my girlhood, and it was a long time before I could be reconciled to God's will. I would weep and my sadness is beyond ex-

pression. I often think how bright and beautiful the world is, but everything is all darkness to me.

I went to the blind school at Staunton, Va., but stayed only two weeks. I grew homesick and went home. I suppose it would have been better for me to have stayed in school but I missed my dear mother and the loved ones at home so much I could not.

Sisters, I have a good home and one of the best mothers in the world.

Although alone there are many things I can do to pass away the lonely hours. I can sweep the floors, make beds, wash dishes and wait on myself. I play the organ, violin and banjo. My music is a great comfort to me. I was once a jolly girl and very fond of music and dancing.

Sisters, I could tell you much more but guess this will be enough this time.

My birthday will be the 25th of April. I will be thirty-four years old. And if any of you wish to send me a card or a letter it will be greatly appreciated.

I think I know how to sympathize with the lonely shut-ins. My best wishes to all.

The lonely blind girl, JOSEPHINE DUDLEY.

Josephine Dudley, Your lot is indeed a sad one, but you have many blessings, a home with loved ones to care for you and the memory of seventeen years of the world as it was before your misfortune. So many blind people can form no correct idea of even the simplest of nature's wonders, that they are to be doubly pitied. By this time you, no doubt, have received my personal letter, explaining that your letter came too late for insertion in the March issue and that I was taking the liberty of changing your birthday to a month later. I feel that your appeal will meet with a ready response from the kind-hearted, noble women who are links in this chain of friendship which extends across the continent, and beyond, and with whom I feel it an honor to be editorially connected.—Ed.

### Comfort's Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps

**SCALLOPED OYSTERS.**—In a buttered baking dish put a layer of rolled crackers, cover with a layer of oysters drained, sprinkle with pepper, salt and small pieces of butter, moisten with a little of the liquor mixed with milk; then another layer of crumbs and so on until the dish is full, having crumbs on top; beat an egg into a little milk and pour over the whole, sprinkle with small bits of butter and add tomatoes; pour the mixture over and let brown before sending to table.—Ed.

**FRIED OYSTERS.**—Dip oysters in egg, well-beaten, then roll in the cracker crumbs. Fry in sweet lard or drippings, have enough to cover them, very hot, and brown nicely on both sides.

**ITALIAN SPAGHETTI.**—One and one half cups of grated Roman cheese, one fowl cut in cubes, one quart tomatoes, one quarter of a cup chopped parsley, one medium-sized onion, four cloves, garlic, season with cinnamon, nutmeg, salt, pepper and two bay leaves. Brown the fowl in butter and oil, add onion, garlic, parsley and spices, let brown and add tomatoes; cook slowly for two hours. Pour over the paste which has been cooked and to which add the grated cheese.

**MEAT ROLLS.**—Take thin slices of lean meat, cover with parsley and a little garlic chopped fine; season with salt and pepper, put on a small thin slice of fat-back and roll, tie with white thread; brown in butter. When almost done, put in small potatoes. If it gets too dry add a little water. Should cook about three hours, slowly.

Mrs. ANDREW DABOVICH, Virginia, Nev.

**MOCK DUCK.**—Take a round of beefsteak, salt and pepper, either side, prepare broiler or crackle with oysters, without; lay your stuffing on the meat and sew up. Roast about one hour.

Mrs. BERTHA STOVALL, Freeburg, Mo.

**WHITE SAUCE.**—One tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon of flour and one cup of milk or cream. Melt the butter and blend the flour into it, adding slowly the heated milk or cream. Cook thoroughly but do not boil.

**EGG SAUCE.**—Make same as White Sauce and add two hard-boiled eggs, sliced. This is particularly good with fish.

**SALMON SALAD.**—Put a can of salmon into boiling water and after boiling a quarter of an hour, remove from the can; sprinkle with pepper and salt after draining off the oil; cover with vinegar and let stand twenty-four hours, then remove from vinegar, add a head of finely chopped lettuce, pour over all a salad dressing and sprinkle ground walnuts over the top and garnish with lettuce leaves and serve.—Ed.

**GRAPE-NUT SALAD.**—Put two cups of grape-nuts in a dish, cover with hot water and let stand till soft; dissolve one package of gelatine, when cold, add grape-nuts, walnuts, orange and pineapple, and bananas, chopped into small pieces, one tablespoon of sugar; serve with whipped cream.

Mrs. ETHEL ROGERS, Aberdeen, S. Dak.

**BAKED BEETS.**—Wash and put into a pan; set into a moderate oven and bake slowly; when cooked soft, remove the skins and dress to taste.—Ed.

**FRIED GREEN BEANS.**—Have your green beans broken into small pieces; take a slice of good bacon, cut into small pieces, fry. Put your beans into the skillet, pour in water until the skillet is full, let water boil and let beans fry in the bacon and fat, salt and pepper to taste. It takes about half an hour for them to cook. We think them better, than when boiled, and in a quicker way.

Mrs. RUDOLPH SULEIN, Garden Valley, Cal.

**SCALLOPED CELERY.**—Fill a baking dish with alternate layers of white potatoes and chopped celery, using potatoes for top layer; add salt, pepper, butter and cover with sweet milk, and bake until brown on top. If too much celery is used it will curdle.

Mrs. F. HANDEL, Holtwood, Pa.

**BROWN BREAD.**—One cup of corn-meal, one cup of graham flour, one cup of sour milk, one cup of warm water, one half cup of molasses, one teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of sugar, a little salt; steam two hours and serve while hot.

**BOILED MACKEREL.**—Cook mackerel in enough water to cover to which has been added salt and lemon juice



BOILED MACKEREL.

or vinegar. Salt gives the necessary flavor and lemon juice or vinegar keeps the flesh white. Place on platter and serve with potato balls and garnish with parsley and slices of lemon cut in fancy shapes.

**CORN BREAD WITHOUT EGGS.**—Two cups of corn-meal, one cup of flour, two cups of milk, two tablespoons of melted butter two tablespoons baking powder, and two tablespoons of sugar.

**DYSPEPSIA BREAD.**—One pint of graham flour; dissolve one half teaspoon of soda in two thirds of a cup of home-made yeast, and add to the mixture one cup of molasses; add sufficient water to make it somewhat thinner than flour bread.—Ed.

**GRAHAM MUFFINS.**—One cup white flour, one cup graham flour, one egg, one teaspoon salt, one quarter cup of sugar, one teaspoon melted butter, one cup of sweet milk and four level teaspoons of baking powder.

Mrs. CHRISTOPHER ROHRER, Waterford, Ohio.

**RICE CROQUETTES.**—Take cold boiled rice, add three eggs, with sugar and lemon to taste, also a little grated nutmeg if preferred; make into small round cakes, dip in egg and rub in bread crumbs and fry in butter.—Ed.

**POTATO CROQUETTES.**—Three cups mashed potatoes, two cold boiled eggs and one medium-sized onion, cut fine, salt and pepper to taste. Mix all together thoroughly and shape. Dip in beaten egg, roll in cracker crumbs (or flour or bread crumbs may be used) and fry in hot fat. Serve warm. This recipe makes croquettes sufficient for three people.

CORA CLINE, Potter Place, N. H.

**CREAM CHOCOLATE PIE.**—Two cups of sweet milk, four tablespoons of sugar and four of chocolate or cocoa and two of flour; mix with a little of the milk until smooth then add to the boiling milk. Beat the yolks of two eggs light and beat in the last thing with a teaspoon of vanilla and a little butter. Put in a baked crust, use whites for top or if preferred whipped cream is very nice.

Mrs. G. GUNDERSON, Sandford Dene, Sask. Can.

**ORANGE PIE.**—Three quarters cup of sugar, a little

more than a cup of milk, three heaping teaspoons flour, juice of one large orange or two small ones and a little of the grated rind, three eggs, beating out the whites of two for top. Cook and fill baked crust.

**CUSTARD PIE.**—Use a plate about an inch and a half deep, with not too flaring edge. Roll out crust an inch larger than the plate, turn the edge under, first being sure that no bubbles of air are left between crust and plate, and pinch the crust into a fluted rim. Heat three cups milk, beat yolks of three eggs with one half cup sugar till light, add one half teaspoon salt and a little grated nutmeg, if you like it; add the hot milk and the whites of eggs beaten only until foamy. Beating the whites separately may seem unnecessary, but it gives a more uniformly browned crust of fine grain, like that of nice cake. Instead of the blistered patches of brown over a yellow, uneven surface which is often seen. Brush the under crust with a little white of egg left in bowl; dredge lightly with flour and then strain the custard into the dish, adding the last portion after setting the dish in the oven if it seems to be too full. Bake slowly till it puts up all over, and a knife inserted in the center will come out clean and not milky.

**WOODFORD PUDDING.**—Take three eggs, one cup jam or preserves (it is best to use something with small seeds, such as gooseberries or raspberries), one half cup sugar, one half cup butter, one and one half cups flour, one teaspoon soda dissolved in three teaspoons sour milk. Flavor with vanilla, cinnamon and nutmeg, and bake slowly.

**SAUCE.**—One cup sugar, butter size of an egg, one tablespoon flour, one cup boiling water. Flavor with vanilla. Pour the sauce over the pudding and serve while warm.

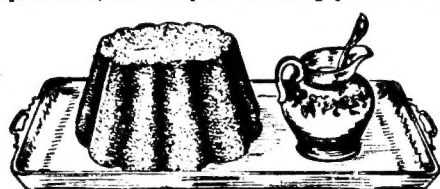
Mrs. C. M. HILL, 1121 Guerrero St., San Francisco Cal.

**PERSIMMON PUDDING.**—(Requested.) One quart persimmons, one quart flour, one quart sweet milk, one cup sugar, one egg, one teaspoon soda, one half teaspoon salt, butter size of an egg; flavor with nutmeg. Rub persimmons through colander to remove seeds. Bake forty-five minutes in bread pan. Let pudding get perfectly cold and cut in squares.

Mrs. STELLA SHOLDERS, Abilene, Ill.

**DYSPEPSIA'S PUDDING.**—Boil a cup of rice till soft; then take two eggs, a cup of sugar, and a cup of milk, stir all together and add to the rice; pour six cooking apples, slice small and place in bottom of pudding dish and pour the above mixture over them. Bake until the apples are thoroughly cooked. To be eaten warm, with or without cream.

**CHOCOLATE PUDDING.**—Cream three tablespoons of butter, adding gradually two thirds of a cup of sugar, and one egg, well beaten. Mix and sift two and one fourth cups of flour, four teaspoons of baking powder, each a



CHOCOLATE PUDDING.

little more than level, and one fourth teaspoon salt. Add to the cream mixture with one cup of milk, then add two and one half ounces of chocolate, melted. Turn into greased mould and steam two hours. Serve with Cream Sauce.

**CREAM SAUCE.**—Cream one fourth cup of butter and add gradually one teaspoon vanilla and one fourth cup heavy cream beaten until stiff.—Ed.

**FIG PUDDING.**—One quarter pound figs, chopped fine, one quarter pound bread crumbs, one quarter pound brown sugar, one quarter pound suet, one quarter pound candied lemon peel and citron, one half nutmeg, grated and five eggs; mix thoroughly, put in mold and boil or steam four hours.

**CHOCOLATE PUDDING.**—Scald together one quart of milk and three ounces of grated chocolate, and set aside to cool; then add two thirds of a cup of sugar and yolks of three eggs; bake and when done spread whites on top, beaten stiff with sugar and brown.

**MOLASSES PUDDING.**—One cup of molasses, one cup of sour milk, one cup of chopped suet, one cup currants and raisins, one teaspoon of soda, a little cloves, allspice, cinnamon and enough flour to thicken. Steam from one and a half to two hours.

**HARD SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS.**—One cup butter, three cups sugar, beat very hard, flavoring with lemon juice.

**Strawberry Sauce.**—Rub half cup of butter and one cup of sugar to a cream; add the beaten white of an egg and one cup of strawberries, thoroughly mashed. Various other fruits may be substituted with equally good results.—Ed.

**DRIED APPLE CAKE.**—Two cups dried apples, soak in cold water over night, then chop; one and one half cups molasses, one and one half cups brown sugar, three quarters cup butter, one cup sweet milk, two cups currants, two eggs, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cloves, one half teaspoon nutmeg, one tablespoon cinnamon. Make stiff with flour. Bake slowly.

**POTATO CARMEL CAKE.**—Two thirds cup butter, two cups sugar, one cup mashed potatoes, hot; one half cup milk; one cup grated, unsweetened chocolate; one cup chopped walnuts, one teaspoon cinnamon, cloves and nutmegs; four eggs, two teaspoons baking powder; two cups flour. Cream butter and sugar; add yolks, milk, potatoes, spices and chocolate. Sift baking powder with flour and, lastly, beat whites stiff and add. Bake the nuts just before putting in to the oven. Bake in a moderate oven one hour.

**ICEING.**—One cup sugar, five tablespoons of milk, two teaspoons of butter, two tablespoons of chocolate. Beat well and boil seven minutes.

**ROCKS.**—Two cups sugar, one cup butter, creamed; then add one cup nuts and one cup raisins, chopped; one and one half teaspoons soda dissolved in one quarter cup boiling water; three eggs, well beaten, and three cups flour. Mix in one tablespoon spices and drop. Bake in quick oven.

Mrs. ANDREW DABOVICH, Virginia, Nev.

**WHITE CAKE.**—Two cups of sugar, two cups of flour one cup of lard, whites of three eggs, one cup of water, one teaspoon flavoring, two teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in layers.

Mrs. F. HANDEL, Holtwood, Pa.

**ONE EGG CAKE.**—Cream one quarter cup of butter, one cup of sugar and one egg. When very light add one half cup of milk, then one and two thirds cups of flour and one and one half teaspoons of baking powder. Stir and bake in a quick oven.

MISS WILHELMINA STRAHL, Danville, Ill.

**SUBSTITUTE FOR WHIPPED CREAM.**—Add a sliced banana to the white of one egg and beat until stiff. The banana will entirely displace the cream and you will have a delicious substitute for whipped cream.

Mrs. JOHN W. NOONAN, Leo Valley, Nebr.

**BUTTER SCOTCH.**—One cup of sugar, one quarter cup of molasses, one tablespoon of vinegar, two tablespoons of boiling water, one half cup of butter. Boil ingredients together until they will become brittle when tried in cold water. Turn into a well-buttered pan and when slightly cool, mark into squares.

**VINEGAR CANDY.**—Two cups of sugar, one half cup of vinegar, two tablespoons of butter. Put butter into kettle, when melted, add sugar and vinegar. Stir until sugar is dissolved and cook until mixture becomes brittle when tried in cold water. Turn on buttered tin to cool. Pull and cut same as molasses.—Ed.

**ALMOND CREAM.**—Two cups of sugar, enough water to cover, teaspoon of vinegar or little cream of tartar (one half teaspoon). Cook until it ropes in water. Pull in chopped almonds. Can pull chocolate instead of almonds.

Mrs. ANDREW DABOVICH, Virginia, Nev.

**ELDERBERRY WINE.**—(Requested.) Pick berries, wash and let set for three days; strain, to juice add four gallons of water to one gallon of juice. Put one and one half pounds of sugar to the gallon of liquid. Dissolve sugar in water before mixing with juice. When it works, skim three or four times a day.

MARY BOYD, Crofton, R. R. 2, Ky.

**DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE.**—Two cups of sugar, one half cup of butter, one half cup of thick sour milk, three eggs, one and one half teaspoon of vanilla, one level teaspoon of soda, three eighth cups of chocolate, dissolved in a cup of hot water. About three cups of flour for stiff batter.

**FROSTING.**—One cup of unsalted butter, one teaspoon of vanilla, and one cup powdered sugar. Mix and spread on cake; cover with one tablespoon of sweet cream, mixed with powdered sugar enough so it won't run when spread. MARGARET FISHER, Lakeland, Minn.

**GINGER CAKE.**—Four eggs, one cup of milk, half cup of lard, one teaspoon of ginger, one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, enough flour for a stiff batter. Pour into a well greased pan and bake.

Mrs. STELLA STATION, Greenville, S. C.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)



## Ask the Man

If you don't know the right Baked Beans, ask the man of the house to compare them. We promise you he'll pick Van Camp's.

To men's taste the difference is enormous. Van Camp's are whole and mealy. None are crisp, none hard, none broken.

The sauce, exclusive to Van Camp's, has a wondrous tang and zest.

The tinge of bitterness left in most beans is removed by the Van Camp process.

But the greatest difference shows an hour after eating. Under-baked beans then seem heavy. Van Camp's are half-digested. For we bake them for hours, in small parcels, by super-heated steam under pressure. Even the hulls are mellow.

**VAN CAMP'S**  
PORK & BEANS  
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

No need to compare them with home-baked beans. They are impossible if you seek easy digestion. No home oven half bakes beans.

The question lies between ready-baked beans. And the masculine world has chosen Van Camp's. Today thousands of restaurants which cater to men are serving Van Camp's alone.

This dish will change your standards on baked beans. It will lead you to serve this nutritious dainty oftener. It will save you many an hour of cooking. It will make bean dinners more attractive to the man.

Van Camp's has done that in a million homes. Now it's your turn. Try it.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.

(365)





# Edna's Secret Marriage

By Charles Garvice

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Weston, old and wealthy, knowing he has but a few days to live, sends for Richard Burdon, his lawyer. Remembering a debt he owes Charles More, he revokes a will in favor of a younger brother's child and makes a new one, disposing of the lives and hearts of two, and leaves it for Mr. Burdon to carry out his bequests. The banker is found dead the next morning. Sixteen years later Sir Cyril More with wealth squandered and no aim in life, finds himself at Lucerne, Switzerland, where he meets Edna Weston, who has only Aunt Martha. Edna inquires of Sir Cyril if he knows Richard Burdon. Her father, on his death-bed charges her to go to him the first of the following September. Edna and her aunt board at the Pension, a Swiss boarding house and Sir Cyril leaves the Grand for the Pension Petre, where he gives his name to Edna and her aunt as Harold Payne. Seated in an arbor Cyril hears voices and recognizes Mr. Howley Jones, who admits being a chum of Cyril More, who has completely gone to the dogs, squandering all his money on Glitters. Edna listens and questions if he knows Sir Cyril and is it all true? He admits he has heard of him. Later Cyril meets Miss Glitters and requests her not to tell he is there. "Hearing on he sees Edna who has witnessed his greeting with Glitters."

A few days later, Aunt Martha, Edna, Sir Cyril and others go by train to the top of the Rigi. Returning, Cyril and Edna decide to walk down. A mist, preventing them from following the path envelops them, and rather than have him leave her to find the path, she would rather die. Cyril clasps her in his arms.

## CHAPTER VII.

### IN LOVE'S LIGHT.

It was in no dream this time that she heard those words, "Edna, my darling, my darling!" It had come true, that hysterical fancy of hers, and he did love her; love!—what did it mean?

She raised her head slowly and shyly, and slowly found courage to look up at him. It was a goodly sight, for there was that on Sir Cyril's face that had never been there before, and that made him look more than handsome—noble; it was the glow and light of an honest, passionate love.

"Edna—my Edna! you threw the cotton away because I should not leave; do you—can it be possible that you love me?"

She draws her head back, and with her hands resting—pushing against—his breast, looks up at him curiously, almost breathlessly; her lips slightly apart, eyes soft and tenderly dreamy, a delicious languor settling on her whole face—a bewitching face truly to have so near one's own.

"Do I love you?" she repeats slowly, a beautiful blush coloring her loveliness; "do you love me?"

"With all my heart and soul!" responds Cyril in a low, deep voice. "Oh! tell me, Edna—little fairy—do you really love me?"

She shakes her head slowly, and answers softly:

"I do not know. How can I know? Tell me."

Cyril draws her closer to him, and gently forces her cheek against his heart; she resigns herself with a sigh, and looks up at him expectantly.

"My child," he says—whispers almost, for this sweet innocence of hers is so sacred to him—the worldworn, pleasure-sated man—that he feels as if he were communing with a spirit in some holy place.

"My child, do you not know? Why did you not want me to leave you? You were not afraid to be left alone?"

She shakes her head.

"I was afraid for you; we may be near some dangerous precipice—you might fall!"—she shudders—"No; I could not let you go, could I? But tell me, do I love you? What is love? I feel so strange, so—so happy? Is it like a dream? Oh, if I knew!"

Cyril's eyes devour her with a lover's eagerness.

"Do you love me?" he says; "let us see. Tell me, Edna, the truth—nothing but the truth—and I will answer the question for you. My darling, you are happy, you say; is it because I am here?"

A rapt, wistful look came into the eyes upraised to his.

"Yes," she answers, "I think so, I am sure; I have never been so happy before—no, never. I am always happy when you are near me, and I feel so lonely and restless when you are away. Is that love?"

There is a pause of a moment; Cyril will not speak—will not, by word or movement, break the exquisite delight of her artless confession.

"How long is it since we saw each other? Not long, and yet it seems years and years ago! Oh, what did I do before you came? All that time—before, I mean—seems so dark, so long ago. Do you remember how we sat and looked at the lake, and I told you about all my life, and what we were to do, Aunt Martha and I, in London? What made me tell you? It seemed as if I must, did it not? Did I love you then?"

"God knows," whispers Cyril.

"And you listened, and spoke so gently; I liked to hear your voice even then. I did not mind talking to you—it was good to be sitting near you, and to look into your kind face! And then you came to the pension. Did you come because of my being there—oh, did you come for my sake?"

And a vivid blush glows upon her eager face.

"For whose else, sweet?"

"For mine," she repeats, with dreamy content, "and I never knew it! Yet I was glad when you came; it was like an old friend, and yet quite different, when you came in at the door and I was glad that you sat near me. Did I love you then, I wonder? Ah, no!" with a swift, intense look, "perhaps I was growing to—was I? How strange it is! Yes, I was beginning to—if I do really love you now—for the days all seemed brighter, and at night, when you said good night, and used to hold my hand, it seemed so nice to think that I should see you in the morning—that you would be sure to be at the garden door waiting for me—for you always waited for me, did you not?—and that the flowers beside my plate were yours I kept one bunch on the pillow beside me one night; it smelled so sweet, and they made me think of you."

"My darling!"

"And then came that dreadful crowd, and when I seemed sinking, sinking under a horrible sea, some strong arm bore me up and carried me away. Through it all—when I had lost all—the crowd—that horrible man—I knew you were near, and I was happy! And now, when the mist came, I did not care; I laughed, did I not? Ah, yes, I should laugh if I were on a rock, and the sea rising, if you were near; I could not be afraid or sad at anything if I could hear your voice, touch your hand—is that love—do I love you?"

"Cyril drank in the fervent gaze of her questioning eyes.

"What do you think, yourself?" he asks, with a smile. "Tell me, Edna."

Her eyes dropped as she thought for a moment, then she raised them bravely.

"I think it is love," she answered, "and that I do love you."

Rapidly, boldly, as it descended, the mist rises, and in great clouds of vapor is gradually disappearing.

While the two have been communing, Pilatus has reappeared—the lake, at first gloomily and darkly, throws back the reflection of the hills; then, from the far west, streams outward a fan-like radiance from the dying sun, and slowly, gradually the sky clears.

Slowly, happily, hand-in-hand the two, for

whom that mist has brought so much of new and wondrous joy, descend the narrow path.

They are silent now, but each has for the other more than words in the close clinging of the hand, the lingering tenderness in the glances that meet and part to meet again. It is all dreamland as yet, but to them it seems as if there would be no waking.

The king of day, sinking slowly but surely, throws his arm upward with a gesture of defiance, and covers the near and distant hills with his purple mantle—then dies. It is twilight; before long it will be dark, and they are still far from home.

Edna looks down the path.

"There is the last of the sun—for today; happy day! It seems to me as if everybody must know, and that they will all stare at me when we meet them—if we do," and she laughs a low, contented laugh.

"We must," says Cyril, "for the steamer for Lucerne will be gone, and we shall be left on this desert island."

"Like Robinson Crusoe. I can walk faster. Oh, no, I am not tired."

But her face betrays her words; nothing is more fatiguing than excitement, and of that surely the child has had full measure and running over.

"I could carry you," suggests Cyril, longingly.

"It would only be a fitting termination," responds Edna, with a blush and a smile. "I can go much faster—poor auntie, what a state she will be in; perhaps they have already started a hue and cry; she will be so delighted to see us, and, with accented inflexion, 'so surprised.'"

Cyril pulls his mustache. He had been so wrapt in his happiness that he had forgotten Aunt Martha. Edna's speech aroused him.

Certainly Mrs. Weston would be surprised, but would she be pleased?

The question did not receive a very satisfactory answer; the more Cyril considered the position, the less hopeful did it seem.

Edna looked up at last and pressed his arm.

"How silent you are—are you thinking, and of what?"

"Of you," says Cyril, pressing her arm.

"Of me; what an unsatisfactory subject. Of what are you thinking? Are you thinking, with a sudden questioning glance, 'that it would have been better after all if we had gone down with the Robinsons?'"

It is so difficult to believe that this great, handsome giant can really love her.

"Oh, sweet, silly goose," responds Cyril. "I was thinking—hoping, rather, that you hadn't any money; that you were quite poor, you know, as poor as I am."

Edna laughs. Real poverty she has never known, so it is easy to laugh.



Edna, will you marry me?



The Curate gabbles over the ceremony after the approved fashion and Sir Cyril More and Edna Weston are one



Leaving her victim like a flower bruised and crushed upon the cathedral steps

"Dispel all doubts," she says, lightly; "we are as poor as mice, Aunt Martha and I. Oh, quite poor."

"Come," says Cyril, "that's good so far."

"But I can't see why you should rejoice in our poverty," replies Edna, stroking his ulster, which she still has on.

"Can you not?" says Cyril. "What a little ingramus it is! Let us suppose for an instant that you were rich—an heiress, in fact—don't you think that would make some difference?"

"Oh, yes," she says, with a half sigh. "It would be so much nicer. Ah, I wish I were rich; it would be so sweet to bring it all to you, and say, 'See, here is some more rubbish to go with the other rubbish,' meaning me."

Who can resist the arch, innocent face, the eyes in which the tears of a new-born love-tenderness are trembling?

"All that is very well, as far as you are concerned," says Cyril, with a slightly rueful look; "but you don't suppose they'll let me have you—your people, you know?"

"Would they not?" says Edna, quietly; "then I am glad I am poor. There is nothing to come between us."

"Nothing shall!" says Cyril, and the quiet determination of the tone calls up the color to her cheek.

"I like you when you speak like that," she murmurs.

There is silence for a moment; Cyril is still looking to future and probable impediments to the free course of his first true love.

"And is Aunt Martha to be told all tonight?" he asks, bending down and kissing the pale little forehead.

Edna nods.

"Why not? Why should I not make her happy? There has never been anything between Aunt Martha and me."

"Do I not know that, my darling?" responds Cyril, with an inward thrill of gratitude at the spotless purity of her young life. "But, this is a strange, cold kind of world, of which you know so little, birdie, and I who know too much of it, am looking for the enemy, for there is generally a battle to be fought before one gets such a prize as my Edna. Do you really think Aunt Martha will be as pleased as you pretend to be, little one?"

"Why not?" says Edna, thoughtfully. "Auntie is always happy to see me happy; she has never denied me anything since—since I was born. Oh, no!" Then she stops short and looks up at him with a swift glance of apprehension. "Of what are you thinking? Do you think that something will happen when we go to London—at the lawyers—to come between us?"

She has put his half doubt into words, and Cyril nods.

Edna stands pale and almost breathless.

"Don't look so frightened, my darling," he says, reassuringly; "but I wish I knew more about this coming interview. You see I am not altogether a suitable sweetheart for anyone; perhaps, who knows, there may be something in these coming revelations that may render me less so than ever."

He has been following out the train of thought more to himself than to her, but she listens, wrapt in a kind of apprehensive terror. Instinctively her clasp on his arm grows tighter.

"Do you really think so—do you mean—?" with a little start and smile of incredulity—"that anyone would think you were not good enough?"

"That's it!" says Cyril, with humble emphasis. "Ah, you see, I know the world better than you do; Edna; it's a queer world, but—with a sudden fervor—"It shall never part us little darling! say that, Edna, my Edna!"

"Yes, I am yours," she says, looking up at him. "and—and it shall never part us."

Cyril looks down at her, as he holds her to him, wistfully.

"Edna," he says, "I am not satisfied yet; some uneasy demon seems to whisper evil prophecy in my ear. Give me tonight to think over matters—one clear night—then let me tell Aunt Martha in the morning!"

All Edna's love asks for at present is an opportunity for displaying obedience. She inclines her head dutifully to her lord and master.

"If you wish it, you shall tell Aunt Martha in the morning. Dear auntie."

Talking as only lovers and such lovers can talk, they reach Wegg's at last, and find an anxious, curious and not altogether amiable group awaiting them.

There is not much time for questioning, for the steamer is puffing and snorting at the quay, and the passengers are already hurrying on board; and Miss Robinson, who looks very tired and frigid and disagreeable, finds time to say, in a mock sympathetic voice:

"So sorry for you, my dear Miss Weston—so very sorry. Of course, it was an accident, but no one will ever believe it. It is quite dreadful to think of—all the afternoon alone, quite alone, with a comparative stranger! I know how dreadfully you must feel it."

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It is not the only stab or claw from talons pushed out beyond the velvet, but Edna makes no retort or defense—all the spiteful little arrows which those of the party who are of her sex let fly at her strike aslant and roll from her as water from a duck's back; she nestles under the wing of Aunt Martha, too glad to have regained her to think of reproaches or questions even, and is silent.

As for Cyril, he offers no explanation of the simple truth, and takes himself and a cigar to the other end of the vessel.

It is close upon dusk when the steamer reaches Lucerne, and Cyril, though he sets as close as he can to the landing gangway, and succeeds in securing Edna's hand, cannot put in a word; for Aunt Martha has suddenly awakened to a sense of her responsibility and the danger that may attend this too close companionship of handsome strangers, and does not give Master Cyril a chance to

er and less promising it grew, and, at last, as he sunk his cigar away, thrust his hands into his pockets, he muttered wistfully:

"Jove! I never thought I could have been so hard hit as this! Do I love her? I'd give up all the world for her. I wish we were married off-hand. Ah!" and he stopped short in his talk with a sudden flush, "I wonder whether she would marry me at once—straight off! That would end it all; and where would be the harm? The dear little angel is no helpless to run away with. Why wait until the whole thing has got complicated, and have to wade through an acre of explanations? Oh, Edna, little Edna! if you were only my little wife—now at this moment!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MISS GLITTERS SPEAKS.

"Edna, will you marry me?"

It is the next morning, and they are standing on the brow of the hill on the spot where Edna saw her lover for the second time. She is leaning her sweet head, with its wealth of golden hair smoothed down in thick coils, against his heart, her hands clasped round his arm, her heart in her eyes as they look over to the snow-capped hills.

They have been talking of that sweet yesterday which seems so long, long ago, and now Cyril puts the question which has kept him awake the whole night.

Edna starts and looks at him with a surprised, almost fearful intensity.

"Will—I—marry—you? Oh!"

"Yes, my darling," he says; "will you marry me?"

Her eyes droop and a timid smile curves her delicate lips.

"Who knows? perhaps I may, some day," she murmurs softly.

"I don't mean some day," says Cyril, "I mean now—next week!"

"Next week!" she echoes, starting in earnest this time and turning a vivid crimson. "Are you joking?"

"I never was more serious in my life," says Cyril, and he puts his arm round her waist.

"Why next week—why so soon?" whispers Edna, a delicious thrill running through her at the idea, absurd as it is.

"Because," says Cyril, "if it can't be as soon, if it should not be next week, it may never be at all!"

At the unwonted gravity, at the horrible plainness of the assertion, she pales suddenly and draws her head back to look at his face. No, it is still tender and loving, though anxious and perplexed.

"Listen," says Cyril. "Today I am to go to Mrs. Weston and tell her all, to ask her to give you to me; shall I tell you the answer? It will be 'no.' All I can say will not alter that, all we could do will not prevent our being separated. She will take you to England, obstacles will arise—remember that meeting at the lawyers on the first, darling!—and we shall be parted."

Edna's face grows pale with an intense look in her eyes, and her grasp on his arm grows tighter.

"It is Heaven's own truth," says Cyril, with a touch of the earnestness which has recently discovered itself. "I know it, I feel it, as certainly as that we are standing here. What can we do? They will say 'wait,' and I cannot wait with the chance of waiting forever! Once married we are safe—you are mine, my very own—you will not have to face this mysterious revelation alone—alone, my poor little birdie—but with me by to protect and guard you. Be my wife, Edna, my darling! Why should you not?"

"Why not?" she asks, in a faltering voice, her eyes filled with tears; "Oh, why not! How can you ask? How could I leave Aunt Martha?"

"Do not leave her," says Cyril. "Do you think I'd have you desert the best, the only friend you have? Steal away with me one morning to Basle—there is an English church there; I will make all arrangements. Oh, don't look so frightened, my darling! I have thought it out, all of it, and though I'm not strong at the headpiece I can see my way quite clear—quite! We shall disappear for one morning—and then we will come back for Aunt Martha and take her with us wherever you like to go. It sounds worse than it is, my child; far worse. You will marry me some day, you say; you have said that nothing shall part us; let us put it out of the way of anything to step in between. If you knew how I loved you, you little witch! If you knew how I have changed my life with your sweet little face, with those great eyes of yours; if you knew how I'd give up all the world, if I had it to give, to be able to call you mine now, you wouldn't hesitate. Only be my wife, Edna darling, it is all I ask."

"It isn't much," murmurs Edna, with a little plaintive smile, that is broken by a sob.

"It is more than all the world to me," says Cyril, straining her to him. "Ah, it is a poor sort of thing I offer you, my sweet darling!"

he added, with a half groan; "perhaps it would be better if you put it aside. His face grew grave and mournful as it looked down on hers. "For all your sweet, pure beauty and spotless youth, what have I to offer in exchange?"

Edna looks up at him, her face aglow with rapt devotion.

"Yourself," she says, with a sob. "What was I before yesterday? What was my life till you came and showed me how much of joy it could possess? Oh, my love, my love! you say you love me, but I tremble when I think how much I love you! If we were to be parted, if you were to go from me, I should die; I could not live; it makes my heart stand still and turn to ice to hear you hint at it. I love you so that I must do what you will; I must marry you if they will not let me keep you without."

"You will marry me soon—at once!" exclaims Cyril, almost mad with delight.

The girl looks up at him with a sweet, solemn gaze of devotion, her lips half parted, her hair pushed off her forehead by his caressing hand, her face like a sculptured saint's.

"Yes, I will marry you soon—at once!"

It is a warm morning, and the curate in charge of the little Protestant church at which the English and American visitors to Basle came during the season to worship their common God, and stare at the new bonnets, draws his surprise over his head with a sleepy yawn that is a tolerably eloquent protest against the adverse fate that compels him to perform the marriage service for a mad young English couple. Instead of lounging beside the Rhine, with a book in his hand and slumber under his eyelids, it is hard that English people cannot stop at home and be married, he thinks; and the pew-opener, a little Swiss woman, whose knowledge of English is as limited as it is unintelligible, agrees with him. Now that there is much to grumble at in this case, for the bridegroom is not only a handsome, but a pleasant and a liberal gentleman, who has paved the short, few yards of the road to matrimony with gold—has heavily tipped the pew-opener before the ceremony, and promised her a still heavier guerdon after its consummation.

And now, as the little bell is swung slowly to and fro, producing a tintinnabulation more like a dirge than a marriage peal, a modest fly crawls, after the manner of its species, to the little gate, and a fair, tall gentleman, with handsome eyes and a mustache of tawny gold, gets out and assists the bride to alight. She is wondrously pretty, although there is a complete absence of the usual paraphernalia—no white satin dress, no pearls, no white veil, no wreath, no attempt at anything bridal in the way of costume, from the simple, pretty little hat on her silken hair to the equally little shoon. One white rose she wears at her bosom, but that might be worn by any maiden going a-shopping, and means nothing.

The bridegroom himself is clad in a well-cut and undeniably useful traveling suit, and he, too, has nothing about him suggestive of a wedding. But that they have come to be married there can be no manner of doubt, for the gentleman draws

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



# TOUGHHEY

## Childhood Adventures on a Texas Ranch

By Adele Steiner Burleson

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### SYNOPSIS OF WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

"Toughhey" is a true story in which the author narrates the actual exploits and adventures of her three children and her own experiences during a summer, some dozen years ago, happily spent in rusticating on her ranch in a remote and somewhat wild part of Texas, far from their city home. This large domain, known as Steiner Valley, was inherited by Mrs. Burleson from her father, Dr. Steiner, who as surgeon in the U. S. army served with distinction through the war with Mexico which added Texas and an empire besides to the territory of the United States.

In mentioning herself and her husband (now Postmaster General, but then member of Congress) in the story she has modestly assumed the name of "Deering," which our readers are at liberty to change to Burleson.

The ranch, which is several miles in extent, is in part cultivated as a cotton plantation and the rest is used as a range for Mr. Burleson's great herd of Hereford cattle. The plantation is worked entirely by convict labor supplied by the state in return for a certain per cent of the crop, and besides the manager's house and the owner's summer cottage there is a cluster of buildings called "the camp" occupied by the convicts and guards.

All this is new and of somewhat startling interest to the children who are accustomed to city life.

According to the habit of the family, the two younger girls, with only a year's difference in their ages and being fast friends and playmates, are classed together under the generic designation of "the children." The eldest daughter, who, though only twelve years old, is several years their senior and bears herself toward them with a patronizing air of elderly dignity and wisdom that at times is somewhat galling to the little girls, is nicknamed "Toughhey." This pet name had been conferred on her in babyhood by a college girl aunt in admiration of the child's coolness, grit and self-reliance manifest even at that tender age.

Len, the manager's son, is a bright boy and proves a faithful and efficient guide and assistant on excursions and outdoor sports.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### MOUNTAIN CLIMB IN QUEST OF LOST GOATS.

TO turn the goats from the big pasture, where they remained during the day, into the inclosure about Pecan Hollow, steer them safely across the creek bottom and past the sorghum stacks and into the little coral behind Isum's cabin, where they were penned for the night, was a privilege sometimes claimed by the children and readily yielded by the old negro.

In the morning Isum would turn them again into the big pasture, at which time his duties would cease and Monte's begin. From morning until early evening the Mexican stayed with the goats. All day he followed them up the steep sides of the mountains, guided them around impossible cedar brakes and through entangling thickets whose reaching hands had the grip of steel on the long hair of the Angoras. By his presence he protected them from wolves, and now and then he would arrive home with a lame doe on his back or a puny kid under his arm.

In the evening, after he had rounded up his flock and turned it over to Isum, he would go to his little log house by the roadside, where he might be seen any evening preparing his supper of cornmeal cakes at an outside fire and with the help of a few hot stones.

Toughhey and the children had learned to say "Buenos dias" and "Buenos noches" to him, but beyond a civil response to their greeting the white-haired old fellow had little to say. Even Mr. Deering's efforts to draw him out failed and his hopeless tactfulness was now recognized and respected.

Frequently Toughhey and the children would leave on his doorstep a basket of fresh eggs or vegetables, and at their next visit would find it filled with wild plums or grapes, or as the season advanced a few early pecans, with now and then a whistle made from a willow twig.

So that through these expressions of mutual good will, there grew up between the old Mexican and the little girls a real friendship. His arrival on the plantation in the wake of the goats had seemed at the time like a providential answer to their pressing need of a herder. Drifting there, apparently without motive, his faithful service had satisfied abundantly the expectations of his employer.

One evening, early in September, Toughhey and the children, returning from a brisk canter on the turning row, found Isum carefully counting the goats as they squeezed one by one through the big gate. The little girls watched him with interest, for while they had many times witnessed this same scene, they never tired of it.

"They're not all here," said Toughhey suddenly.

The old negro shook his head.

"Not morn' hat," he said, "an' dey cum up scatterin'."

"Where's Monte?" asked Toughhey in surprise.

"Dunno," answered Isum.

"Perhaps he's sick," suggested Toughhey looking towards the cabin, which was set in plain view of the gate.

"We'll go and see," she said.

"Yo' won't find him," said the old negro slowly.

"I done ben thar."

"Well, we'll go anyway," she said and followed by the children she rode in a lopsided cabin.

There was no sign of Monte. Riding close to the half open door she peered in and then pushed it wide open. The room was empty. They all shouted his name but got only echoes in response, until, after a strained attention they discovered the faint sound of a goat's bell far up the mountain. The little girls began to get excited.

Returning to the gate they found Mr. and Mrs. Deering there, discussing with Isum the possible reasons for Monte's absence.

"Yo can't tel nuffin 'bout Greasers," said the old negro with mysterious shakes of the head.

The children thought he might have been eaten by wolves, but withdrew the suggestion under fire of Toughhey's gibes.

"We will never see him again," predicted Mr. Deering. "When a Mexican gets ready to quit your service he usually does so without any formalities."

Toughhey and the children now volunteered to go up the mountain and drive down the goat whose bell they were sure they had heard.

Slipping from their ponies, they raced towards the big hill, beginning the ascent just behind Monte's house, which was built in its shadow.

At the steeper parts they pulled themselves up by the cedars which here grew thickly from base to summit. Arriving at the top, they paused to regain breath and to listen for the sound of the bell.

"Let's be Indians," suggested Toughhey, appreciating the value of discipline and silence throughout the expedition. The children looked at each other and hesitated.

"I'll be the big chief," explained Toughhey, "and you will be young braves on your first war path."

The children still looked dubious.

"Why it's the very thing," urged Toughhey, "your sandals are just like moccasins, and if here aren't our war feathers!" she exclaimed delightedly, pointing upon two crow feathers which fate seemed to have provided on the spot for her benefit.

"You know Indians always wear feathers when they are on the war path," she said. "The enemy, you see, are the goats and we'll ambush them; that means we'll slip up on them before they know it and then we'll rush down upon them with blood-curdling war whoops and scalp some and take the rest prisoners and lead them back to our camp for torture."

Won by this enticing picture, the children were

about to yield and become braves when Toughhey stuck both feathers in her own hair. This was too much for even the most downtrodden of small sisters! They flatly refused to be braves without feathers. Toughhey argued, then stormed, then gave in.

"All right," she said finally, "if you will be greedy I can't help it."

Arming themselves with stick tomahawks, they were soon threading their way stealthily among the cedars, stepping in each other's tracks in order to make but a single trail.

All went well until the Braves began to lose their feathers. They would slip out and then the young warriors had to stop and try to put them in again, and then race after the chief, who kept steadily on, and try to act as if they had been right behind all the time. Once they fell so far behind that they gave a frightened call for "Toughhey," which brought back upon them such a wrathful chief, so full of mighty talk that they began to wish they had never seen the feathers which they had finally succeeded in sticking through mats of tangled hair at the back of their little heads.

"If you're going to be Indians, be Indians," said Toughhey who liked to do thoroughly whatever she undertook.

"We do want to be Indians," insisted the children miserably, conscious that they were not coming up to the standard in spite of their feathers.

"When Indians get separated, they call to each other like some bird or animal," said Toughhey. "Now if you should lose anything—with a wicked smile and glance at their bedraggled head ornaments—"and have to stop, and get lost from the chief, you must—must—caw like a crow," she ended with sudden inspiration. The children felt their spirits rising again.

"Now you understand?" questioned Toughhey, "you are to caw twice and I'll answer with one caw. Indians never talk except in council."

Laying her finger on her lips in final warning, Toughhey started forward again, the children following in silence.

For sometime they proceeded rapidly in the direction from which came the sound of the bell, now quite distinct.

It was evident that at any moment they might expect to come upon some of the scattered goats, and Toughhey turned to show her followers, in pantomime, what they must do with their tomahawks to the enemy. The children answered with such vicious swings of their weapons that Toughhey again gave the precautionary signal for silence before proceeding at a stealthier pace in order to take the foe unawares.

At this fateful moment both feathers fell from the loosened knots of hair, a sandal buckle dropped off, and the Braves were reduced to the necessity of stopping and applying themselves to the task of repairing the mischief and putting themselves in fighting shape.

Toughhey with a glance backward went on. After a few more turns among the cedars, she found herself approaching the margin of an open glade across which she saw something that made her shrink into the shadow of a friendly cedar.

Hanging from the limb of a tree, head downward, was a goat. Underneath, three wolves circled and leaped savagely at the carcass, vainly endeavoring to bring it down but succeeding only in touching it occasionally.

Before Toughhey could recover from her astonishment, there was a slight flurry and the wolves disappeared so swiftly that she might have wondered if she had really seen them, but for another vision that altogether diverted her thoughts.

From the brush on the opposite side of the glade emerged two mules, each ridden by a Mexican. Toughhey started forward as she recognized Monte on one of them, and a moment later covered to her knees under the low sheltering branches of the cedar. The other man was the young convict who had broken Bruce. They rode straight to the goat, and Monte drawing two knives from his blouse handed one to his companion, while with the other he cut the thick cord by which the goat was tied. Dismounting, the Mexicans tore the skin from the animal and began to cut off long strips of the smoking flesh.

Just then two quavering "caws" broke the silence. Toughhey started. This was the call of the Braves. She hardly breathed as she watched Monte wrap the goat flesh in the long hair of the Angora and thrust it into his blouse.

Again came the cry of the crows, this time high and insistent.

The convict glanced in the direction from which the sounds came, and Toughhey felt suddenly cold. She now saw the Mexicans hurriedly remount and ride swiftly away into the brush. They were hardly out of sight when two indignant Braves, cawing vigorously, burst upon the trail and fell upon her with their tomahawks. She received the attack so soberly, at the same time hurrying them away from the spot, that the children became suspicious and stopped to ask if there was anything the matter.

"There's no use going any further; the bell's stopped ringing," explained Toughhey, with a nervous glance over her shoulder, and seizing the children's hands she began to run. To their half frightened questions she would only answer, "Wait 'till we get home," and presently they were speeding along at such a rate that when they reached the mountain's edge they could not stop and went tumbling over and down its steep side so recklessly, the loose, shaly soil raining along with them, that mamma, watching from the big gate, was horrified and papa was sure that he had never seen the goats make better time. They reached the bottom without mishap, however, and a few minutes later Toughhey was pouring forth her story to a little group of attentive listeners.

After Isum had been dispatched to the Camp to inform the Manager, it began to dawn upon the children that they had been cheated out of an adventure that could very properly have served them a lifetime. Toughhey was to blame. She had seen everything, they had seen nothing. If she had only answered their "caws," they would have been witnesses to the thrilling drama.

"Did you want to see a poor little kid cut to pieces?" asked Toughhey.

"Yes, we did!" retorted the children, indignantly.

"Oh!" said Toughhey with a shrug, "I thought you had some feeling."

This made matters worse. The children were sure that they had just as much feeling as anybody, but they were not mean and selfish and didn't go around the country seeing wolves, and run-away convicts and goats with their throats cut, and never tell her.

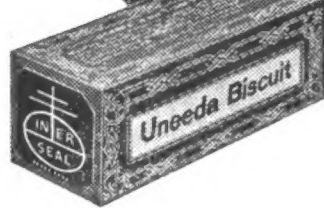
"Didn't I tell you?" asked Toughhey.

"Didn't she tell them indeed? Yes, after it was all over! But when they ran across any of these things they would never, never tell her."

"I don't want you to," said Toughhey, with a smile that made them realize the emptiness of their threat. But Toughhey was really sorry that the children had missed all the "fun" as she now began to term the occurrence, and she finally succeeded in partially reconciling them to their disappointment, with a promise to take them the next day to see what the wolves and buzzards had left of the dead goat.

Although the Manager made every effort to capture the Mexicans, he never succeeded in finding even so much as a trace of them. The dogs, trained to trail men, were unable to follow the track of a horse or mule. The sheriffs of adjoining counties were notified, and rewards were offered, but to no purpose. The Mexicans had disappeared.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)



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# A Thorn Among Roses

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING EVENTS.

Alice and May Weston receive an invitation to a farewell reception, given to William Curtis Marchmont, the adopted son of Roland Fletcher, who is engaged to Alice, and is to enter Yale College. Alice is to study law with Judge Ashburton, whose daughter was the wife of Roland Fletcher. Her health failing their daughter Olive is sent, when a baby, to her grandfather, Judge Ashburton, living then in Philadelphia. Imogen Ingraham's mother, Mrs. Farquhar, marries Judge Ashburton. She dies, and Imogen, as the widow of Roland Ingraham and homeless, is invited by Judge Ashburton to accept a home with him and care for Olive. She conceals the birth of her child.

Roland Fletcher, assisted by Olive and Imogen on his left, Judge Ashburton and Will on his right receive their guests. Imogen and Olive, jealous of the attentions given to Alice, ignore her half-extended hand. Mr. Fletcher mortified and displeased receives her most cordially and welcomes her to Castlevue. Later he leads her in a quadrille, after which they go into a long corridor stopping before a painting. Alice learns it is the portrait of Mr. Fletcher's wife. He wishes nothing better for her than she may be as happy with his boy, as he was with his wife. Will joins them and Olive passes without a word of greeting. Mr. Fletcher follows Olive and requests that she be more courteous to her guests. Will goes to Yale. Judge Ashburton opens his office in town with Alice as his clerk. May is busy. Olive and Alice are out driving. Olive proposes they call for her grandfather. Imogen orders a taxi to drive to the office. Olive takes the lines, Judge Ashburton insists that Alice, who is suffering from a headache, shall ride home. A newspaper caught in the wind, frightens one of the horses and both spring forward. Olive drops the lines and Alice, with rare presence of mind, seizes them and controls the horses. Judge Ashburton and the driver take Alice home. He reproaches Imogen and Olive for their indifference and refuses to thank Alice and realizes a phase in Imogen's character, hitherto concealed. Mr. Fletcher calls upon Mrs. Weston and Alice and expresses his gratitude.

Will's last vacation comes. Judge Ashburton arranges a little excursion which includes Alice and May Weston. Arriving at their destination, they meet Arthur Stamford, Mr. Tom Radcliffe and his sister, Miss Grace. Tom Radcliffe proposes a visit to the caves. Alice Weston and Grace Radcliffe become separated from the party. Alice stopping to the her shoe a grip on her arm and a girl who inquires if she knows a woman by the name of Ingraham who lives at Castlevue and requests her to send a letter, which he thrusts into her hands. Arthur Stamford returns to Alice and asks her to be his wife. She admits her love for and engagement to another. In the meanwhile Sir Arthur evinces unusual interest in Will and soon learns to his astonishment that his middle name is Curtis. His mother, Mabel Radcliffe, was Sir Arthur's second wife, whose first husband was the second son of Lady Marchmont—the Marquis of Leith. A visit to Lady Marchmont confirms Will's parentage and his right to Lady Marchmont Court. He visits Alice, assuring her that nothing can part them and in one year she will be his wife, the future Marquis of Leith. Lady Marchmont exacts much from the future Marquis of Leith, and at her grandson's suggestion she writes a note to Alice, inviting her to come to Leith for a week, preceding a reception she is to give in honor of Will and before his departure for Yale College. In the meanwhile Olive is invited to visit at Marchmont Court. She resolves to win Will at any cost, and to his astonishment and regret admits her love for him. Imogen, receiving the letter, given Alice, by the mysterious stranger, determines to accomplish the union of Will and Olive, and plots to place Alice in a false position before her husband. Nellie, Mrs. Marchmont's maid, discovers the loss of sixty pounds. Alice, in packing her trunk notices an unusual disorder. Lifting some clothing she finds the missing money and valuable jewelry. Speaking to May, she requests her to call Lady Marchmont and Will, and Alice goes to where and how she finds it. Lady Marchmont looks amazed. Her attention is drawn to a piece of braid, convincing her that Alice is innocent. Taking the money and jewels to her chamber she discovers strands of silk caught in her jewel box and picks up a tiny bangle. Left alone with Imogen, Mrs. Marchmont produces evidence of her guilt and her determination to ruin Alice. The guests return home. Alice and May riding in the Marchmont carriage, a debate Judge Ashburton, anxious for Alice to compete, invites her and her sister to accompany him to New York. A few days is spent in studying up the questions involved and they sail for New York. Alice is chosen as one of the contestants and wins the thousand dollar prize. Judge Ashburton is called home by a cablegram from Mr. Fletcher, who has important documents stolen from his safe. He reports the loss to the proper officials. Failing to find them Mr. Fletcher is arrested upon the charge of treason. Imogen visits Roland Fletcher in the jail. If she can give him back his freedom, restore his good name and the respect of his fellowmen will he make her his wife. Declaring it impossible to call another woman wife Imogen realizes she has lost all and refuses to help Mr. Fletcher. The court opens; the third day Judge Ashburton is taken violently ill; he dies. Alice shall continue the case. Evidently posted on every point she takes up the argument of her opponent and reduces it to insignificance. Will arrives and conducts Alice to Castlevue. The next morning Alice detects a man climbing over the railing to Imogen's window, preparing to let himself to the ground.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE STORY OF THE STOLEN PAPERS.

Alice was very quick to think and arrive at conclusions. The familiar voice; the stealthy movements of the man who had evidently come from Imogen's room; the fact that the woman had made her boast that she had some knowledge or suspicions regarding the stolen papers upon which Mr. Fletcher's vindication depended; the memory of the man whom she had encountered in that underground passage the previous year and who had forced her to mail a letter to Imogen, all flashed like lightning through her mind, and, blending into one chain of circumstantial evidence, instantly aroused the suspicion that, possibly, the key to the whole situation lay almost within her grasp. She was as quick to act as to think. Slipping noiselessly out of her room she darted down-stairs with the swiftness of a deer. She met the butler in the hall.

"William, the gardener, is just outside," she said, in low, rapid tones. "I want you both to come with me to the west wing. Be quick, be brave, for we have a burglar there and maybe he is the man who should be where your master is now."

The man needed no second bidding. He was out of the house like a flash.

"Come, Jack, there be a proacher around 'ere," he said to the gardener who was weeding a bed just opposite the entrance, whereupon he sprang to his feet and both men sped toward the end of the west wing. Alice leading the way, and where, sure enough, they found a somewhat disreputable party just in the act of touching the ground after a laborious descent of the waste pipe.

A curse, loud and deep, burst from the man as he realized that he was caught, and at the same time convinced Alice of his identity as the person she had met in the cave.

The next moment the butler and gardener had seized him. "William, hold his hands behind," Alice commanded in a resolute tone. "and Jack, you take care of his legs, while I go through his pockets and see what I can find."

She could not have adopted a more efficacious method to prove her suspicions correct, for the man at once began to swear lustily and to struggle fiercely with his captors.

"Stop that, now," said William, as he gave his

wrists a wrench that made him groan with pain, while Jack, with a dexterous and powerful blow from behind, brought him to his knees, where he was powerless in the hands of the two men.

"Now, miss, go fur 'im," said the gardener, with a nod and a grin of satisfaction.

With gleaming eyes and rapid movements the girl searched every pocket in his coat and vest, and finally, with a cry of joy, drew forth from the inner receptacle of his vest the very package of papers which she sought and which, one quick anxious glance showed her was still unopened; that their secrets were safe.

"William!—Jack!—your master is saved!" she cried, in triumphant but tremulous tones.

"Thank the Lord, miss!" was their almost simultaneous reply.

"Now, take your captive to the stable and bind him securely with some stout rope," Alice continued. "Then put him into the carriage and both of you must also go to the courthouse with me, to testify against him; be quick, too, for it is getting late."

"All right, miss," the men replied, respectfully, and hurried their man away to do her bidding.

Alice was sorely tempted to go to Judge Ashburton and tell him the glorious news, but she was not sure that he was awake, and she decided that it would be best not to excite him; the good tidings would be just as welcome an hour or two later, and he would not be kept in a state of suspense while awaiting the action of the court.

Neither Olive nor Imogen had heard or seen what had occurred, as the dining-room was in the east wing and remote from the scene just described, and Alice would not take the precious time to go and explain the situation to them; they also could wait, she thought.

It was later than she wished when the carriage drove to the door, the butler and his prisoner, the latter securely bound, occupying the front seat, and Jack riding on the box with the driver.

Alice sprang in and took the back seat and told the coachman to put his horses over the ground lively.

But with all their speed, it was past the hour for the court to open when they arrived, and Will was outside impatiently awaiting the appearance of his betrothed and fearing that some accident had detained her.

She hurriedly explained what had kept her and begged him to see that the thief was safely delivered to an officer, then she hurried inside.

The judge had just risen to address the jury as Alice, with a flushed and eager face, passed to her place and signaled him that she had something to say.

He paid no attention to her, however, but put the question:

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?"

"We have, my lord," the foreman replied.

Again Alice attempted to attract the judge's attention, but he continued, without heeding her:

"What is your decision?"

"We do not find the evidence against the prisoner sufficiently sustained, and recommend that he be discharged," was the reply.

Roland Fletcher's head sank upon his breast. The result was even as he had feared, and yet he was not prepared for it. He was to go free, but he was not cleared—a cloud would always rest upon his hitherto untarnished name—the blight of doubt would blast his whole future.

Alice caught the look of despair that overspread his face and she could bear no more—even at the risk of being charged with contempt of court for interrupting his honor, she must speak.

"Your lordship, the defendant is guiltless! the papers are found!" she cried, in clear tones, as she held the package aloft and thus made a striking picture with her gleaming eyes, her scarlet cheeks, her slender, graceful form drawn to its utmost height.

Instantly the entire audience was thrown into the wildest excitement. Cheer after cheer rent the air; hands were vigorously clapped; handkerchiefs were waved and every face beamed with delight over the glorious but unexpected news.

Roland Fletcher alone sat pale, trembling and silent, hardly daring to credit the evidence of his senses.

As soon as order could be restored the judge demanded an explanation of this wonderful *dénouement*; whereupon Alice briefly related to the now breathless throng when and how the papers had been found.

In order to make the links in the chain of our story complete, we must take the reader back to the night on which Mr. Fletcher was called away from home, and on which, also, the papers that had been committed to him were stolen.

Olive was also away on a visit to a friend in London, and thus Imogen, except for the presence of the servants, was entirely alone.

She sat reading in the library until about half-past ten, when she retired to her own room, where, as the evening was chilly, she had ordered a fire to be made in the grate.

She was not sleepy and the room was so cozy and cheerful she pulled the heavy draperies across the windows, turned the lights low and sat down before the glowing fire, where she soon fell into deep thought.

Evidently her reflections were not altogether pleasant, judging from the frown upon her brow and her tightly compressed lips. She sat there a long time, and was finally aroused to a sense of lateness of the hour by hearing the hall clock strike twelve.

She immediately arose, and, turning up the lights, began to prepare for bed.

Suddenly she paused.

"I wonder if I fastened that window in the library," she muttered, a shade of anxiety sweeping over her face as she remembered having opened a window to fasten a swinging shutter.

She stood irresolute for a moment; then, lighting a candle, passed out of her room, noiselessly and swiftly threading the corridor and the long flight of stairs leading below.

The house was very still, and an unusual feeling of loneliness swept over her as she proceeded toward the library through the solemn silence and darkness of the great hall below.

A pang of angry bitterness shot through her heart as she thought of her desolate condition with no one there to keep her company. No one in all the world appeared to give her thought, beyond a certain comfortable reliance upon her because of her efficiency to direct the household in an orderly manner. There was no one whom she could claim, as her very own, to love, and no one to claim kinship with her; no one to care whether she were happy or miserable or to be concerned if she were left solitary and alone, as she was tonight.

Pausing, with a sigh, as she reached the library door, she softly turned the handle and entered the room.

A muttered oath fell upon her startled ear as she did so, and a figure, crouching in the farthest corner before Roland Fletcher's safe, sprang to his feet and confronted her and bearing in his own hand a lighted candle.

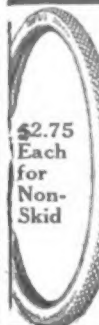
For the moment she was too frightened either to speak or move; but she instantly recognized the detective and human sponger who for many years had been such a thorn in her flesh.

"Ha! so it is you who have caught me!" the man observed, and instantly recovering his self-possession, as he realized who had discovered him there, "Well, I'm glad it was not one of the servants, for then, most likely, there'd have been a row or—something worse. On the whole, I'm rather glad to see you, Mrs. Ingraham. Sit down and make yourself comfortable—you are looking a trifle pale and upset," he concluded, shoving a chair toward her with his foot.

"Why are you here?" Imogen now found voice to say, although she was trembling violently.

"Well, you see, I got short of cash again and,

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as I knew I shouldn't be able to squeeze very much out of you, I concluded—knowing that the coast was pretty clear—that I'd help myself to a little loose change, if I could find it handy," the man returned, with bold effrontery, as he glanced back at the safe which he had just closed as she entered.

"But you couldn't get into the safe," Imogen retorted in a confident tone.

"Couldn't I?" sneered her companion, with a chuckle; "you are slightly mistaken there, my friend, for I happen to be familiar with about a hundred combinations—I'm something of an expert at mastering them, and this one proved to be as easy as a-b-c to me; only I didn't find much of any swag to pay me for my risk and trouble," he concluded, with an air of disappointment.

Imogen heaved a deep sigh of relief at this latter assurance, for she had known that Mr. Fletcher had had a large sum of money in the house only a day or two previous. Now she knew that he must have deposited it before he went away, and she was very thankful.

"Did you take anything from the safe?" she demanded.

"Yes, all the money there was; two or three pound notes and a little loose silver," responded the detective, with apparent frankness.

"Anything else?" Imogen questioned, sharply.

"What else should I take! It is money that I want," was the somewhat sullen reply. "And now," he added, "rather than keep you up any longer, I'll take myself off."

"How did you get in?" she inquired.

"Somebody was thoughtful enough to leave a window unfastened for my accommodation," he returned with a significant laugh, "and lest I bring you another visitor of the same kind, I think I'd better retire by the way I came."

He walked to the window which she had neglected to fasten, and quietly raised it.

He threw one leg over the sill, and then paused and looked back.

"Don't you dare to make any row until I'm well out of the way," he said, with a wicked look; "if you set anybody on my track, you may be pretty sure that I'll make things hum for you; and, by the way, I may as well tell you that, at last, I have got track of that other young one."

"Oh!" gasped Imogen, in voiceless anguish, as she thus realized how thoroughly in the power of this bad man she was. But her proud spirit rallied almost immediately.

"I don't believe you," she cried, scornfully.

"Don't you?" he composedly returned, "believe never changes facts, you know, and I could lay my hand on a certain extension with a perforated top tomorrow, if it became necessary—it isn't so far from Castlevue as you might imagine, either."

Imogen's heart sank within her, for too well she knew that he spoke the truth. How the web of fate seemed to be closing about her, and she was powerless to protect herself against, or retaliate upon him; for she was sure the moment she showed a disposition to thwart him in any way, he would betray her terrible secret.

She was stricken dumb by his last fling at her—her strength almost forsook her, and she stood white and trembling while he deliberately made his exit from the window and softly closed it after him; then, waving her a mocking adieu, he disappeared in the darkness.

She tottered feebly to the window and fastened it, after which she examined the safe to ascertain if it was locked; then she dragged her trembling feet up to her room and sank weak and faint upon her bed.

She was too spent even to undress, but lay there, just as she was the whole night through, never once closing her eyes in sleep until day began to break, when she sank into a heavy stupor, from which she did not awake until the middle of the forenoon.

When she went down-stairs, at lunch time, she found that Mr. Fletcher had returned and Olive with him.

She longed to tell him about the visit of the burglar of the previous night, yet dared not; but her consternation may well be imagined when he came to her, later, and told her of the loss of certain documents which contained important state secrets, the revelation of which would ruin him utterly.

Of course she knew instantly who had taken them; but she was obliged to simulate astonishment and distress. It was not all simulated, either, for it really was agony to her to witness Mr. Fletcher's dismay.

His loss seemed to age him almost in a moment, and his pale, haggard face, his anxious eyes and nervous excitement were a continual reproach to her.

On the morning of his arrest it seemed to her that she must go mad. Once or twice she was on the point of confessing what she knew, but fear kept her dumb, while she argued that he would soon be released, for no one could believe him guilty of wrong in view of his irreproachable past.

She knew that he cabled at once for Judge Ashburton, and this led her to hope that there would be some speedy settlement of the affair upon his return, and then there would be no need to compromise herself.

But when she learned that the man whom she so madly loved had been committed to jail and refused bail, after a preliminary examination, when she witnessed Olive's wild grief and shame over the fact, she had another struggle with herself more terrible than all the rest.

And yet, even then she yielded to the tempter who whispered:

"Wait until the trial—he will be proven guiltless and all will be well."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### IN A CRITICAL POSITION.

When the judge returned from America, Imogen was greatly relieved. He was a bulwark of strength—someone to rely upon, someone to talk the matter over with—and, as he had always been so successful throughout his career, she now hoped that he would readily find a way out of the present difficulty.

But, as day by day went by, and the man's face grew grave and careworn, his manner preoccupied and depressed, it seemed to her as if the strain upon her nerves would drive her mad. Every night upon his return from his office she would eagerly inquire if he had been able to gather any favorable evidence during the day—if he had any more hope that he might win Roland's case.

The man marveled at her absorbing anxiety—marveled to see her so deathly white and growing so thin, at her waning appetite and lack of inter-

est in everything, save the approaching trial, and his old-time suspicions that she loved his son-in-law with a deep and absorbing affection were revived and a feeling of tender sympathy for her was awakened in his heart.

Thus the time went slowly by until the evening before the trial arrived, when Imogen, who for weeks had been revolving in her mind various plans by which she could save the man she loved, and still shield herself, paid her visit to Mr. Fletcher in the jail. She had finally decided upon a desperate move, believing that if she was once his wife, no matter what he might learn regarding her past, it would be his duty to protect her.

At any rate, she would then have it in her power to pay the detective sufficient hush money to keep him silent. If she could once obtain Mr. Fletcher's promise to marry her she would immediately bargain with the man for the papers, for she knew he was still in the neighborhood, and Roland would be saved. Then she would be such a faithful, loving wife to him that she must eventually win his affection.

With this purpose in her heart, she went to the jail to see him, and with what result we already know—she failed, utterly, in her object and returned to Castlevue in despair. She retired immediately to her room, locked herself in, and, after exchanging her street costume for a loose wrapper, threw herself into a low rocker, buried her face in her hands and tried to think what she should do next.

She knew that, after what had just occurred, if Roland should be released, as she felt sure he would be, even though he might not be fully exonerated, she could no longer remain at Castlevue. She had sealed her own doom in that respect, and the thought was keenest agony to her, for if she went away she must be separated from Olive and the renunciation of her child, after having given the best portion of her life to secure for her, through crime and deception, a high social position and a fortune, and a home for them both under the same roof, was like sundering soul from body.

"Oh! is life really worth the living, with these impending misfortunes and the failure of all schemes?" she asked herself, with an almost overwhelming sense of weariness and despair. Would it not be better to blot myself at once out of existence? True, Olive could remain where she was and still continue to reap the fruits of her mother's sin, but this thought was small comfort to the selfish woman, in view of the future of loneliness and remorse and constant fear of detection that lay before her.

At length, utterly worn out with the conflict of emotions, she retired to bed, where, after an hour spent in bitter weeping, she finally sank into a heavy sleep.

The next morning she dressed herself with great care and repaired to the courthouse to be present at the trial.

Olive would not go. She had behaved very badly throughout her father's trouble. She had, from the first, maintained an air of sullen injury. She felt shamed, personally aggrieved and resentful that she should have been subjected to the humiliation of having her father committed to jail, like a common felon. She had flatly refused to visit him there, and had sent him no word or message of love or comfort during his imprisonment, and had held herself aloof from everyone in a chronic state of pouting and sulkiness.

Judge Ashburton was out of all patience with her for the first time in his life, although during the last year or two he had felt greatly disappointed in her in many ways.

"Have you no love or sympathy for your father, Olive?" he had questioned, sharply, when upon one occasion she had refused to go with him to visit Mr. Fletcher. "Don't you suppose he suffers and needs all the comfort that his loved ones can bestow?"

"Oh, of course!" Olive sniffed, with an unlovely frown, "but just think of the shame of it all; of how—how he has disgraced us all!"

The judge turned and left her without a word, both grieved and angry over her utter selfishness.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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**GET A BETTER PLACE**



# The World Needs Faith

An Easter Sermon—By Uncle Charlie

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**T**HE two great festivals of the Christian year are majestically silhouetted against the broad expanse of time.

Like two towering lighthouses standing on two mighty promontories, their beams flash radiantly out over the dark and troubled waters of life. There is a light that never dims and never fades. They are like two inspiring beacons that keep hope alive in the human breast. No fog and no mist can for long obscure their piercing rays. They are the polar stars of faith. To them the magnetic needle of all Christian aspirations eternally points.

The first is the joyous light of Christmas, the second the clear lustrous rays of glorious Easter; by the aid of which we are enabled to glimpse the shining shores of the better land.

In our journey over the watery wastes of this transitory life, in which the waves of adversity, sorrow, sickness and poverty so often batter the creaking timbers of our frail and tiny craft, we are dashed hither and thither in our course and almost despair as we watch the dark and ominous clouds that loom around us. Hope almost vanishes, the waters threaten to engulf us, the seas grow more mountainous and more angry. Suddenly there appears a faint glimmer of light that grows momentarily brighter until its rays illumine the entire heavens. The waters subside and the murmuring of the tempest is hushed. A great calm settles down upon all, and as with amazement we note the great and wondrous change, upon our ears fall the enchanting strains of celestial music and voices of exquisite sweetness are heard singing the inspiring anthem: "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

We have reached the Christmas lighthouse, care and sorrow are forgotten and we rest, feast and are merry. Heaven has taken compassion upon us, and the Christ Child has come to gladden the hearts of men with a new hope. Refreshed we start once more on our journey, and again the waters are troubled and the clouds loom overhead. Our hearts sink within us. The angel voices are still. We seem to be drifting we know not where. Perhaps that first light was only meant to deceive and create a false hope. We are ready to listen to the words of false counselors and drift hither and thither aimlessly, discouraged and disheartened. We reproach God for betraying us. We forget to pray. What is the use?

Suddenly the clouds part, the waters are stilled and our weary eyes perceive a great light, and again our ears are ravished by the sound of heavenly voices singing: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and He shall stand upon the latter day upon the earth, and though the worms destroy my body yet in my flesh shall I see God."

Then the heavens resound with the triumphant chorus: "Christ is risen! Christ is risen! O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?"

The clouds have gone, the troubled waters are stilled, the beautiful isles of somewhere burst enchantingly upon our vision, and the fringed palms lift their emerald heads in the balmy air. We have voyaged through the valley of the shadow and are reminded of the immortal lines:

"I know not where His islands lift  
Their fringed palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

"And so beside the Silent Sea,  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore."

We have reached the Easter lighthouse and the thin partition which veils that brighter world, has been rent apart by the risen Savior. We know now the location of those magic isles, and what is better still, we know how to reach them for the Master has said: "Because I live, ye shall live also."

Easter is the complement of Christmas, the fulfillment of the hope which dawned upon the world with the coming of the Christ. The message of Christmas was, and is this: "Immanuel, God with us." The message of Easter is this: that God continues to be with us through all the ups and downs, the painful vicissitudes, the mingled joys and sorrows, failures and successes, defeats and victories of our life in this often bewildering world of ours; and that He is still with us as we enter upon that mysterious journey, so dreaded by many, which lies through the "Valley of the Shadow." Thus the star which arose to shine over Bethlehem that cradle of a new humanity, was not quenched by the hands of time; it still shines in the sky of Christian faith and consciousness "more and more brightly unto the perfect day." This is the truth that Christ brought to the wondrous captive soul of man pinning away in the suffocating atmosphere of its dark, dark prison, the truth that God is with us and in us, that He loves us, is profoundly interested in us, and means well by us *intensely and continuously*.

"Ye shall know the truth and the truth will set you free," said Jesus. "Until Christ came the soul was like a caged eagle, madly and vainly beating its wings against the unyielding bars or now drooping dejectedly in its galling, hopeless confinement. It was a prince reduced to beggary and rags, yet not wholly forgetful of his royal lineage. And the very thing that the soul hoped would set it free loaded it with fetters. Religion instead of being its sanctuary of peace, its temple of freedom, had become its dungeon, the charnel house full of dead hopes and terrorizing fears and black despair. Like some bewitched victim of sorcery the soul saw all things falsely; it saw God as a dread judge, itself as the condemned criminal without hope of mercy. It despaired or fell into indifference. In either case, the future was dark and full of foreboding, and not to be thought of more than was possible.

But ah, what a difference there was when Christ came. "He who is from above" addressing himself in a spirit of comradeship to publicans and sinners, the dregs of society, with the sweetest speech that ever fell upon hungry ears, and looking into their sin lined faces through the kindest eyes that ever saw and understood and sympathized with them. "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." He said to them, "Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out." He spoke not of a judge who severely punishes the wrong doer; not of a wrathful Deity who demands some terrible sacrifice before His vengeance will spare us. He spoke of "Our Father" who loves all, who sends His rain and sunshine upon the evil as well as the good, and who himself provides for us the great sacrifice by which "the sins of the whole world" were to be borne away. He tells us we ought also "to love our enemies, to bless them that curse us, to do good to them that hate us, and to pray for them that despitefully use us and persecute us." Why? His answer is, that we may be "perfect even as our Father which is in Heaven is perfect."

Sinful as we are, we are not looked upon by Jesus as criminals in a court where some stranger we call God is our pitiless, angry Judge. No! never! We are not even looked upon as more or less rebellious subjects of a monarch called God. We are regarded by Jesus—the worst of us—as children of Our Heavenly Father, very imperfect, very sinful, very far off from being what we ought to be, but still children for all that, whom our Father loves and always will love, whose highest permanent good He seeks in a hundred ways un-

known to us, and will always seek. His is the "love that will not let us go." Yes, we are all His children; that is the fundamental truth about you and me, about every son of man the wide world over. As Phillips Brooks once said: "Man is a son of God on whom the devil has laid his hand, not a child of the devil whom God is trying to steal." There is a blasphemy against God, which makes Him out to be little better than an Almighty Devil, intent on sweeping countless hordes of our race into hell with the broom of his wrath. But such was not our Master's teaching, who said He would not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, nor is it the teaching of the inspired apostles to whom "God is love," "God is Light," "The Father in whom there is no darkness at all."

There is also a blasphemy against humanity, which degrades our race to a level lower than the beast by making us the children of the evil one. Against these two blasphemies the entire course of Christ's life and teaching was a steadfast protest. Was Christ correct in thus representing God as our Father, and ourselves as His children? St. John answers that question: "The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."

When the full significance of Easter is brought home to the average indifferent human the slumbering soul wakes up to the fact of its divine birthright, and its owner realizes he is a child of God. The Christian life is the progressive realization of the privileges, the duties, the hopes involved in this relationship to an all loving Father. The really awakened soul is a soul set free "with the liberty wherewith Christ makes us free." Free from false and fear filling ideas of God. Free from the desire to backbite and scandalize, free from envy, hate, malice and all uncharitableness. The thought of God is now fraught with peace and joy and true happiness. Now we realize that "God is Love" and "Light" and all that is kind and true and beautiful. He is free from fear according to the measure in which he gives entrance into his consciousness of "the love that God hath to us" as St. John says. "Herein is our love made perfect that we may have boldness in the day of judgment." There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. But there are other sources of fear than the judgment day from which a man is freed when he begins in earnest to live his days out based on the growing realization of God's fatherhood and his sonship. Life brings the Christian as well as others trials and tribulations, sorrow, material loss, disappointment, defeat; a hundred ills may lurk in tomorrow or the day after, ready to spring out upon him. What then? It is his to realize in these times of storm and stress the Easter proclamation of God's continuing presence with His children. "Thou Lord art a very present help in trouble." St. Paul's days were spent in perilous times and long was the list of calamities that befell him, but through them all he tells us he was "never dismayed." "We know," he says in another place, "that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to purpose." Purpose? Yes; God's purpose for you and for everyone of us. Some can hinder that purpose, none but yourself or myself.

That was why the grave opened at Easter, and the Master left, because there is a divine purpose in human life which is never completed on earth, hence we "cannot be hidden of death." We must make our way through the grave to the world of eternal life in order that God may bring to pass all that He has decreed concerning us. The awakened soul lives therefore in the strength-imparting consciousness that its life is held in the firm grasp of a Divine design which all the omnipotence, all the omniscience, and all the infinite love of God are pledged to carry out.

As we advance in this experience of life thus "perfected in the love which casteth out fear," we become able to appreciate and rejoice in that other deep saying of the Master, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Anxiety is eliminated; "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" becomes the armed sentinel at the door of the mind to keep our thoughts safeguarded from the invasion of things foreign to the heart that has found its center of rest in the love and the will and the pledged word of God. The great lesson of Eastertide makes it unceasingly possible to live up to His exhortation, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Faith, religion becomes a more direct or intimate experience of one's own spiritual consciousness. Christ in us is our source of strength for the duties and the varied fortunes of the day as they come and go. We are thus made able to "cast our care upon God, knowing that He careth for us," to cease from being anxious, our restless misgivings dissipated by the steady assurance that our "Heavenly Father knoweth" and will see us safely through the stormiest days that may ever befall us.

Have we any signs by which we can judge whether we are God's children, any proof of the Spirit of Christ in us, in you, in myself? Doubtless many who will read this Easter sermon have lost faith in the church and its teachings, and are too honest to pretend to believe. Well, in spite of diminishing faith, and a growing indifference to things spiritual they are God's children. One proof has already been referred to, the fact that we all owe our creation to God. Here are a few other proofs, not all because I have only space for some. As a rule you expect to find and do find, in a child some trace or traces of his parentage; the color of his hair, eyes, complexion, or the general features of the face or build of the body, and also some resemblances of mind, disposition and so forth. Well let us apply the same rule to ourselves, "God is Love." Haven't you some resemblance to His in this respect? Deep down, carefully tucked away in one special corner of your heart haven't you a bit of love, probably a very big bit for someone, for father or mother, brother or sister or friend? Of course you have, and no doubt before the world got hold of you, when you were a boy or girl, innocent of evil, you had a heart full of love for those around you, even for the horses and dogs, the cats and birds. Where did that love come from? You didn't make it and certainly the powers of evil didn't. It was put into your receptive young heart by the Heavenly Father, who is love, and though worldly and corrupting influences may have done their work of attrition and made that tender and sympathetic organ a mere piece of mechanism, slushily driving the unholy streams of improvidence, envy, malice, sloth and extravagance, through a body now grossly material, nevertheless just a wee bit of the old sweetness clings tenaciously to the cog wheels of selfishness, and the tiny spark that keeps the worn, creaking machinery of life in motion is ready to burst forth into a mighty flame, resurrecting the old and noble impulses inherited from the Father. If you will but let the genial zephyrs of Easter fan its slumbering embers, then again God is good. You may not profess to be good, but you respect genuine goodness when you see it. Whatever of goodness you may possess, God gave it to you. You inherited love and the desire and respect for goodness from your heavenly Father as surely as a boy inherits a broad back or a square jaw from his earthly father. You also respect and value truth. You don't trust and you don't admire a person who is given to lying. If you sometimes are guilty of lying yourself, you would be ashamed and angry to be proven a liar. Now God is the God of all truth. So again in this respect you bear a resemblance to the Heavenly Father. You have a conscience, everybody has

until they succeed in stifling it, and therefore you know the difference between right and wrong. When you do right, conscience is quiet, when you do wrong conscience is up in arms against you, and you feel pretty miserable, unless you have succeeded in killing conscience. I can very clearly see why we have a conscience. Conscience is God's voice in man's soul, approving us when we do the right thing and reproaching us when we do wrong. Even non-professing Christians have in themselves plenty of evidences that they come from God, plenty of resemblances to the Father who is Love, Goodness, Truth and Righteousness.

Wake up then this Eastertide to the splendid fact that you are a child of God, still loved by your Father, still sought after by Him that He might give you freely the great gifts of pardon, peace, joy, hope, purity, and finally heaven! Don't any longer be content to be a sulking or an unfeeling child who remains away, far away from your true home. Say like the Prodigal Son in the Gospel, "I will arise and go unto my Father," and not only say it but do it. Then you will be on the upward way indeed the shining way that leads by and by to the "excellent glory" of the soul's homeland above. Meanwhile you will enter here and now upon the peace of God which is a sure balm for all the wounds we meet with in the grim battles of mortal life.

Easter looks beyond this life; across the grave it looks into the eternal world. It says man does not end in the grave, he inherits eternity. Ought we not, if we would be wise, to adjust life on earth to that fact? If we labor, as we must, for the bread that perisheth shall we not also labor (by prayer and obedience to God's will, as it is made known to us) for the blessings that endure? As man is an eternal being, it is the maddest of all follies that he strive to count his chief or only riches in gold or lands, or anything else, things that after a few years he must leave behind him forever. It is what you can take with you into the world beyond that counts. Millions dragged to the rim of the grave, don't even buy you a camp stool in Heaven. The amount of faith, goodness, kindness, truth, love, purity that you and I have are the riches which are ours here and hereafter, now and always. Of these none, nor death, nor any other happening can rob. In other words not what we have *about* us, but what we have *in* us, what we *are*, counts when the little day of earth is over. Many a man has the secret of earthly success who fails lamentably in the vastly more important issue. Everything he touches turns into gold, but he himself is dross. He has made a success of everything except himself. He has not prayed, he has not sought to know or to do the will of God, he has done nothing to help men to a higher plane of living or thinking, he has been self centered and selfish. In the revealing light of eternity such a man is seen to have made a tragic failure of life. Aim higher this Eastertide, my brothers and sisters, "He builds too low who builds beneath the sky." Don't let yourselves be cheated of the riches of Eternity by the delusive riches of a world which we must all leave in a very few years. He is a poor man indeed who when he "shuffles off this mortal coil" has nothing to take with him into Eternity but a miserable, starved, neglected, naked soul.

Thus if looked at sanely this earthly life is our great opportunity for developing those qualities of love, goodness, purity and the like with which we all start out, and which if cultivated, will fit us for the larger, happier life of the hereafter. We start life here with some soul capital. One has ten talents, another five, some only one. That doesn't matter. What does matter is how we trade with our capital, how we employ our talent or talents. We come into the world with so much love, with so much goodness, with so much pity, with so much sympathy, and so forth. This is our soul capital, God says trade with it. Increase it, don't bury it, don't lose it. The use or misuse of it will mean a great deal of joy or pain to us in the future. If in trouble who will help us? God will. Do we need strength? He will give it to us if we seek it of Him. "As thy day so shall thy strength be." Do we need advice? It is to be had freely of Him. "Thou wilt guide me with thy counsel." If we mean business, real soul business, God will be our partner and such a firm is bound to prosper. "Everyone that asketh receiveth" the needed help in this business of the soul. The only person that can hinder your blessing is yourself. You have the real enemy—yourself. The measure of God's ability to bless you with every necessary blessing is the measure of your willingness to be blessed, and of your capacity to hold the blessings. You can't make an unwilling horse drink, and you can't put a gallon of water into a pint pitcher. God is not limited in Himself, but He is limited in us. "Open your mouth wide and I will fill it." He says, and He means what He says, only remember when you open your mouth, broaden your intelligence also. We all know at least a few beautiful souls still in the flesh, men and women of a very tender graciousness of spirit and readiness and depth of sympathy, so kind, so gentle, so sweet in all their ways. They are the ones we would go to in our troubles, or send for in our sicknesses. Why are they so lovely? Because, just because they gave God plenty of room in their lives, and He has therefore been able to fill them with some of the fullness of His own beautiful loving, sympathetic gentle, sweet spirit. You feel that if there is no heaven for such saints and angels of goodness there ought to be, nay there must be, and the Father is calling unto you through such lives. Easter shows us there is. My brothers, my sisters, "Come unto me, my child, walk with me day by day, and what I have done for these I will also do for you. Begin now to live in the strength and peace and joy of the love that lasteth. It is God's desire that we should possess His very own qualities of heart and character. "I am come," said our Lord, "that ye might have life and have it more abundantly;" and by this He meant that the abundant Eternal life of the Father was to be fully given to all and to any who in sincerity opened their hearts that He might fill them. "In this was manifest the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten son into the world that we might live through Him."

Never was there a greater need for a spiritual awakening than now, when seas of blood are being shed to gratify the dynastic ambitions of divine right monarchs, drunk with autocratic power, foolishly conferred on them by their servile, caste-ridden, gold-laced, drum-and-trumpet, lick-spittle, gilt-and-brass worshipping subjects. To all of you who in the presence of a divine light that ever points onward and upward, prefer to sit in darkness, let these Easter thoughts sink deep into your hearts and minds and give you a broader vision of this life and of the brighter life beyond. Let there be a resurrection of those nobler qualities of love, truth, honesty, sincerity, charity, purity and virtue which lie dormant in the worst of us, and seldom find much expression in the best of us, for we live in a sordid, man-made environment that is not conducive to spiritual growth.

To aid you this Easter in the resurrection of your spiritual self and to help you keep your feet strongly planted on the high road of immortality, let me beseech you, as you daily battle with the problems of life to bear these golden truths in mind. At the end of this brief earthly career, we shall not be asked how much pleasure we had in it, but how much service we gave in it; not how full it was of success, but how full it was of sacrifice. Not how happy we were but how helpful we were, not how ambition was gratified, but how love was served.



At 8 o'clock,  
after clearing away  
breakfast and  
washing the dishes  
she puts the clothes  
to soak with Fels-  
Naptha Soap in cool  
or lukewarm water.



At 8.30  
she starts to do  
the washing, after  
making the  
beds and getting  
the children  
off to school.



At 11.30,  
the washing done  
and on the  
line, she starts  
to prepare  
the noon meal.



At 3 o'clock,  
the clothes dry and  
sprinkled down, she  
irons a few of the  
plain pieces, so that  
tomorrow's work  
may be lightened.



At 4.30  
she lies down  
for an hour's  
rest before  
dressing and pre-  
paring supper.



At 6.30  
a happy family  
and a rested mother  
eat a wholesome,  
nicely prepared meal.

What Fels-Naptha Soap did for  
this woman it will do for every  
woman who has an average wash.

Why not buy Fels-Naptha to-day  
and do your housework and washing  
the easy, Fels-Naptha way.



Fels & Co., Philadelphia.





LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents.  
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.  
To love our country and protect its flag.

## CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League. NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

**H**OP up onto my lap and snuggle close. These are hard times, times when one feels like drawing a little closer to one's neighbors for help and sympathy. This winter has been the most terrible I've ever experienced in this big city of New York, and I do want to beg and beseech all of you who live in the country (and my interests are largely with country people) to stay in the country no matter how hard conditions are, for if you go to the cities, you will only find things infinitely worse. One can hardly walk the sidewalks of New York without stumbling over the furniture of dispossessed families. Summary eviction proceedings against more than fifty thousand families were filed during the first six months of 1914. That is at the rate of two thousand families a week. If that rate held through the year it would mean one family out of every ten turned out on the street without home or protection. There are very many thrifty people in New York, but tens of thousands of these have fared as badly as the thriftless and shiftless, for with that credulity and stupidity which seems to enter so largely into the makeup of the average human, foolish people will put their pitiful savings into private banks, hole-in-the-wall affairs, which sooner or later, with a few exceptions seem determined to smash. No less than eighty thousand families in New York have had their savings wiped out by the failure of a number of east side banks, within this last few months. New York has the best savings banks in the world, banks that nothing but an earthquake could bust, but eighty thousand of its poorest families insisted on ignoring these substantial institutions and placed their money with questionable concerns only to have it swept away. Scores of poor wretches who lost their little all have committed suicide, and the suffering and misery that has resulted from these failures staggers the imagination. The smashing of hole-in-the-wall banking institutions is a feature of city life, and the wretches who bring about these failures seldom if ever see the inside of a jail, while if the hungry victims of one of these rascals steal a loaf it is the iron bars for them on the double quick.

New York's attempt to handle the question of the unemployed has been utterly disgusting. Sleek, well-paid, overfed officials meet, talk, quarrel, plan and then adjourn to investigate. After they have investigated, they investigate some more. These investigations cover weeks and what is the result? Nothing or next to nothing. The bread lines and the soup kitchens work overtime, and so the weary month of anguish and suffering in which more than half a million of workless people are involved, drag along until spring comes, when nature and the warm sun remove the edge of suffering, and the question of the unemployed is dropped until winter comes round again. The well-to-do take a perfunctory and half-hearted interest in the unemployed in the winter, because their soft fingers are occasionally nipped by the icy blasts, and they are made to realize after a fashion that it must be kind of uncomfortable for the poor to be cold. Unfortunately the weather never punishes them with hunger and so the torture of a gnawing stomach suggests nothing to them during more agreeable weather of the agony others are enduring. And so when spring comes and the official body ceases to shiver, the whole question of the unemployed is dropped. I want to take off my hat to ex-President Roosevelt. He visited our municipal lodging house and saw poverty and misery that touched him deeply, so deeply that he took the leading part in a meeting in which the hat was passed round for the unemployed and to which he himself contributed ten thousand dollars. Commissioner of Charities, Katherine B. Davis recently said: "New York is a poor place. There is little money in sight for the city poor. They have begun to build an eighteen million dollar court house for the men, while some of my old women are wrapping newspapers round their legs in lieu of stockings. It is for that reason I want the New York women to get the vote, they may help me out."

Of course an eighteen million dollar court house will mean lots of work for a large number of men, but a revival in every line of industry would have brought about a hundred and a half million people could all find employment. On this island of Manhattan where half a million people don't know where the next meal is coming from, there is a very small region, the richest in the world, in which fifteen thousand persons have a total annual income of over a thousand million dollars. Well has it been said that New York is a city of millionaires and paupers. The world is full of violent contrasts. Every few days I scan my papers, I note the passing of some man whose name is utterly unknown to the masses of the people and yet whose fortune is as great as that of the Kaiser, whose hundred million dollars easily makes him the richest man in Germany. The other day one of the many Standard Oil magnates passed away. He is estimated to have left the comparatively moderate fortune of from \$80,000,000 to \$100,000,000. If you figure out a hundred million dollars at five per cent you will find the income averages \$416,666 a month, \$95,886 a week, \$13,695 a day, \$570 an hour and \$0.50 a minute.

These figures give cause for sober thought, as do the statements of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. that his father has donated the prodigious sum of \$250,000,000 for educational and charitable purposes. If Rockefeller had less to give, there would be less need of his gifts and less need for giving. The government has been investigating the Rockefeller and other philanthropic foundations. There would be no need for this investigation if the Standard Oil interests would take a hint from Henry Ford the automobile king. After ten months' operation of the profit-sharing plan, the Ford employees in Detroit have bought homes on a contract basis valued at five million dollars. On these homes they have paid sums aggregating one million two hundred thousand dollars. They have also insured their lives to the tune of three million dollars, and every man on an average has saved forty-eight dollars and seventy-six cents a month. That is equivalent to twelve dollars a week, and twelve dollars a week is more than the average worker earns.

There are nine thousand two hundred Ford employees receiving benefit from the profit-sharing plan. As a result of this generous treatment a great number of the Ford employees of foreign birth have become naturalized citizens. Habits, morals, health, mentality of all have greatly improved as a result of the higher standard of living that increased incomes have brought about. Bank deposits increased one hundred and thirty per cent. Homes owned eighty-seven per cent. Life insurance eighty-six per cent. Henry Ford is doing unto others as he would have them do unto

him. That is practical Christianity, that is bringing Christ into industry, that is socializing religion, bringing it out of the moth balls of the church edifice and putting it into the mill and the factory. No man has to be watched or driven in the Ford works. The only trouble there is to see that they do not do too much, and Ford isn't losing any money by the application of justice and real Christianity to business. No man ever does and no man ever will. Now don't rush to the cities with the idea that you will strike any Henry Ford factories. There are few men who have the heart, wisdom and good sense to follow in the footsteps of this far-seeing man who is anxious to have his employees share in the wealth they create. If Standard Oil would imitate Ford there would be less poverty, less unrest and less towering fortunes to menace democratic institutions.

And there is another reason apart from an employment why you should keep away from the cities. The loss of life in industrial pursuits is much greater than in agriculture. New York State has now an admirable workman's compensation law. The powers that be have at last recognized that the man who is injured at his work is entitled to proper compensation, and he should not have to fight an uphill fight with some gigantic corporation, pitting his pitiful pennies against their all-powerful millions. Hitherto an injured workman could hope for little except lots of litigation and a big lawyer's bill.

But all this has been done away with in New York State. Under the present law the employer pays a certain sum yearly in proportion to the number of men employed. The funds thus raised are administered by the government for the benefit of the injured. There is no one to cheat the workman and no one desires to cheat him. Here again we have Christian ideals applied to business. In the first twenty-three days of the operation of the new law, forty-eight men were killed outright and from eight hundred to a thousand a day were injured. Eleven thousand injured in about half a month in one state! In the building of the New York Aqueduct by the way 283 men lost their lives and 8,000 were injured. These are the victims of industry.

Every worthy man desires a home of his own. This ambition is usually realized in the country but seldom in the cities. In New York in 1900 only one in every twenty-five owned his home, and ten years later in 1910 only one in thirty-five. Stay where you can be an owner and not a renter.

Work in the cities is scarce, or rather not to be had. When it is to be had it is too often dangerous. Stay in the country and be a producer instead of a city consumer. Millions of acres of land have been fenced off and held for speculative purposes. There are 20,647,000 acres of land in the United States owned by 29 foreign landlords and foreign syndicates. One man in London owns 700,000 acres of American land. Try and get your state legislators to see that this land is placed under cultivation. Try and get some of it for yourself. You may not grow rich but with care and hard work you may become independent and independence is far more to be desired than riches. In a vast country like this, where there is so much to be done, there should be work for everybody and everybody should be at work.

The labor commissioner of Pennsylvania estimates the annual cost from unemployment in the Keystone State alone at \$250,000,000 a year. Using these figures as a basis for computing the loss caused by national unemployment it is estimated that the United States loses three billion dollars a year (twice the amount of the national debt) by not keeping its workers employed. It is one of the difficult problems that must, and in time will be solved.

Join the League and get our new correspondence list: contains hundreds of names—just out. If you haven't a set of Uncle Charlie's three wonderful books your home is not complete and you are not equipped for the full enjoyment of life. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles: the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers. All can be had free as premiums: the Book of Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers for a club of only two subscriptions. See full particulars at the end of this department. These three books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues.

Now for the letters.

LYONS, MO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for years, and I would like a little advice from you, as I am an orphan girl of nineteen years. I am the youngest of five children. I want to know if there is any harm for a girl to stand at the gate and talk to a boy after he has seen her home from church at night? The gate is only a few steps from the door. Do you think that it is doing wrong to stand five or ten minutes. I would like your advice on that as I have no mother to ask for advice. Now Uncle don't you send me for my poor writing and spelling for I never had any chance. I never went more than sixteen months to school. I hope Billy the goat won't eat this letter for I believe that you will give good advice that may help some other girls as well as myself. I will bring my letter to a close, by wishing you all that is good and may the good Lord bless you in your work.

From your friend,

P. S. Please do not give anyone my name or address.

Mollie, as long as there are young heads and old heads in this world, mothers and fathers and daughters, experience and inexperience, there will be more or less friction. How many times in my youthful days do I remember the fights I had, and the heartaches I had, over the gripping iron of parental authority. Many a girl has said to me when we have been wandering under the stars: "Mother didn't want me to come out tonight. She makes me tired. She's always fussing if I want to go out with anybody." Then of course I replied as all other men reply under such circumstances: "Don't take any notice, all mothers are like that. You bet mother had a good time when she was young and why shouldn't you?" Then the girl who promised faithfully to be home at nine o'clock, guesses she won't get home until ten, and when ten comes the fellow has persuaded her to make it eleven, while the anxious mother worried to death, sits at home waiting for every distant sound to herald the approach of the headstrong daughter. Well may parents worry. They have every reason to worry. Once upon a time there was too much repression. Then parents

loosened up the strings and the young folks had liberty. Now most parents don't give a darn what the young folks do and we have license. You have doubtless seen a family move. You've seen the house piled with furniture just as it is thrown off the wagon, everything topsy turvy, and nothing in its proper place. Now that's exactly the condition of society today. Order is the great law of the universe. Order is of God, chaos and disorder of the devil. We are living in chaotic, therefore devilish times. When we were in the dark we stood still because we knew if we moved we would be liable to break our necks. Today we have a little light, and the novelty of it has caused the empty headed to run wild. We haven't however, enough light or enough sense to see where we are going, and being naturally careless and naturally stupid, we are floundering into all sorts of holes and pitfalls. In such a condition as society is in today, where there is no system, and life at the best is but a sordid chase for dollars, and the struggle for existence is so keen that ideals and virtue, honesty and righteousness are daily trampled underfoot in the mud race for the things we must have in order to live, there is little time for education, less for moral training and no time at all for character building. The most precious things in all the world are a woman's virtue, purity, chastity and honor, and these have also become commercialized and are probably the most marketable of all products. Everything that can be commercialized has been commercialized, even the Holy Spirit itself has not escaped. Think yourself mighty lucky then you young girly geese when there is somebody who cares enough for you to hold the reins tight. Not one in twenty of you girls has been reared properly. At the best you've only been dragged up, not brought up. The education of a child should begin several generations back. All you girls get at the best, is a little church, a little school, and a whole heap of scolding. Scolding always ruins the fur of our feelings the wrong way, and that's what most parents hand out, as few know how to reason, guide and instruct. Soon we shall bring order out of chaos, and the real age of chivalry will burst upon us in all its glory. The libertine and the debaucher will pass out of existence, for chastity will no longer be a marketable commodity and sex knowledge and a higher standard of immorality will have directed passion into its legitimate channels. Until that day comes the right kind of a father may well feel that even a high gate a few steps from the family door, is at times insufficient to protect his daughter. In Mollie's case I'm inclined to think the father knows things about this particular young man that Mollie doesn't know or won't listen to. Mollie has only told us her side. If we heard the father's side it would probably throw an entirely different light upon the subject. Of course father may be, as fathers often are, merely grouchy and boorish, loving to boss merely for the sake of bossing. Probably too he thinks if Mollie married he would have to engage a salaried housekeeper, and many a man would rather keep his daughter in slavery all her life than do that. The world is full of selfishness and a full of tight wads and petty tyrants and until we get more evidence Mollie, we had better suspend judgment. Meanwhile for the sake of peace and quietness cut out the confab at the rate. Mollie says she never had a chance. I could write a million sermons on that text. It should be the first duty of a nation to see that everyone gets a chance, but society is built today along lines that give all the chances to a few and deprive the majority of human beings of any possible hope of being more than mere drudges from the cradle to the grave. This condition will be altered just as soon as people begin to think, but most of them would rather drink than think, and though they would gladly die to protect this country from foreign enemies, they lie down and let their enemies at home walk all over them, in fact they go to the ballot box and authorize and elect people to walk all over them. Then they let off firecrackers on the fourth of July so as to let the world know they are free, while all the thinking world knows only too well they are still slaves. Once more can you beat it?

HANNA, LA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Here comes a girl from old Louisiana that wants to join your happy band. I have blonde hair, gray eyes, fair complexion and weigh one hundred and thirty pounds, and am sixteen years of age. I am going to school and am in the seventh grade. We have a large country school. It contains sixty-three scholars. I like all my books except geography.

I have seven sisters and two brothers and as you know a good old mother. My father died when I was an infant and my mother married again. So you see Uncle we have lots of trouble. I like to read and study everything connected with home life.

Guess I'll close before the goat gets this. Hoping to hear from the cousins, Your loving niece,

EDNA WREN.

Edna you say you like all your books "accept" geography. So many people use the word "accept" for "except," and "except" for "accept." When the old folks do this we can excuse them for education was a scarce commodity fifty years ago. There is however, no excuse for a girl of sixteen in a large country school falling into such errors of speech. Hundreds of good, kind souls, have at the end of beautiful letters of love and sympathy concluded their letters to me thus: "Please except my love and best wishes." They meant to be complimentary but using the wrong word at the conclusion of their letter they became uncomplimentary. Of course I understood what the dear souls meant and it is only because I want to be of assistance to you young folks that I lay bare this little error of your elders. Except means to omit, to leave out, to exclude, to object to. So what my nature correspondents actually said was: "Please omit, leave out and exclude my love and best wishes." Accept means to take, to receive with approbation, to agree to or acquiesce in. Note, one is the antithesis, the very opposite, of the other. Now Edna, you wanted to tell us that you did not like geography, but by using "accept" for "except" you made it appear that you did like it. The misuse of some words entirely alters person's meaning. You remember the old story of the Frenchman who fell in the river. He wanted somebody to pull him out and instead of saying: "I shall be drowned nobody will save me," he shouted: "I will be drowned, nobody shall save me." Of course after shouting in that way everyone concluded that he was trying to commit suicide, and they let him drown. Now I'm awfully sorry to hear you say that you do not like geography. A mind that lacks the geographic vision, the mind that cannot at all times glimpse this revolving sphere and note the outlines of its continents, the boundaries of the various countries, the course of its great rivers, the location of its cities, the wash of its mighty oceans, the vast stretches of its plains and mountains, is a mind that is swathed in the bandages of darkness. For ordinary purposes it is not necessary in order to comprehend what is going on in this world to have an exact knowledge of the location of all the capes, bays, rivers, cities, etc. All one needs is a general knowledge, just an outline of the continents, countries, seas and oceans. I scarcely ever find it necessary to refer to an atlas as I have the bump of locality very strongly developed. I carry a picture of the round earth and all that dwell therein ever in my mind. Geographic ignorance is appalling. Frequently in my travels through this country I have found people who thought they could stop from California into Florida and that Michigan and Tennessee were adjoining states. Geography may seem an unimportant subject to most of you, but nobody can get a grasp of world affairs until they have a good working knowledge of geography. Lots of fun is extracted from spelling bees, but we could get a heap sight more fun out of geography bees. Put up a huge black map of the United States and ask your minister, if he lives in the middle west, to put his finger on Vermont, and if he does not stick it through New Jersey I'll eat my hat. Ask the New Jersey minister to put his finger on Arkansas, and if he does not put his thumb in Arizona I'll swallow a feather duster. When educated people do that, what hope is there for people who have but little schooling

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and wouldn't know a map of the United States from that of China or an atlas from a hole in the ground. They are having night schools in Kentucky and other states. They call them moonlight schools and I do hope in these classes for adults they will try and stamp a dim outline of the world on the brains of the scholars. One of my greatest enjoyments is to take a mental flight a few thousand miles above the earth and watch this old globe of ours flitting through space and note each section of it as it turns over from the darkness of night to receive the light of day. You would think it awfully absurd wouldn't you? if I told you to put your finger on your nose and instead you put it on your foot. You of course simply can't help knowing the geography of the body for there is so little to learn, and the map is eternally about you, but suppose I put a blank map in front of you and find that you who are living in Maryland fancy that you are located thirty miles north of San Francisco (and many of you would do it as sure as God made little apples) wouldn't you feel like running away and hiding your heads? There is not a town in a war zone map as big as a pea that I cannot push a pin through in five seconds, and if you handage my eyes and put a map of the U. S. before me I will put my finger within an inch of any state you mention. Try this, it is capital fun. Beats bridge whist. And this brings me to another point. I was going to write a book about the war. Just a hundred page pamphlet that would give you an accurate idea of the causes back of this terrific struggle. I accumulated a whole library of war books and tabulated over two thousand articles from newspapers and magazines. Then I wrote COMFORT's publisher, and asked him what he thought about the war book idea. He discouraged it entirely and no wonder. For months COMFORT has been advertising a map of the war zone. It was something you all needed and something every home should have had and it was obtainable without any financial cost to you. Imagine my surprise to find that only fifty people out of six millions had taken sufficient interest in this titanic struggle to struggle to struggle to struggle to obtain a map of the war zone, and without a map one can get no idea, nor have the slightest comprehension of what is going on, or what the struggle means. To talk of Germany and Belgium without being able to glimpse their location suggests nothing definite to the imagination and leaves a person groping in the bad black night of darkness and ignorance. Get out your maps and find where you live. Florida and Alaska are not adjoining states or territories. The Mississippi river isn't flowing through Palestine. Berlin isn't in the middle of China nor Jerusalem in the Gulf of Mexico, but by the eternal that's where they'd all be if some of you were asked to point them out on the map. No wonder the republicans and democratic politicians pull the wool over the eyes of most of the people. How can you expect a nation to know what it wants when three quarters of it at least don't know where it is "at."

TURKENTINE, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I will write to COMFORT for advice for a girl nineteen years old, five feet six inches tall. I have dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion and am in love with three nice young men. One of these is a farmer, one a sawmill fellow and one that is real fond of acquiring and hunting them most of the time instead of working. I really admire all three and ask advice as to which one I should choose for my steady beau. Now I will wait patiently for your answer.

Your loving niece,

CLARA.

Clara, you've set me a very knotty proposition. Some people will think you are just fooling, perhaps you are, but whether you are or not matters little as hundreds of girls find themselves in very much the same predicament, unable to make a choice from among their various admirers—and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

## If I Send You this Suit

made to your measure, in the latest style, would you be willing to keep and wear it, show it to your friends and let them see our beautiful samples and dashing new styles.

Could you use \$5.00 a day for a little spare time? Perhaps I can offer you a steady job. If you will write me a letter or a postal card at once and say "Send me your special offer," I will send you samples and styles to pick from and my surprising liberal offer.

Address: L. E. ASHER, President  
BANNER TAILORING CO. DEPT. 24, CHICAGO

## UNIFORMS

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State size on postal and whether you want collar like cut or low turnover style.  
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By my new, easy plan, anyone over 16 years old can earn a brand-new Ford Touring Car for a little easy, respectable work among neighbors. Free Book tells all about it. **AUTO TOM, 609 S. 17th St., Omaha, Neb.**

## Earn an auto



# Julia's Fireless Brooder

By Josephine Page Wright

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**J**ULIA tacked the soft flannel onto the square frame she had just made and looked at the result proudly. It was to be the cover of a fireless brooder which she was making out of a small packing box.

"I suppose," conceded Uncle Tom, "I suppose you know what you are trying to do."

"Now, Uncle Tom," protested Julia, "you aren't going to discourage me, too. Perhaps you don't believe that I can raise baby chicks in this without an old hen or a spark of artificial heat."

"Has it been done?" he asked.

"Of course it has been done," she laughed. "Why the farm journals have been full of it for months. Don't you read them?"

"Not as much as I ought to," he acknowledged. "I sort of leave that to my partner."

"To Robert Kennedy?" she scorned. "Then you make a very great mistake. Robert's mind is about as receptive as a soaked sponge. I wonder," she mused, "why a man as bright and as industrious as he is should be so slow to accept new ideas."

"Why his dad was just like that," explained Uncle Tom gravely. "You see Bob's dad owned all this place originally. And he worked like a black slave trying to make it pay. But it never did until I bought my share and made him do things different. Even so, I had to fight for every change we made. Bob's more reasonable, of course, but he sure is some like his dad—some like his dad."

Julia was now at work on the pad which was to fit into the flannel-hover. Her needle flew in and out with a skill that her tack-hammer had lacked. Her tongue was busy explaining to her uncle the principle of the machine she was building. Her thoughts were busy with the results of her enterprise. She was counting her chickens not before they were hatched but before they were raised.

"So that little sofa-pillow you are making is their real mother," chuckled Uncle Tom. "Well it is a whole lot more feminine looking than a kerosene lamp."

"And I don't take much stock in a kerosene-oil brooder when it comes to that," commented Robert, appearing suddenly. "Nature and a faithful old fowl have all the modern arts and sciences beaten a mile."

"You do not take any stock in this?" challenged Julia, waving the little pad toward him.

Now it had been wise enough to scowl and to defy her with a long, tedious argument she could have forgiven him. But he did nothing so wise as that. Instead he looked at her with sudden amusement and, when she resented it with swift lowering of her eyes, he laughed.

Julia had liked Bob from the first day she came as an orphan to live with her Uncle Tom. Perhaps it was because she liked him so much that she was able to detect his menacing weakness. She wanted him to keep abreast of the times, she wanted him to succeed in a big way. She wanted him to let her help him in safe and practical experiments in new methods. It was the big motive behind a smaller one that made her build her fireless brooder. And now Bob had laughed at her. She wondered if she ever could forgive him.

"When you are ready to experiment with that thing," Robert was saying, "I'll let you have some chicks from my prize pen. I've an incubator due Monday morning."

But the goddess was not to be appeased by this tardy peace offering. "Thank you, Bob," she said coldly, "but I think I shall get my chicks at the Maynard ranch. I was looking at their breeding pens the other day. His hens are in prime condition. He is very scientific in his methods of feeding."

"But," protested Robert, "Maynard hasn't had better than a fifty per cent hatch this season. Why even his best setters have been disappointing him."

Nevertheless Julia rode over to the Maynard ranch early the next morning and returned with a shoe box containing fifty day-old chicks. One by one they were tucked into the brooder and covered with the pretty pad. Julia had paid five dollars for them and she entered the amount with great gusto in the little account book that was to prove to Robert the economics of her theories.

Just beneath this entry was another twenty-five cents for chickfeed. On a bit of scratch paper she had figured her profits. She knew of course she could not hope to raise all fifty but certainly she could conservatively count on thirty. Her feed for six weeks would average twenty-five cents a week. At the end of that time she could sell her thirty chickens for seventy-five cents apiece. Probably she would get more but Julia believed in being conservative.

For two days her hopes soared high. She had lost but one chick and that was a cripple she had been too tender-hearted to kill outright. The chicks huddled in one corner of the box and seemed healthy and content. On the third day they began to forage in the little graveled runway she had fixed for them just outside the brooder. They ate greedily, filling their crops to the delight of their young mistress.

To be sure they hadn't sense enough to return to their house after they had eaten their fill, and Julia had to take them one by one and poke them in. But that was the merest incident. Julia assured herself that she rather enjoyed it than otherwise. She took excellent care, however, that Uncle Tom or Robert should not see her do it. Men are very stupid about matters like that.

Much to her surprise Uncle Tom and Robert took a serious interest in the experiment. They were both present when she lifted the hover of the brooder on the morning of the fourth day. The chicks were huddled closer than she had ever noticed to have seen them. Four were on the floor of the box quite dead.

She looked quickly into the faces of the men to see if she could detect either amusement or pity. She read curiosity, nothing more.

"Too cold," commented Uncle Tom briefly.

"Too hot," contradicted Bob. "Sweated."

"It seems to me," ventured Julia timidly, "simply the survival of the fittest."

"They were pretty good stock," sung back Bob. "An old hen would have pulled them all through."

Julia took out the poor little corpses sorrowfully. They looked exactly as though they had been flattened by a rolling pin. She took them out to a parcel of ground in the garden and buried them.

She grew to dread the lifting of that hover every morning. Seldom less than five, and sometimes more little cold bodies claimed her attention. Before the week was out she had far less than thirty left and she had to alter her first prophecies of profit. And then with twenty apparently healthy two-week-old chicks she faced her hopes again and began to crow over so gently over Robert.

"With all my bad luck I shall still have a handsome profit," she boasted and Bob nodded good-naturedly.

The fluff balls were developing into scrawny but, to Julia, delightfully charming chickens. They still huddled but with less danger to one another for they were feathering out at last. Then came the interesting period when she began to speculate on the number of roosters. She seemed to be at last on the winning side of her experiment.

And then came the never-to-be-forgotten night when she sat at the piano playing for Uncle Tom and remembered a fatal omission of duty.

"Oh," she gasped, "I forgot to open the brooder door. I was cleaning it today and I shut them out."

Bob followed her into the dark chicken-yard. Her chicks had gone to bed, pressing to the closed door of the brooder. The stronger were upon the weaker, needed no lantern to reveal to Julia the tragedy of broken necks. Six of her biggest, most promising chicks were dead.

If she had beaten the little lives out with her own hands she could have felt no guiltier. She sat beside the stack of huddled chickens, disentangling the living from the dead and crying frankly at intervals into the handkerchief which Bob provided.

"Go into the house, dear," urged Robert tenderly. "I'm going to take these lively fellows and put them in with my own month olders. I—I don't want you bothered."

Very meekly she obeyed him, finding refuge with her Uncle Tom.

"It isn't just the loss of the chickens," she sobbed on the shoulder of the older man. "But I feel that I have lost my opportunity to help Bob. Now he will never have faith in new methods and scientific theories. He will always remember this and nothing I can say will have weight with him."

"Why," soothed Uncle Tom, "it isn't as bad as that. Besides I have something to say on the subject myself. Just you trust me to take the impudence out of that young rascal."

"I have smashed that infernal thing to kindling," stormed Robert as he entered the house a half hour later. It has been a burden and an anxiety to Julia ever since she started to enthrone.

Julia's lip began to quiver and he hastened to add, "Now, Julia, I didn't destroy it because it is an innovation but because it annoyed you. I am not altogether unreasonable about trying new things. I was genuinely interested in this experiment and if it had worked out, I should have been tempted to try it out myself."

"Won't you make any allowances for Julia's lack of experience?" demanded Uncle Tom.

"Why, I don't know," debated the other. "It has always seemed to me that a thing should win on its own merits. Experience is, of course, everything I'll admit."

"Then more than likely you admit what isn't true. Experience is something—a big something but it isn't everything. Experiment is something too—a big something. I was afraid Julia might lose out the first time with her fireless-brooder and so I made one myself and started it about the time she did, with fifty chicks."

"And how did it turn out?" the young people hurried at him.

"Well tomorrow I will show you forty of the finest four-week-old birds on the farm."

Julia threw him a look of gratitude.

"Why, Uncle Tom, that interests me tremendously," surrendered Bob.

Uncle Tom took his book and went to his own room.

Julia sat staring into the fire. It had turned out for the best after all, Bob would have his lesson. And perhaps she had needed one too.

"Julia," said Bob interrupting her reverie, "will you marry me?"

"I think," smiled Julia, "that perhaps we do need one another."

"Is that," demanded Bob, "why you are willing to marry me?"

"Simpleton," she laughed, "of course not. Let me tell you a secret. I am not the least bit practical. Besides I love you."

## THE COSSACKS

By C. L. Chapman

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**L**ONG, long ago, there came into the southwestern part of Russia, a tribe of men who called themselves "Kossaks," from the Tartar word meaning "free men" or "free fighters." They lived up to their name and in that border country they fought fearlessly and protected many Russian women and children from becoming slaves to the Turks.

The czar called them his soldiers and they called him "the little father," and he granted to them certain lands free of taxation for which in turn they must serve Russia. So, whenever the czar needs military aid the "Cossacks" as they are now called, fight for the cause of their "little father."

The training of the Cossack boy begins from the cradle.

The mother sings her baby to sleep with Cossack war songs.

As soon as the boy is three years old he is taught to sit astride a horse and at five years old he rides out upon the street and plays games with his friends. He learns to mount and dismount his horse when it is galloping. Sometimes he picks up something from the ground when he is riding fast preparing him for the time when he can pick up a wounded comrade upon the battlefield without dismounting from his horse.

When he is eighteen years old he enters a preparatory class.

He must provide his own horse, uniform and military equipment; the government supplying him with the arms, and for three years he enters upon a course of military training. Then he enters active service and must serve until he is fifty-five years old.

The Cossack is armed with a curved sword and a rifle is slung across his shoulders; he wears no spurs upon his boots but he carries a heavy whip instead. He sits high upon his saddle and from long years of training he has become an expert horseman and is so trained that he can ride for hours without resting.

They say that the Cossacks were responsible for the defeat of Napoleon in Russia and Napoleon himself said in praise of them that they "were perfect masters of partizan warfare, furious in attack and impossible to reach," and he also said that he did not remember of having made a prisoner of a single one of them.

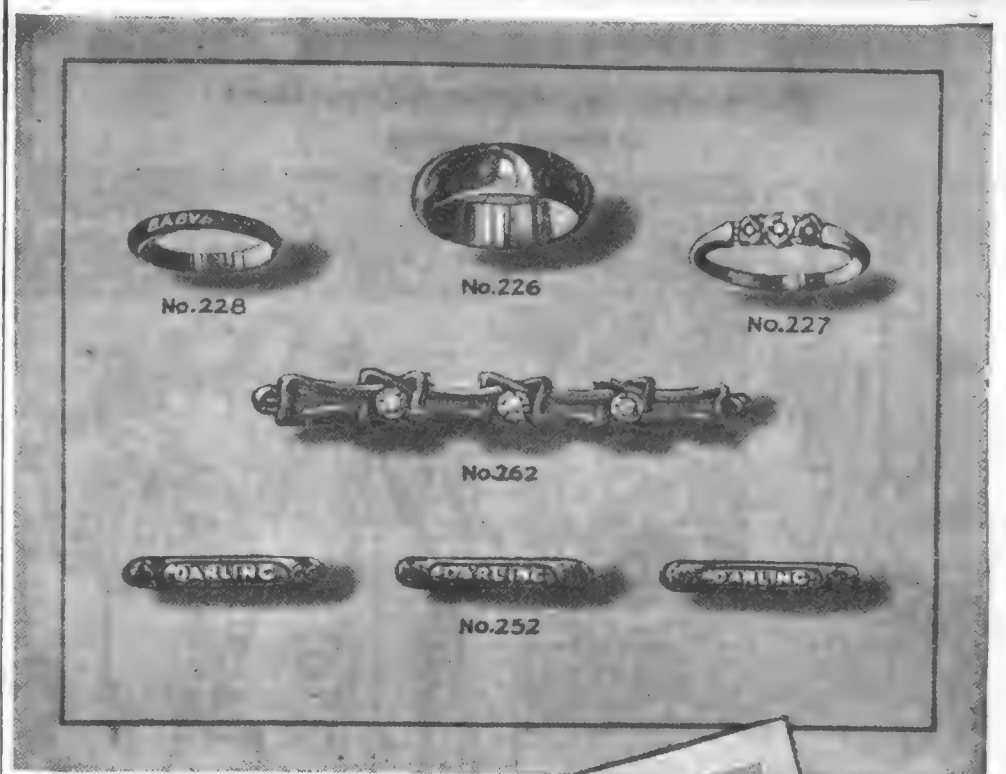
So today when Russia is engaged in warfare these Cossacks must obey the call to arms as described in this old war poem:

Up, Cossacks, and ride away!  
The Czar is calling his men today.  
Ho! now for a ride on the border side,  
And gallop away on war's wild tide,  
Ho! for the dash, and ho! for the dash,  
And ho! for the joy of battle's crash.  
Up, Cossacks, and ride away!  
To war, and fight, and bold man's play.

Up, Cossacks, and ride away!  
With shout, and yell, and lust to slay.  
Out with your saber, call to your neighbor,  
And ride away to war's sweet labor.  
There are cities to loot and pillage to boot;  
To ride and saber, slash and shoot.  
Up, Cossacks, and ride away!  
To war, and fight, and bold man's play.  
Up, Cossacks, and ride away!  
The Czar is calling his men today.

ONCE PART OF GREAT SEA.—Scientists connected with the United States geological survey have discovered a bed of marine fossils in the bluffs along the Heart river, near Mandan, N. Dak. This bed is regarded as the latest evidence of marine fauna in that section and is considered as proof that that region once formed a part of the bed of a great sea.

A TWO HUNDRED MILLION DOLLAR WASTE.—In testifying before the New York state officials concerning the butter and egg business of that state the attorney for the New York Central railroad placed the value of the eggs produced annually in this country at \$500,000,000. He also estimated that between producer and consumer, there is an annual waste of \$200,000,000. One fourth of this loss, he said, is due to needless breakage in transit and the remainder to deterioration resulting from poor handling.



## Two beautiful collar pins for you

With a signature from a one-pound package of Arbuckles' Ariosa or Arbuckles' Ground Coffee and eight cents in stamps. Special May introductory offer, ending April 30, 1915.

### Cut out coupon now

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Get a package today, and earn these two beautiful collar pins for yourself or some one else. Cut out the coupon now; buy one pound of Arbuckles' Ariosa (whole bean) or Arbuckles' Ground Coffee; cut the signature from the package, and mail it with the coupon, and eight cents in stamps now. Do this today, before you forget. This offer positively ends April 30, 1915.

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**Baby Ring, No. 224**—Mail coupon with 7 Arbuckle signatures and 2-cent stamp. Solid gold-shell ring; word "Baby" embossed and dainty flower design. Size 1/2 to 4. Give size.

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**Bar Pin, No. 262**—Send coupon with 10 Arbuckle signatures and 2-cent stamp. Three large and beautiful imitation diamonds set in three-knot design. Rose and burnished gold-plated make a most attractive combination. Length, 2 1/2 ins.

This is the signature you cut from the package and save to get valuable premiums.

Better than ever



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With this coupon, I enclose \_\_\_\_\_ signatures from Arbuckles' Coffee, and \_\_\_\_\_ two-cent stamps for which please send me:  
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No. and Street \_\_\_\_\_  
or R. D. \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# Home Dressmaking Hints

## Forecasts for Spring Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



NE-PIECE frocks are increasing in popularity, all the time, and considering their utility and service, this is not to be wondered at.

Coats in the newest models are loose and flowing. High collars, front closings, braid trimmings and ornamental buttons are distinguishing features of the new fashions.

Short coats will be worn, closed and trimmed in military style. Many new shirt-waists show the high neck finish, with straight, high turned-down collar, fastened with buttons or held down with a bow of narrow ribbon.

Shirt-waists are being shown with raglan sleeves, yoke effects and tucks or gathers. To renew an old gown or waist there is nothing quite so charming as an over blouse of velvet or satin. These blouses may be made with plain front closing, or finished to slip over the head. A pretty development of this fancy was in seal brown velvet, with underbody of cream lace. Worn with a gored skirt of brown broadcloth the effect was very stunning.

### Pattern Descriptions

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1228—Girls' Coat with or without Belt. The comfortable raglan sleeve and deep yoke are new style features. The sleeve may be finished with-out the cuff, and the fullness of the skirt portions may be confined by a belt, that is furnished in the pattern. Velvet, serge, cheviot, corduroy, mixed suiting or broadcloth are splendid for this model likewise poplin, faille, taffeta or linen.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires two and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

1224—A Smart and becoming gown, with new style features. The waist is cut with jaunty bolero fronts, and a neat high collar, that leaves the throat free in front. This design is lovely for the pretty new linen and cotton materials of the season, and will look well in poplin, taffeta or faille silk.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. To make the entire dress it will require nine and three eighths yards of 27-inch material for a medium size. These are two separate patterns, 10c for each pattern.

1186—A New Shirt-waist Model. This attractive model portrays some new style features. The pattern is good for figured, or plaid silk or woolen, for velvet, crepe, cashmere, serge, linen, linene, batiste or lawn.

Cut in six sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure, and requires two and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1226—Ladies' Waist with or without rolled collar, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. This model may be worn over a separate gullepe, if collar is omitted, or, for high neck a chemisette could be added. Georgette crepe, white satin or crepe de chine, are all fashionable materials for this style. It is equally effective in voile, linen, madras, cashmere, flannel or ratine.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and three quarters yards of 40-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1197—Costume for Misses and Small Women, with sleeve in either of two lengths. The model will look well in green serge, or in taffeta in any of the pretty new shades of this season. It would also be desirable for wash fabrics, such as linen, cotton crepe, poplin or gingham.

Cut in four sizes; 14, 16, 18 and 18 years. It requires six and three quarters yards of 40-inch material for a 14-year size.

1185—Ladies' Yoke Skirt in raised or normal waistline. Serge, cashmere, cheviot, broadcloth, novelty suiting, velvet or corduroy are good for this style. It is cut on new lines with a deep yoke to which the plaited portions are joined. The closing is at the side seam.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure, and requires three and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size.

9988—A Stylish Dress for the growing girl. Long-waisted effects are very popular for girls in their teens. The style here shown may be made with or without the tunic, galatea, percale, gingham or chambray, pique, linen, linene, lawn, silk or challie are all good materials for this style.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires three and one half yards of 40-inch material for an eight-year size.

1199—Ladies' or Misses' Skirt with panel front and hip yoke. Rivaling the tunic forms, one finds yoke and panel effects on the new skirt styles. A good skirt in this style could be made of serge or broadcloth, for general utility or business wear, and for wear with blouse or coat it makes an excellent model.

Cut in three sizes for misses; 14, 16 and 18 years, and in five sizes for ladies; 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires three and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size. For a 16-year size, it requires three yards of 44-inch material.

9716—Girls' Under Waist and Drawers. Cambric, muslin, lawn, nainsook, and canton or donnet flannel are suitable for both waist and drawers, while jean will make a durable and strong waist. Cut in five sizes; four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three quarters yard of 36-inch material for the waist and one yard for the drawers for a six-year size.

9897—Girls' Dress. The model is cut with body and sleeves in one, and has shoulder and under-arm seams. It is bloused over a lining that may be omitted, and the waist may be finished with smooth regulation outline. Percale, lawn, dimity voile, challie, tub silk, cashmere or linen are all appropriate for this style.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three and one half yards of 40-inch material for an eight-year size.

9948—Girls' Dress with long or shorter sleeve, and with high or low neck, having a body lining. This model has tucked fullness over the shoulders, and is made with body and sleeve in one. Lawn, dimity, voile, crepe, challie, batiste, silk or poplin may be used for this design, which is also good for soft woollens and other wash fabrics.

Cut in five sizes; six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires four yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

9882—Ladies' Apron. This simple easily made style, is good for gingham, chambray, percale, lawn, denim, serge and brilliantine. It affords ease to the wearer and protection for the dress beneath.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1221—Set of Ladies' Over Waists, Vestee and Collar. This portrays a few of the latest expressions of pretty fashions. No. one shows an over waist with long "chemise" back, over which the sash ends of the fronts are tied. No. two shows a similar style, in vest or "over bodice" shape.

In No. three we have a popular model, good for coat or dress finish. A unique and lovely collar form is portrayed in No. four, especially becoming to the woman with a slender long neck.

The pattern which comprises all the styles illustrated is cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires for No. one, three and three eighths yards, for No. two, one and three eighths

yard, for No. three, one yard, and for No. four, three eighths yard of 27-inch material for a medium size.

1215—Girls' Dress with Tunic and separate skirt attached to an underwaist, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. The blouse waist may be made without the tunic, and if plaited underskirt is not desired, the tunic could be lengthened at its lower edge and worn as a skirt.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires five yards of 44-inch material for a 14-year size.

1179—A New and Pretty Night Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths, and neck edge in either of three outlines. This model is good for lawn, nainsook, dimity, crossbar muslin, crepe or silk. The gown may be made with a front



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closing for high neck style, which is very desirable for warmth. If made of flannel or flannel.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires five and five-eighths yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1204—A Simple Apron Model. For easy development, practical features and convenience this model may be recommended. It is adjusted on the shoulders. The armholes are deep and comfortable.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires three and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

8905—Childs' Komper with bloomer skirt portion. Galatea, gingham, chambray, seersucker, linen or percale may be used for this design. The waist is cut with body and sleeve in one. The bloomers are cut circular and look very much like a skirt when worn. For girls this model is especially desirable.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires two and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for the four-year size.

1232—Girls' Dress, with or without over blouse, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. The waist is cut with body and sleeve in one, and finished in Moyen age style is attached to a plaited skirt. The overblouse has deep arm eyes, and its fullness is held in place by a belt. The pattern is good for serge, cashmere, challie or albatros, chambray or taffeta, crepe, galatea, chambray or lawn.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires five yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

9980—Girls' Dress with or without bloomers, and with long or short sleeves. The closing is effected in front with eyelet lacing, but may be finished at the center back, if preferred. The bloomers may be of the same material as the dress, or of satin, galatea or cambric. The design is good for all wash fabrics, and for serge.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires three and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

1220—Ladies' Dressing Sack. This model could be developed in any pretty shade of French or Scotch flannel, or in the pretty novelty crepes. Embroidered scalloping or feather stitching would be a pretty finish. The sleeve may be in either length illustrated.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1180—Ladies' Waist, with or without chemisette. In velvet and cloth as a waist for a gown, or in dainty embroidered batiste combined with chiffon, this design will be very effective. It is also good for poplin, chambray, satin or cashmere.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires three and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

9808—Ladies' House or Home Dress with long or shorter sleeve. This neat and popular style is suitable for gingham, chambray, lawn, percale, voile, crepe, linen or ratine.

Cut in six sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires seven yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1030—Girls' Two-piece Dress, waist to be slipped over the head, and the two-piece skirt to be buttoned to the waist under the belt. This style would make such a comfortable play dress to be worn with bloomers. Linen, lawn, gingham, chambray or percale are fine for these little dresses. For more dressy wear, a pretty pattern of crepe, or embroidery in batiste or lawn (rounding or bordered goods) would be pretty.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires two and five eighths yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

1127—A Most Attractively Becoming Style for the growing girl. The jaunty vest pieces may be omitted, also the poplin. In messaline, satin, chambray or crepe de chine, this style could be effectively decorated with embroidery. It would also lend itself nicely to batiste or lawn, combined with "all over" embroidery. It is also good for galatea, gingham, seersucker, percale, poplin, challie or lawn. The skirt is a two-piece model.

Cut in three sizes; 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 14-year size.

1210—Boys' Blouse with Knickerbockers. Galatea, gingham, poplin, chambray, serge, linen and ratine are all appropriate for this model. The Knickerbockers are in regulation style and may be of self or contrasting material.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires four and one half yards of 27-inch material for a six-year size.

9886—Ladies' House Dress in raised or normal waistline with long or shorter sleeve. This would be pretty in figured lawn or dimity, or in a neat percale with collar, cuffs and facings in contrasting color, also linen and ratine.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and one quarter yards of 50-inch material for a 34-inch size.

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## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Some eighteen or twenty years ago—oh, you see I'm an old subscriber, even two years more than the above—someone contributed an article to COMFORT telling how to make a round rug on a hoop. I made one at the time and all admired it, and now I want to make another and have forgotten how. Will you please ask someone through COMFORT to tell me again just how, also how to make raffia hats, the ones that look so like lace when finished.

I pity the poor at all times, but especially during the cold winter when food, fuel and clothing are all so scarce and hard to get. Even here in the South, grim want stalks about worse than a dunning letter in all its misery.

If people would only try to can up the surplus fruits and vegetables each year there would be thousands of people with a fair living on hand for the cold days of winter. Anyone can can such things in glass cans if they will and thus save the can each time for reusing and save the cost of buying tin cans to throw out when empty. Now this is no idle tale for I've canned for twenty years and I do it just like you do in a canning factory except I use glass cans. Every year great quantities of things go to waste that might be saved. It would cut down the high cost of living wonderfully. Don't ever use acid, vinegar, etc., in canning for if you put on marking it will not only "Pur Food Law" inspection, besides it is unhealthy and altogether unnecessary. No trouble to keep it cooked right. And these things in an emergency, come mighty handy many times. I can fresh meat, chicken, etc., so to have it on the shelf and when company comes in at the eleventh hour, as often happens, it is handy to have ready.

Wishing you, dear Mrs. Wilkinson, and every reader many blessings,  
Mrs. W. M. KNOER.

Mrs. Knoer. For the benefit of other sisters, why not send in some of your tested recipes for canning fruits and vegetables? I am sure it would be of value to them. An "emergency shelf," particularly when grocery stores are at a distance, is an excellent thing to have and should include a fruit cake which will keep several months.—Ed.

NORDBOY, CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I have just been reading COMFORT which is so much help and comfort to me.

I am particularly interested in the letters of those describing their home places, and as I have not seen any letters from this section of the country I will give you a little description of this beautiful Ojai Valley. Nordbooy is the only village in the valley. It is fifteen miles inland from Ventura, by the sea. The name, "Ojai," is the Spanish name for a place called from the valley being surrounded by mountains, and having a nestlike appearance. It has an elevation of seven hundred feet, and is perhaps as fertile a spot as any place in the world; although only a small valley three hundred car loads of the very choicest of oranges are annually shipped to select customers. Nearly all kinds of semi-tropical fruits are raised here. It is watered by an abundance of mountain streams and arborescent wells.

Our home is beautifully situated in the midst of a live oak and sycamore grove, with a fine trout stream within a few feet of the house.

This evening as we were standing on the back porch we counted forty valley quail in our garden within one hundred feet of us.

If you can get out to the Fair don't fail to visit Nordbooy, which is the most beautiful and healthy place in Southern California.

I should be pleased to receive personal letters from any of the sisters.  
With best wishes,  
Mrs. I. E. PEARSON.

HUNTINGTON STATION, Box 114, L. L. N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: As I have not seen any letters from here I thought I would start by writing one. I like to read the letters from the other sisters, but, strange to say, I had never seen a copy of COMFORT before moving here. One of the neighbors showed me a copy, and since then I have taken it. So I gained one good paper, even if not in the city.

It has been three years since we moved here from Brooklyn, N. Y. I much prefer the city to the country, but as father's health was poor, we moved here to Huntington. It is thirty-five miles from Brooklyn, but it takes only one hour and fifteen minutes to ride in on the train, so once in a while we take a run down, as all of our friends are there.

There are just three of us, mother, father and I. A dear brother went to Heaven but I was but three years old, and God in His infinite mercy took him home, and it was for the best as he was a cripple.

How many sisters have Christian mothers and fathers? I have and scripture reading and prayer are the first and last every morning and evening in our home.

How many sisters have been to Long Island? There are some fine places all over the island. On a very clear day one can stand on the shore of Huntington Bay, and see over to the Connecticut shore. It is pleasant to go to the bathing beach, as the harbor is lovely in summer. There is also a small public park where many go to enjoy the breezes on very hot days. The town is situated on the northern shore of Long Island. Many people come here to spend the summer. On the shores of Huntington Bay are some beautiful mansions. There are lovely beaches called Bear's Arie Park, named from a beautiful hotel and dining-room right on the edge of the bay. Many of the wealthy people have private docks, where their yachts lie.

As most sisters describe themselves, will say that I am five feet one and one half inches tall, have dark brown hair, and fair complexion. I tip the scales at one hundred and twenty-four pounds, so I am not very large.

The winter was very mild, the snowfall being light. The snow is so bad for traffic, but we must take fair and storm as God wills.

If any sister cares to write I shall be glad to answer. Wishing you all, God's best, I remain,  
Miss NORMA NELSON.

PHIL CAMPBELL, ALA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: As I seldom see a letter from this county (the northern part of Alabama), I ask for admittance, though I feel myself to be a very poor representative, amongst such a noble band of sisters. I have been a reader of COMFORT for several years, and I get much help, comfort and pleasure from its pages. I shall always be a subscriber.

I am a farmer's wife, having lived on a farm all my life.

It has been only about twenty years since this country was nearly all in woods, and now it is cleared and in cultivation, pretty farmhouses, telephone lines, schools and churches are plentiful.

We raise cotton, corn, oats, potatoes, peas and syrup cane, though cotton and corn are our principal crops. We can raise most all kinds of fruits, except the very tropical and nearly all kinds of vegetables do well here.

Our climate is moderate in winter. Our summers are long and delightful.

Miss Marie P. Kearney, I agree with you on the subject of how we should treat those who drink. They are more to be pitied than censured. I think we ought to be kind to them, not in a way to encourage them in their downward road but in a way that we might influence them to turn from that life to a higher and nobler one.

I am thirty years old and have been married ten years. Have five children under nine years of age to care for. I am interested in all that is said about rearing children for I want mine to make good and useful men and women.

Grandma, I enjoyed your letter.

Mrs. Mae Loder, I know you must be a good mother. How lucky your boy is.

Mrs. Wilkinson, your comments are fine. They seem like a mother's council. I hope you will be spared many years yet, to give us your advice.

Sincerely your earnest COMFORT reader,  
Mrs. IDA HALE.

PORTLAND, MICH.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I wonder if you will admit another Michigan girl to your pleasant circle for a few minutes' chat. I have long enjoyed the letters from the sisters and also received some valuable hints as well.

I agree with some of the others in thinking the farm and country the only place worth living in as I have lived both in city and country.

How many of the sisters "make over" stockings and men's black hose for the smaller children? I do, and find it makes quite a saving where one has to count their pennies. My way is to cut them quite straight, except shape to the leg and then sew across the end for the foot and not set in a foot as some do but make them "railroad style" and they will shape themselves to the foot.

As I have not described myself will do so now. I am twenty-two years old, five feet three inches tall, weigh

about one hundred and twenty pounds, have brown hair and eyes and a fair complexion.

I have been married five years to a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, six footer and have three children, one boy of four years, one girl two and one half years and a baby boy one year old. They are all healthy and noisy as children can be.

I wish Mrs. Emma Mull, whose name I saw some time ago in COMFORT, would write to me as I should like to know if she is any relation.  
Mrs. BENJAMIN MULL.

RUDYARD, GERMAINE CAMP, MICH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: Though I have been a reader of COMFORT for over twenty years this is the first time I have written to this corner. I am greatly interested in the letters on the training of children, particularly the guarding of our girls. My dear mother had these three rules of conduct that she took pains to impress upon her daughters and for which we can never thank her enough.

"Remember that modesty is a woman's greatest charm."

"Remember that men will encourage you to do as many bold and unmodest things as you are silly enough to do, and then despise you for it."

"Remember that any man that is half a man will protect you from another man, but you must protect yourself from him."

I wish I could have a copy put into the hands of every girl but as I cannot I am sending them to the dear old COMFORT that goes into so many homes in the hope that it may be the means of saving some from the snares that are laid for them.

I do not believe in teaching the mysteries of life to small children, give them some childhood. We become wise soon enough. How I cherish the days when Grimm's Fairy Tales were my chief delight and I arose early in the morning to look for the fairies on the flowers and wash off the freckles in May dew.

With best wishes to all and continued success to our good editor and his able staff, I am dear Mrs. Wilkinson, your COMFORT sister,  
Mrs. J. GERMAINE.

Mrs. Germaine. I am glad of the opportunity to pass your three rules along and I earnestly desire that other mothers will in turn impress them upon their daughters' minds, not in a half-hearted way, but in a deadly earnest for by so doing they may prevent many tears of sorrow, and the repentance which comes all too late. While I am fully aware of the fact that our educational system of today is far in advance of that of our mothers' time, or even of our own, I sometimes sigh for the little ones who are missing many of the simple joys of childhood through wisdom, far in advance of their years, but since modern times seem to require it, the only thing left for us to do is to face squarely and labor to win and retain the confidence of our children. In my humble opinion, the time for the unfolding of the wonderful mysteries of nature is when questions are asked. These may be evaded for a time, which is all very well, provided the child does not learn from an older playmate all that a father or mother should teach. In that case the probability is that it will be told in a coarse and uncertain manner and all its beautiful meaning lost. At all times encourage your children to come to you with everything. It is better to tell them everything, even if they are young in years, than take chances of their acquiring the knowledge elsewhere.—Ed.

BUTLERVILLE, ARK.  
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND STAFF: It has been two years I believe since I wrote to COMFORT. At that time I never thought of writing for publication. I don't know why but it never occurred to me that it would be published. I only wrote the thoughts of a sad heart. I am not so sad today, the answer the dear editor of our corner condescended to pen after it, and some more letters I received from COMFORT readers did wonders for me; for which at this late date I wish to thank you all.

Just a kind word spoken does much to lift a load of unhappiness. I'm never so happy as when doing something for someone in need of the service, be it ever so small.

Only last Sunday I heard a sermon, the text of which was: "What is that in thy hand?" A question the Lord asked Moses and one we can bring home to ourselves. He only had a rod in his hand, whereas I had just a needle and thread. What have we? What talent has the Savior intrusted to us? Is it kindness? Not so with me but by the help of God we can gain over what he has given us. Didn't one gain five? Let's be careful that we, like the man with the one, do not bury it. Dorcas had just the talent of sewing but see how they wept when she died. She used it for the glory of God, and to the best of her ability.

Here's a thought I wish to send from someone unknown.

"What is the real good?"

"I asked in musing mood."

"Order," said the law court;

"Knowledge," said the school;

"Truth," said the wise man;

"Pleasure," said the fool;

"Love," said the maiden;

"Beauty," said the page;

"Freedom," said the dreamer;

"Home," said the sage;

"Fame," said the soldier;

"Equity," the seer.

Spake my heart full sadly.

"The answer is not here,"

Then with my bosom

Softly this I heard:

"Each best holds the secret.

"Kindness" is the word."

May we each try harder this year than ever.  
MAE BYNUM.

Mae Bynum. Your letter is most encouraging and particularly so to me for I have often wondered if my messages ever accomplished any good and now that I know that one, at least, has helped to cheer a lonely heart, I shall feel they were not in vain. No matter how small and unimportant our lives appear to be we can find one talent that has been intrusted to our care and which we shall have to account for. To what extent depends on our own, individual efforts, so let each one of us endeavor to make the most of what God has given us.—Ed.

ATHENS, ALA.  
DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

If I am permitted I wonder how many of you are willing for me to enter your happy circle that I too, may be happy. It is exceedingly surprising how we can accomplish so much by reading such grand and noble ideas written by the dear sisters who have experienced their writings. I feel that we are under many obligations to Mrs. Wilkinson for the friendship gained through this corner and the good she is doing.

She must be the happiest person in the world, to be loved by so many.

With most of us life is what we make it, but with some it is different for they are not blessed with health, and perhaps crippled or invalids and the darkness is likely to shadow them, but if they would stop and consider that they have many things to be thankful for and they are watched over by the Lord, who "knoweth best and doeth all things well," and they have better hope than those enjoying all the pleasure that life can afford, for some have their reward; and those with health and happiness should know how to appreciate it and try without hesitating, to lift the veil of unhappiness, others that they may see a bright star shining through the valley of sorrow. Many of us are discouraged at times, but we can soon overcome this by taking in our hearts all that is good, and breathe to the very depths of its sunshine which will destroy all that is not pure and think how beautiful life is, and you know everyone is ready to greet a bright smiling face.

I often think it would be the greatest pleasure to me to live where I could be constantly being those that need it. In a spiritual way I am sure I need help myself, but in a way I could help with the work of my own hands which I would gladly do.

"We are always having opportunities to do good," but I haven't them as often as I would like, and sometimes I think I am of very little use but I try to be relieved by thinking "doing little is better than doing nothing."

It is easy for us to think of ourselves first, but if we will not give away under the feeling we can soon see how our hearts will be overflowing with joy by making others glad.

Our friends are next to ourselves, and I often feel the warm friendship of this corner, and the tender embrace that draws all so close together.

The dear sisters are always writing something good and helpful, but I am weak on the subject of anything important. I manage to scrawl through my own work with ease enough, but when I go to tell

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others something helpful I am at arm's length and ready to consult someone else, but I will try and give a few recipes I often use and like so much and sometime I will come again and give more that I have thoroughly tested.

If I had space I would like to write about flowers for I consider them our rarest beauties and have used them to a great advantage in many ways, and especially where the house is beginning to show a worn appearance at the ground. I think any pot flowers are lovely; they are like a pet of some kind and waiting for caresses. I hope some of the sisters will write their experience with certain flowers, and let everyone of the sisters take special care and have a pretty pot in full bloom to carry to some shut-in, and think how many sisters there are and you will know how many souls would be made glad.

Make this the happiest of all years, that we may feel the breath of peace and never cease to show affection to those lonely hearts that are aching for kind words and encouragement.

My kindest regards to all, Mrs. W. S. GRAHAM.

LAURIN, MONTANA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: Now is the time to scatter smiles and words of cheer to those whose lives are shadowed. They may not be here another year. So many in this old world are just dying for kind words; I wish I could say something that would cheer them up, but dear sisters did you ever think that:

"We must live through the dreary winter  
If we would value the spring;  
And the woods must be cold and silent  
Before the robins sing.  
The flowers must be buried in darkness,  
Before they can bud and bloom,  
And the sweetest, warmest sunshine  
Comes after the storm and gloom."

"I learn as the years roll onward  
And I leave the past behind,  
That much I counted sorrow  
But prove that God is kind:  
That many a flower that I'd longed for  
Had hidden a thorn of pain,  
And many a rugged by-path  
Led to fields of ripened grain."

"The clouds that cover the sunshine,  
They cannot banish the sun,  
And the earth shines out the brighter  
When the weary rain is done;  
We must stand in the deepest shadow  
To see the clearest light;  
And often through wrong's own darkness  
Comes the weary strength of light."

It's an old and true saying, "It's always the darkest just before dawn." "A smile is better than a frown," and "Health is wealth," no one knows this better than I do, having had poor health all my life until the past two years, but I am trying to enjoy the blessing God has given me. I always wanted to do something wonderful, but learned that the world is made up of the little things, even pennies grow into dollars. Now I am content to do the little things. I have found that God knows best; he placed us here for a purpose, whether out in the fight or on picket we must stand firm and true for this is our work to do. I have brought up five children, but never felt competent. I asked God to give me wisdom from day to day; every mother needs wisdom from on high! What a study to know what to do and say. One thing I learned was never to compel children to ask one another's forgiveness. It creates a bitter feeling in them, but what I did learn was, when there was a dissatisfaction or dispute (which happens in the best families) I would ask them to kneel with mother while I told God all about it. When we arose the trouble was ended and they kissed one another of their own free will with love beaming on every little face.

I am living in the foothills on a homestead at this time. Wishing you all the best year of your lives, I will close, hoping you will remember me with letters or anything to read.  
Mrs. MELISSA A. WILCOX.

STERLING, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: After reading the numerous letters of child rearing I feel that someone might profit by my experience. It is only natural that every young mother likes to have bright children but it is those who have been given a dull or stubborn child that will be most interested. I am not going to complain.

When my child was quite small I had very little patience with her, and often became angry in an instant and she received a great many whippings. As she grew older and started to school I had to have patience with her for when I began to show the opposite she got nervous and I could do nothing with her.

Some things I have tried for years to drill into her and this has been a good thing to even down my fiery temper. I will give you a few of our experiences so you will see that I am learning as well as she.

From the time she was old enough I tried to teach her to wash her hands so as to touch all around both palms and back of hand; this I performed for her many times. When she was eight years old she stood one day and watched her uncle washing—saying "I know how to wash my hands, just go round and round."

Instead of scolding I merely said, "Had I known I would have had Uncle Will come to see us years ago." I have tried to have her take care of her belongings and room. As long as I keep at her she does well but when I stop, thinking to let her go on alone, she stops also. Wherever a thing leaves her hands there it stays till I speak about it.

I have done every thing I could do for her and am going to keep right on for if she ever "comes to" she will never forget the patience I had with her. I want her to be able to say, "The best days of my life were with my mother."

She is now thirteen years old, a nice-looking, rosy-cheeked girl and very obedient. She has the first time to say "no" or "I won't do it," when I have told her to do a thing.

I never let her hear me say, "I can't do anything with her," but always keep firm.

The other day she needed a correction and afterward she said she was glad her mamma didn't sigh and groan over her like a neighbor does when she gets discouraged with her children. She thinks I am all strength and it is well she doesn't know the moments when my heart prays, "O God, give me strength to rear this child right; I make many blunders and should I be called on to account for them all I would indeed be unfit to bow at Thy feet."

Now for the story of a stubborn boy. A lady lived near me a few years ago who had five children, the eldest five years, and she was very impatient with them. The second boy was the finest specimen of boyhood I ever saw. After knowing her for some time she told me she just strangled him till he was lined with welts and he was the most stubborn one of all.

I happened to be in the house one afternoon when he had one of his bad spells, and it made my heart sore to see how she whipped him and in the end he would not give in. I bided my time and in a few days I talked to her about it and told her to stop whipping him because it did no good and only made him more ill tempered. She thought it over and in a few days told me she would stop for she saw it was useless.

This was one of the children who could be led but not driven.

I am an old subscriber to COMFORT and have learned much from its pages.  
Best wishes to all,  
Mrs. HATTIE D. MILLER.

Mrs. Miller. You are learning a lesson not taught in school—unless it is the school of life which has experience for a teacher, and not always a kind one at that—a lesson of self control and patience which most of us need to know. Do not become discouraged, for your faith will be rewarded in the future, even though the present may seem rather discouraging to the most optimistic nature. I wish I could make mothers understand the important part hereditary and prenatal influences play in the child nature. Perhaps then they would be able to give their children understanding care. A great many cases of so-called stubbornness can be traced directly to nervousness resulting from conditions over which the child has no control and is not responsible and we should always think twice before inflicting punishment.—Ed.

323 N. Bright Ave., WHITTIER, CAL.  
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Pardon me for writing again so soon, but COMFORT has been such a help to me in so many ways, that I must come back once more.

I am thinking of going back to my mountain ranch in Colorado for the coming summer. The land is rented, so I will have only the house and small garden spot. As my ranch is on a stage line between the city and several summer resorts, I thought during the camping season I might have a tearoom or tent, and serve lunches to the tourists as I would like to earn a little money.

I would be pleased to hear from the sisters who have had experience in such work. I will gladly return any favor I can to those who write me on this subject.

My letter in October number of COMFORT brought several dozen letters. I thank all who wrote to me. I answered as many as I could.

I wish to say to those who write for information on any subject, kindly enclose a stamp. I promise to use (CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

## The Incubator

**A**N incubator is almost a necessity if you expect to make your poultry pay. There is no certainty about when hens will get broody, and you lose the big prices if you don't have early chicks. Besides which, if chicks are not hatched early in the spring, there won't be any pullets old enough to lay next fall.

After the lamp is lighted and the machine heated to one hundred and two and one half degrees, the top or regulating-nut on the connecting-rod, immediately above the regulator-arm, is screwed until the disk is raised one fourth of an inch above the chimney—such an adjustment being considered by manufacturers and expert operators as most desirable for incubation. The machine once being "set" for this degree of temperature, any excess of heat causes the thermostat to expand, which makes it press on the lower nut of the connecting-rod, so instituting a tension that influences the regulator-arm at the point of balance, raising the disk over the lamp-chimney in sympathetic conjunction with the thermostat. Reverse the conditions to a dying lamp or a sudden cold wave, and of course the thermostat contracts, and general release of pressure allows the regulator-arm to resume a normal balance, which permits the disk to lie closely down on the chimney. It will be readily conceded that on a correct adjustment of the machine before the start depends the operator's peace of mind and subsequent success.

After the incubator has been properly located, all the lamp, light and hang in place, using only a moderate flame at first. Leave all the ventilators open for a few hours, to thoroughly air the machine; then close and adjust the regulator so that an even temperature of one hundred and two and one half degrees, with the disk one fourth of an inch above the lamp-chimney, is steadily maintained for twelve hours before setting the eggs. Patience and scrupulous exactness at first will save accident and loss later.

When the cold trays and eggs are first put in, the temperature will run down, but do not turn up the lamp or alter the regulators. As the eggs gradually become warm, the heat will creep up again. After the first day, the trays must be taken out every night and morning, and then turned and allowed to cool to ninety degrees. The time allowed for the process must be regulated by the atmosphere of the room; if very cold, five minutes will be enough; if moderate, twenty or thirty will be needed. They must not be allowed to chill, but the more airing they get under that point the stronger the chickens when hatched. The eggs should be tested on the seventh and fifteenth days. This is best done by a block-tin device sold by all incubator companies.

The guide which is most reliable in determining the progress of the hatch is the development of the air-cell. This is a little space in the large end of the egg which is visible at testing-time, and should continue to grow larger and larger until about the nineteenth day, when it occupies about one fifth of the entire egg. Unless this air-cell is developed correctly by the nineteenth day, the chick cannot turn itself in the cell, and hence sticks fast and dies. The development of this air-cell is the vital point to be considered in obtaining a first-class hatch. It is controlled in two ways. If it develops slowly, which is usually the case, give the machine and eggs all the air you can. This can be done by opening the slides in the ventilators full width and cooling the eggs as long as possible each day. The cooling is best accomplished by placing the trays of eggs on top of the machine (closing the doors meanwhile) and leaving them there until the thermometer drops to about eighty degrees.

After the morning of the twentieth day do not open the incubator until the hatch is over, or until late on the twenty-second, and do not get nervous if the temperature runs to one hundred and four or even to one hundred and five; it is caused by the animal heat of the chicks, and will do them no harm. Turning down the lamp slightly will of course reduce the heat, but be very careful not to let it run below one hundred and three during the last twenty-four hours. Low temperature prolongs the hatch, weakens the chickens, and makes them susceptible to all sorts of ailments.

The thermometers sent out with incubators are supposed to have been tested before they are shipped, but it is well to buy an extra one and compare them.

Probably there is no branch of work in town or country where the old adage about an ounce of prevention being better than a pound of cure proves so true as in the chicken business, and especially when applied to raising youngsters. They are such tiny little things that there is scant hope of doctoring if they contract any illness. Yet naturally they are so full of vitality that, given a fair chance, they grow like weeds, and cause their owners no anxiety. So the main point is to start them right, which means cleanliness, warmth, fresh air and good food for the basis of health; and these, properly applied, cover the full ground of preventives. Whitewash costs little, and when made with scalded hot skim-milk, a handful of salt, and an ounce of crude carbolic acid added to every pailful, it is about the best disinfectant that can be used.

Raising chickens in an incubator, of course, necessitates having a brooder to care for the motherless babies. Whether a hover or another brooder is bought, the thermometer will accompany it, so it is possible to regulate the heat under the hover, and it must register ninety-five degrees before the chickens are put into it. After the first week it can be lowered slightly every two or three days, until at the end of the third week it registers seventy-five degrees. Cover the floor of the brooder with sweepings from the haymow, or finely cut hay.

## Feeding and General Care

No food of any sort should be given to chicks until they are forty-eight hours old. This is most imperative, for the yolk of the egg is absorbed into the abdomen just before the chick breaks through the shell, and unless it is thoroughly digested and assimilated before other food is eaten, the digestive organs are overtaxed, and the whole internal organism of the chick is upset. After the prescribed forty-eight hours, commercial chickfeed—a mixture of small seeds and finely-broken grains, put up especially for baby chicks—is the best food for the first ten days. Scatter a little at a time upon the cut hay at the bottom of the brooder, four or five times a day, to encourage the chicks to scratch, and so take the exercise which is necessary for their health. Keep fine grit and charcoal always before them, and fresh water in vessels which the chicks can only get their bills into. After the first ten days, give a little mash night and morning, made by chopping a hard-boiled egg, shell and all, with green onion tops or sprouts. Mix with stale bread-crumbs, and feed on a flat plate or strip of wood. After the chicks are two weeks old, the corn and oats need not be quite so fine—more the size of hempseed—and can be added to the mixture.

Cracked wheat or barley can be added also; and the mash can be made of ground corn and oats, with onions and scalded liver, chopped, three times a week (about a small cupful to a quart of mash.)

## Correspondence

F. E. C.—You say in COMFORT you will send advice concerning sick animals. I am writing to ask if you will tell me how to caponize male chickens, if I send you one dollar in advance. I am not sending money in this letter, for I don't know as you have any advice for me in regard to poultry. I wish very much to know how to do this work correctly, so he will not die. I know something about it, but not enough to try it without further information from someone who knows. Please answer and say whether you will explain fully how to do it if I advance one dollar to you.

A.—We take pleasure in helping and advising our readers and make no charge for it. Any small, strong table which can be easily moved close to a window will do to operate on. The bird should be confined in a clean coop for twenty-four hours without food or drink, to insure the intestines being empty. Prepare two pieces of strong twine, with a slip noose at one end and a weight at the other. Half a brick or a stone will do. We had two old pound weights with slots in them, that fitted over a scale bar, and as they were easily attached to a string, we always used these. The string should be long enough to reach from the center of the table to within a foot of the ground. When you are ready to perform the operation, slip the noose of one cord around the bird's shanks just above the foot, then draw the wings up over the back until they touch; slip the noose of the second string over the wings, below the second joint. Lay the bird on its left side on the table, allowing the ends of the strings to which the weights are attached to hang down on each side of the table. This keeps the bird's feet and wings perfectly still and out of the way. Now dampen the feathers on the bird's side with cold water, to keep them flat, and also to check bleeding. Then with the left hand press down the skin toward the leg, and hold it in position whilst with a sharp knife you make a cut about an inch long between the first and second ribs, above the hip, following the shape of the ribs. The bird will start as the cut is made, but will lie quite still the next moment. Of course the point of the knife must be used, and the skin only cut. Place the wire stretcher which comes with the tools in the cut to hold it open. You will then be able to see the white fiber-like skin which encloses the bowels. This must be attacked with the sharp hook belonging to the kit, and carefully picked open. Naturally every precaution must be taken not to pierce the intestines, but as they will be empty after the bird's long fast, there is not much danger if care is used. As the breaking of this skin causes the bird no pain, there is no necessity to hurry or get flustered, but it is well to work as quickly as you can. After the inner casing is open, one of the testicles will be in sight—a cream-white, kidney-shaped membrane lying near the backbone. Before commencing the operation at all, you must thread the canula with a fine steel wire (both of which belong to the kit), letting the wire form, a loop at the curved end, and ends well out at the other end.

Sometimes both testicles are in sight, but not often, as the other usually lies beyond and more to the other side. Now comes the only dangerous part of the whole operation—getting hold of and removing the testicles. But with a steady hand and plenty of light not one bird in a hundred should be lost. Attached to the testicle and lying back of it is one of the principal



FLOCK OF WHITE WYANDOTTES.

arteries of the fowl, and this, if ruptured, is sure to cause death. It is here that the proper tools prove of the greatest advantage. The wire being small and very fine, is easily slipped between the testicles and the artery without injury to either, and a clear, clean cut made. Take the canula in the right hand and adjust the wire in it so that a loop, about one half inch long, will extend from the small end of the tube, leaving the two ends of wire extending far enough out of the open end to secure a good hold. Insert the end of the tube that has the loop on it very carefully, and slip the loop over both ends of the testicle and entirely around it; hold end of tube close down to the testicle. When it is entirely encircled by the loop, take both ends of wire which comes out of the other end of the tube with thumb and first finger, holding it tight, and drawing it up carefully but firmly until it is severed; then remove the wire spreader and allow the hole to close in the outer skin which you pressed down with your left hand at the beginning of the operation, and as the skin resumes its natural place the outer cut will be upwards of an inch above the inner cut, and keeps out all dirt and insures its healing quickly. To complete the operation, turn the bird on its other side, and proceed exactly as before. Some experts can work entirely from one side, but it is risky, and difficult for an amateur to try. After the operation, keep the bird in a small coop, and feed lightly for a few days, and there will be no ill effects.

L. E. McL.—Being a subscriber and reader of COMFORT, I venture to ask your advice concerning the merits of Minorcas. Do they make high records as layers? Are they much given to brooding? Will they do well in confinement under ordinary care? Is the white variety as good as the black? Are they profitable as broilers and roasters at an early age?

A.—Minorcas are good layers of large white eggs, but they are not the best type of birds for early broilers and roasters. Rhode Island Reds and Wyandottes are the best general purpose birds.

W. J. L.—Will you please tell me what is the matter with my chickens? I have about forty-five hens and pullets that have not laid since last August. They are the Rhode Island Reds and White Leghorns. I feed them corn chow and chickfeed and they have the fields to run on. Do you think raw sweet potatoes would be the cause, as they got plenty of them while the potatoes were being dug. My neighbors said it was. I am an old subscriber to COMFORT.

A.—Your method of feeding is not likely to produce many eggs. Use wheat and cracked corn instead of chickfeed, and in place of the corn chow give a mash made of equal parts of ground corn, wheat bran, ground oats, and one third part each of animal meal and old-process oil meal. Give some fresh green vegetable at noon every day, and as much whole corn as they will eat up clean in ten minutes at supper-time. Unless the birds get sweet potatoes in such quantities as would make them extremely fat, they would do no harm.

O. S. P.—How soon do geese commence to lay—in February or in March? (2) What is good to feed small geese when just hatched and also old ones?

A.—Geese usually commence laying in March in your part of the country. Geoslings should have nothing to eat for the first thirty-six hours after they are hatched. After that, give them eggs boiled hard and chopped fine, shell and all, mixed with stale bread-crumbs and finely-chopped greens. Lettuce leaves, the green tops of onions, clover, or young tender grass, are all suitable. Mix well, and add one third quantity of sharp sand, and just moisten with milk. Feed just a little, so that it is all eaten up within ten minutes, and

give it them four times a day for the first three days. After that they need only have it night and morning for a week, then just at night until they are six weeks old. After that they are two weeks old, the egg can be left out, and a little boiled oatmeal used in its place. Let them have wide range on short tender grass. Geese are really grazing creatures, and are better without the heavy grain food. Mature birds will feed themselves between May and November if they have good pasture.

A Subscriber.—Would like to know what makes my hens eat sawdust. They eat it like they would eat chop. Will it hurt them? The dust is cypress and gum. Will raw turnip tops stop them from laying, or is it an injury to them?

A.—I should say the birds need more grain food. Don't you feed any mash? Read answer to W. J. L. Turnip tops would not hurt them. Greens of all kinds are good for fowls.

E. S.—Can you tell me what is the matter with my chickens? One hatched in May; the other some later. Both were laying. When they stand or walk they stand straight up so their tails drag on the ground, and their legs kind of spread out when they walk. They eat good and I give them a variety of food. Wheat and oats in the morning; cooked vegetables with buckwheat and bran (wheat) stirred in to form a mash; also meal scraps at noon. Until now I have given a small amount of poultry food daily in the mash, but not enough to force laying. A tablespoonful and sometimes two to about fifty-four fowls. I have fifty hens and pullets and four male birds. They are full-blooded Black Minorcas. I feed corn at night and I give them cabbage for green feed; also Alfalfa meal in the mash. They began laying in November and December.

P. S. A neighbor of mine has lost five fowls. They opened the last one, and all down inside of the neck and on the gizzard were little yellow ulcers about like a mustard seed. Can you tell the cause, and cure? A.—The condition you describe may have been brought about by excessive laying, but I am more inclined to think that the male running with the pullets is an old, heavy bird. Better separate them from the rest of the flock for a week or so. Should say your neighbor's birds were too fat. If such is the case, advise her to change feed. Read answer to W. J. L. in this issue, and put half a teaspoonful of sulphate of magnesia in each quart of drinking water. If, on the other hand, the birds are thin, it is in all probability a case of tuberculosis, and the best cure is to kill every suspicious looking bird and thoroughly disinfect the house and yards.

J. G. C.—I have five Bourbon Red turkeys, and this is my first experience with them. What is good to feed young turkeys, and when should they be hatched? They will have a big range, with woods and running water. Will mixed chickens do well if culled every year and only the best kept, and by keeping full breed roosters? I find they are always healthy and easy to raise, but do not lay well, and they are very pretty.

P. S. When is the best time to set goose eggs, and should the nests be made on the ground?

A.—Please read last month's COMFORT on turkey raising. It is better to keep one breed of chickens than a mixed flock, but as you have good healthy hens, I advise you to decide what breed you prefer, and use males of that breed year after year to grade up your flock. Better set the goose eggs as soon as they are laid. Yes; the nests should be on the ground.

O. B.—There seems to be some kind of a disease going among my chickens. They appear healthy until about a day before they die. They get droopy (that is, some do, others seem well) and die. I cut one open. She was fat, and her comb was red. Her liver was almost entirely white and greatly swollen. It was entirely different from a healthy liver. I feed wheat and cooked

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G. P. 278

inches long, but it was hard. I tried to remove it, but could not. I gave her Castor oil and turpentine. She is healthy-looking, and tries to eat, but can't. Can you tell me what the trouble can be? Can I send it to you? Will the others take it? (2) How old should Indian Runner ducks be before they begin to lay? I have some seven months old, and they are not laying yet.

A.—The hen had what is known as canker. Mix equal parts of pulverized camphor, boracic acid, and sublimate of bismuth, and blow down the bird's throat through the nostrils from a glass tube or straw. Canker is usually caused by mouldy litter or grain, and is slightly contagious, so you had better quarantine the bird while doctoring her. (2) Indian Runner ducks usually commence to lay when about six months old.

G. A. S.—Please read last month's article on raising turkeys. It will give you fuller information than I could in this column.

S. J. H.—I have one hundred and thirty-five hens—White Wyandottes. Three or four weeks ago some of the hens' combs turned real purple. They would set that way in just a few hours. They would be all right when I let them out at morning, and by night they would be blue and purple. I thought it might be indigestion, but I feed about one and a half gallons of corn twice a day. I feed nothing else. Four weeks ago I gave them a poultry tonic. I will give you a list of the ingredients that were in the tonic: Spanish flies, African capicum, French gentian root, African ginger, Venetian Red, American sulphur, American ship stuff, native ground mussel shells. I only gave a fifty-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

## Tells why chicks die

E. J. Roefer, the poultry expert of 783 Main St., Kansas City, Mo., is giving away free a valuable book entitled "White Diarrhoea and How to Cure It." This book contains scientific facts on white diarrhoea and tells how to prepare a simple home solution that cures this terrible disease over night and actually raises 98 per cent of every hatch. All poultry raisers should certainly write Mr. Roefer for one of these valuable FREE books.

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Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to **COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.**

**S**OY beans were introduced into this country from Japan and in recent years have grown rapidly in favor. The Connecticut Experiment Station has just published a bulletin which contains much valuable information on this crop and we print the following brief summary of their most important findings for the especial benefit of our New England readers. The conclusions reached in this bulletin, it is understood, would not always apply outside of the New England states.

1.—Soy beans are a valuable catch crop. If winter grain fails, soy beans drilled in rows 24 to 30 inches apart just after corn planting time will yield a good crop of hay richer in protein than clover or Alfalfa. They may be cut green as a soiling crop.

2.—Being legumes they store nitrogen from the air and thus enrich the land if turned under in late fall in time for sowing a cover crop. They yield on the average over two tons of dry hay per acre.

3.—For seed they sometimes produce a profitable crop depending upon the state of the market.

4.—One load of soy beans mixed with three loads of corn makes a valuable silage. Soy beans should not be made into silage by themselves.

The bulletin from which the above conclusions are summarized is No. 185 of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station at New Haven. Residents of that state may obtain it free on request from Director Jenkins. Others outside the state can have this bulletin on the same terms so far as the size of the edition permits.

Restrain your curiosity about foot-and-mouth disease if it gets near to your farm. Keep away from the infected farm, and make all people and animals from the infected area keep away from your farm. Dogs, cats and pigeons may carry the disease. Try to make this impossible on your farm. Learn what the authorities in charge of the outbreaks of the disease require in the way of regulations, and obey the rules strictly and see that they are obeyed by all who live on your farm or who are controlled by you. The other day we heard of a dairy farmer in Illinois who had been reading about the disease, its symptoms and effect and the methods by which it can be spread and also avoided. Becoming curious he made a visit to the farm of a neighbor on whose place the disease had broken out. To make himself perfectly conversant with the symptoms of the disease, so that he would be able to recognize it if it happened to break out among his own cattle, he examined the mouths of a number of the diseased animals on his friend's farm. Then he went right home and examined the mouths of his own cows and he had only a few days to wait before having a chance to see the symptoms in his herd. All of his cattle caught the disease and had to be destroyed by the federal and state authorities. That man was a monumental fool! and he deserved to pay the penalty of his foolishness. Of the same character were those farmers in Illinois who made a picnic of the killing and burying of foot-and-mouth diseased cattle on the farms of their neighbors. They hitched up and drove to the killing place, by the hundred as if to a picnic or auction, hitched to the fence or trees as near to the graves as they could get, chattered and gossiped about the disease and the unnecessary severity of the officials in killing the affected and exposed animals and forthwith returned home taking the disease with them and spreading it all over the district. What awful stupidity and carelessness! See that no other farmer makes a like mistake. Stay at home, or at least away from places where the disease exists. Bring home no milk, skim-milk or whey from the public creamery unless it has been pasteurized. In every district near to the quarantined areas of the country insist on such pasteurization, or buy no creamery milk. The disease still is prevalent at this writing (March 9) and indeed is breaking out again. We have recently heard of twenty-five new outbreaks in Illinois, and about as many in Ohio and Pennsylvania and many more in other states, if our source of information is correct and we have every reason to believe that it is. Meanwhile the business of selling pure bred stock is at a standstill and shipment of stock for purposes other than immediate slaughter has been stopped in every state east of the Mississippi river. This sorry state of affairs would not have occurred had Illinois farmers obeyed the law. An injunction was ordered by a certain judge in that state and until it was annulled some time later the killing of diseased and exposed cattle by the federal and state authorities ceased. During that time the disease spread apace and the damage was done. It may now transpire that we shall never wholly stamp out the disease but that it will now and then recur as it does right along in Europe. Under the circumstances it behooves every reader of this paper to be careful, to be circumspect, to abide by the rules laid down by the authorities and do nothing that possibly may bring the disease onto his own farm or that of a neighbor.

Now that many of the birds have come back again, while they are just starting to sing and build in the more Northern farming states, give them all possible protection. Birds are the farmers' best friends. Were all of them to be destroyed it would prove impossible to farm. There are over 100,000 kinds of injurious insects in this wide country. Birds prey upon these pests and keep them from utterly devastating the crops. There is a lot of ignorance about this subject. Boys are encouraged in many districts to kill owls and hawks and crows; but with few exceptions the good these birds do in a year much more than offsets any harm they do in taking a chicken now and then or flying off with a potato set or rooting up some corn. It is easy to scare the crows away. A few varieties of hawks are injurious, but the commonest sorts do little damage and on the whole are beneficial, and that also is true of our farm owls which destroy so many mice. Then too it is claimed by those who have made a special study of the subject that the blackbird pays for the tips of the corn ears he opens by the insects he kills; that the meadow lark even in the time of clover makes injurious insects some 90 per cent of its day's food and that these larks are worth \$356.40 to each township of 36 square miles each season in protective work to grass alone. Insects do eight or nine millions dollars of damage to crops every year and were birds destroyed would

devastate the entire country. Protect the birds. Get the boys and girls to love and cherish them. Teach them to study their habits, to recognize each bird by its song and appearance, to leave their eggs and nests alone, to feed them when storm and winter weather and snow make the finding of feed difficult or impossible. Get the girls and women folk to league themselves against the use of feathers from song birds, and birds of prey, and other birds and poultry for hat adornment. Join and support the Audubon societies everywhere. Listen to that song sparrow singing out there in the lot or orchard. Is it not the "cheer leader" of the bird choir; does not its song teach and preach joy, and love and contentment and good cheer? Does not it make the grouchy deplorable man or woman who habitually lets the mouth corners droop ashamed of such weakness? Is it not the leader of joy and cheer? Listen to the song sparrow. Cheer up; cheer up! Let the birds live and increase for both economical and social reasons.

It is well known that all seeds do not grow equally well at all temperatures, but it is not so well known that many of our warm seeds begin to sprout at temperatures a little above freezing. Wheat, oats, barley, rye, peas and flax will begin to grow at 40 degrees F. but make their most rapid growth at about 80 degrees F. and a temperature much above 100 degrees F. is fatal to them.

Corn, sunflower and pumpkin will not germinate below 50 degrees F. and do best at a temperature near 100 degrees F. while melons and cucumbers will not grow until 65 degrees F. is reached. These are the actual temperatures of the soil and not the air above it. This explains why some seeds rot in the ground in wet and late seasons.

This question is often asked. The answer is yes, if not too old. There are but few seeds that refuse to grow the second year after being produced. The following table shows the average life of the principal garden seeds:

Seeds good for two years: Onion, parsnip, salify.

Seeds good for three years: Kidney beans, cress, leek, parsley, pea, rhubarb, strawberry.

Seeds good for four years: Lentiles, mustard, tomato.

Seeds good for five years: Asparagus, kale, broccoli, cabbage, carrot, cauliflower, okra, kohlrabi, lettuce, musk melon, spinach and turnip.

Seeds good from six to ten years: Artichoke, bean, beet, celery, cucumber, egg plant, endive, watermelon, pumpkin and squash.

Oily seeds do not keep so well as seeds covered with a thick hull like pumpkin and squash. Seeds kept at a cool uniform temperature last longer than those kept at varying temperatures and under changing conditions. Timothy seeds that have been hulled lose vitality quicker than the unhulled even if kept in the same bag. To remove a seed from its natural covering shortens its life. Moisture is an enemy to stored seeds. To keep vitality long, seeds must be kept both dry and cool.

There are four kinds of lime commonly used on land, burnt lime, waste lime from beet sugar factories, air slacked lime and ground limestone. Fesh lime cannot be successfully used. Refuse lime contains many large pieces and is often so caustic as to cause injury to the soil by destroying burning up) the organic matter in it. Air slacked lime is open to the same objection though if completely air slacked lime could be had it would be the best to use because of the fineness of its particles. Ground limestone is identical with completely slacked lime but it can never be ground so fine. However, it can do no injury to the soil. For this reason ground limestone is always advised for use on soils needing lime.

The Pennsylvania Experiment Station has just finished tests with lime on plots of land seeded to all kinds of small grains, clover and Alfalfa and has reached these conclusions:

- 1.—In a long continued fertilizer test burnt lime gave no increase in crop while the ground lime gave \$1.20 value increase for each ton of limestone used.
- 2.—There is little reason to expect large returns from the use of lime on only slightly acid soils.
- 3.—All of the tests show better returns from ground limestone than from burnt lime.
- 4.—The value of lime in any form depends upon its purity and the fineness of its particles.

The amount of lime to use depends upon the acidity of the soil. On a sticky clay two or three tons per acre may be profitable. To keep ordinary soil sweet and capable of producing a good crop of clover one and one half tons per acre every three or four years is sufficient.

Apply lime with a spreader *after* the ground has been plowed. It should never be plowed under. It should not be mixed with seeds or commercial fertilizer, nor used in place of fertilizer. It should be thoroughly mixed with the soil by harrowing or disking. The more thoroughly it is mixed with the soil the better the results which will be secured.

Perhaps some of our readers have seen in the markets of the large cities bunches of long, bright red, spade shaped or rhubarb shaped sprouts. In spring and have wondered how such crisp, juicy stalks were produced. If they looked closely at the stalks they would have noticed that each of them was topped by a bunch of light yellow or blanched leaves of small size. These leaves were about the same in color as the leaves of well-blanching celery and the light color was due to the same cause, viz., exclusion of direct light. There is good profit and sale in the production of such forced rhubarb. The grower deeply spades a spot of rich soil and sows it well. Then he plants or sets a strong rhubarb root clump over it with mellow, rich friable soil and over that sets a barrel from which he has removed the head and bottom. An ordinary flour or apple barrel is used. Into it some straw is thrust to cover the earth six inches deep. After a time the sprouts from the rhubarb begin to show through the straw and

When this isotreated more straw is put in and now and then more and more is added to keep the stalks growing toward the light, but covered so that the leaves will not become green. The growing must be rapid if the stalks are to be brittle and juicy. Slow growing means toughness and poor color and that too is true when the light is let in. When the crop of forced stalks has been marketed the barrel is removed, the straw taken out and the plant again well manured with manure so that it will produce a second, later crop of green pie stalks for ordinary use, or wine or preserve making.

Hundreds of thousands of good horses are being destroyed in the terrible war abroad and farming there is demoralized. It seems certain that France and Belgium will be busy for years to come when the war is over and it is not at all improbable that they will have to come to us for supplies. At the present time cavalry and artillery horses are going to France in large numbers from this country and this demand will serve to lessen our supplies of such horses which really are above our requirements. We always have a surplus of light horses, so numerous are our trotting stallions and so badly has the automobile business cut into the use of horses on the road; but we have too few really good draft horses and we honestly believe that it will be the good drafters that will sell not only at home but abroad after the war has come to an end. Right along we have advised our farmers to produce their own supplies of pure bred draft stallions and now they will have to do so. In 1913 we imported from France 1482 head of breeding horses, largely Percherons, and this year 1914 breeding horse imports from Belgium 187, from England and 98 from Scotland. Up to September 1, 1914 we had only imported 518 Percherons, 373 Belgians, 39 Shires and 36 Clydesdales. Importation has now wholly ceased. The supply of imported stallions and mares of pure breeding in this country is small and prices will be certain to soar before spring. This really is a good thing for our farmers. They now will more than ever produce pure bred horses at home. There is no need of importing breeding horses from abroad. We have plenty of seed stock at home. The homebred horse is better in many ways than the one from abroad and far cheaper. The imported horse costs on an average about \$450 abroad and sells for two or three times that figure at a great profit to the importer. The moral for readers of this paper is that the coming spring is a good time to get a suitable draft mare to America should be bred to a good pure bred stallion. The mare may work for her living while pregnant and nursing. She need not cost more than a scrub for feed. Her foal will be worth twice the price of the scrub and many of them, when grown will go abroad. This is the American horsebreeder's opportunity.

As a general rule manures should be applied in the spring and immediately plowed under or disked into the soil. Coarse manure containing much straw, however, may be injurious if plowed under in the spring as it forms air spaces beneath the surface and causes the land to dry out rapidly. All spring manures should be thoroughly worked into the soil. Coarse manures should be hauled directly from the barn as they are made during winter and spread over the land.

Fresh manure should not be used on quick-growing crops. They may be applied to corn land, but for garden crops well-rotted manure is greatly to be preferred.

The chief objection to rotted manure is the much of the value of the manure is lost by being left to decay before hauling from the field. This may be avoided by the use of the manure pit placed under a roof. If the tank is made of concrete all the liquid manure may be saved. The roof prevents washing and leaching by the rains. If manure is piled in this pit it will be necessary to pump water over it occasionally to prevent heating. The excess water and the urine accumulated at the bottom of the pit may be used, but should be sprinkled over the land. Liquid manure is especially valuable for the forcing of garden and truck crops.

Manures should be applied in rotation. It is not necessary to manure land every year, besides few farmers produce sufficient stock to supply manure for this purpose. The best plan is to apply manure once in three or four years just before the crop is sown that makes the heaviest draft on the land.

In many sections of the country where corn is grown great damage is done by the corn-stalk borer. This insect bores into the stalk and spends its early life there, greatly weakening the stalk. After a heavy storm many stalks will be found broken off and lying on the ground, having been so greatly weakened by the borer as to be unable to stand the strain of a hard wind.

The grub passes the first winter in the extreme lower tip of the corn root and emerges the next year as full-grown moth to lay its eggs on the next crop. Since the insect attacks only the corn plant, the sugar cane and a few of the close relations of these plants it is evident that rotation of crops will prove a valuable remedy. If corn follows corn for two or three years the damage of the borer increases with each succeeding crop. This is because the moths do not have to go to search for a plant upon which to lay their eggs and thus escape destruction. As in the control of most insect pests which carry over winter in the ground, rotation of crops is the most effective means of control. This is particularly true in the Southern states where the damage from this pest is usually greatest.

MILLO MAISE SEED.—Your article on Millo Maise, in February COMFORT interests me and I would like to try to raise a little of this grain to see if I can grow it here. Will you kindly inform me where I can get a little of the seed,—about a pint I would like.  
E. A. Little Falls, Minn.

A.—Any late seed house should be able to supply you with the sample of milo maize which you desire, or perhaps you might obtain it by writing to one of the Western state experiment stations, such as the one at Lincoln, Nebraska, or that at Manhattan, Kans. We recommended milo maize for the dry sections of the South and Southwest, where it would be hardly as profitable as in the more fertile and moist districts. But it will not cost you much to try a very little and experiment. A quick-growing dwarf variety would be more likely to succeed in your short season. For profit we advise you to stick to the grains recommended by the experiment station of your state.

**MILK MAIZE SEED.**—I would like to know where to get some milk maize seed such as was described in February *COMFORT*. I. H., Meridian, Miss.

**A.**—You should be able to get milk maize and seed of the other Kafir corns from any large seed firm. If you have any difficulty in obtaining it write to your State Agricultural Department or to U. S. Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. for information.

**OX WABLE FLY.**—We subscribed for *COMFORT*, and as a farmer I am much interested in its "Modern Farmer" page. In your article on grub-bites in the February 1907 issue, you say the grub is caused by gnats, flies or bot flies. I have seen these flies and there are some of their eggs on the horses' legs now (February 8). They bother the horses more than the cattle. If these flies cause "the grubs," can you explain the large dark blotches that we see around the cattle and

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horses in summer. They are nearly as large as bumble bees and cause cattle to run and try to fight them off when they light on their backs. They alse bother the horses and have even a few of the grubs in the horses' backs and there are some in the backs of the cattle now, but I always squeeze them out when I can. I have found the grubs where I have seen the large flies light. E. H., Chapman, Nebraska.

A.—In our February article, to which you refer, we said that "The grubs are the larvae of the ox warble fly (*hypoderma lineatum*) and come from eggs deposited by the female fly on the legs and breast of the horse." I also said that "the fly is known as the gad fly or bot fly," but to be exact we should have said *erronically* called the gad fly or bot fly, for the horse bot fly is a different fly from the ox warble fly. The horse bot fly deposits eggs on the hair of the legs and breast of the horse and the eggs are licked off, swallowed and develop into bots which adhere to the lining membrane of the stomach of the horse. There are two kinds of bot flies, viz., *gastrophilus* equal and *gastrophilus* *versicoloratus*. The ox warble fly, *hypoderma lineatum*, is the largest, troublesome one you refer to and the cause of grubs. Formerly it was supposed to deposit eggs in or under the skin of the loins of cattle, but the more modern explanation of the entomologists is that the eggs are laid on the legs and heels, licked off and swallowed, hatch out in the gullet and after penetrating its walls find their way under the skin until they arrive at the place in the back where they mature in boils and eventually emerge as grubs, burrow into the skin and finally come out as flies. The Stockmen and farmers do not take kindly to the latter theory, but it is well supported by the scientists, from research work and we have been shown the gullet with small warble larvae in the walls. Even if you believe that the grubs burrow in from eggs laid on the backs of the cattle instead of from eggs deposited on the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

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# Marketing Farm Products by Parcel Post

How Uncle Sam is Boosting to Facilitate and Promote it for the Benefit of Producer and Consumer

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By Edna Mary Colman

**T**HE Parcel Post is rapidly revolutionizing the market business for the farmer. No more does he need to get up before dawn the year around to travel many chilly, dismal hours through all kinds of weather, over all kinds of roads to reach the city market in order to get a chance to sell his garden truck and poultry at good prices.

At last the farm wife, maid or widow has found out the blessed privilege of getting actual money for her eggs and butter. No more must she of necessity trudge one mile or several through heat

ordinary parcel as well as the insured traffic and has proven a boon to the public as may be gathered from the fact that more than 13,000,000 parcels were insured during the last fiscal year, or more than double the number sent by registered mail before the parcel post was established.

"At this time also the C. O. D. plan was started by which the sender of an article might have the price of the article as well as the cost of its transportation collected, on delivery, from the person to whom it was sent. The popularity of this arrangement is attested by the fact that during the first 12 months it was in operation about three million parcels were sent this way with collections totalling over \$14,500,000."

It soon became apparent that the original rates of postage were so high and weight limit so small as to be prohibitive of extensive traffic by parcel post, so with the consent of the Interstate Commerce Commission rates were reduced and the weight limit increased from 11 to 20 pounds in the first and second zones. This was the change which went into operation in August, 1913; but it did not take long for the P. O. department to realize that even these rates and weights were too limited. Again Mr. Burleson initiated a change, and this time it was by extending the weight limit to 50 pounds in the first and second zones and to 20 in the others, and also by reducing the rates of postage in the third, fourth, fifth and sixth zones. These became effective January, 1914, which made the parcel post available as a practical means of shipping farm products and a great deal of other merchandise that had formerly been excluded by the higher rates and smaller weight limit.

These changes in rates and weight limits coupled with improvement of the service made it possible for the farmer and the city buyer to cooperate to the decided benefit of each, without the intervention of any middle-man. As the Post-office Department held to the belief that through this new plan the parcel post could become an important factor in cheapening the cost of living, or at least the food supply, in March, 1914, 12 of the larger post-offices were selected for special tests of a farm-to-city service. Thus farmers were invited to register their names and indicate the different kinds of produce they wished to sell. Lists of these names and the articles each one offered for sale were printed and distributed in the cities by the mail carriers. The results went beyond the most sanguine expectations. The shipments of country produce grew so rapidly that at present 18 additional offices have been selected for the same kind of experiment.

Because of the many requests from circulating libraries, schools, colleges and publishers for books to be included in the fourth class matter instead of third, as had been previously the case, books were admitted to the parcel post, and now,

of the parcel post system very close to his heart. He has figured out some startling innovations, the most unique of which is the establishment of a huge refrigerator in the midst of the post office, right among the mail sack, paper racks, letter cabinets, etc. It is a wonderfully up-to-date porcelain lined, electric lighted, perfectly ventilated and refrigerated ice box, just as modern as the most advanced ideas in ice box invention can make it. And—it is for parcel post perishable goods that bid fair to be lost or spoiled before even the quickest delivery can be encompassed. All such supplies as butter, lard, poultry, berries in the summer, cream, etc., which may have been standing in the boiling sun within the wilting atmosphere of a sun-attracting metal car, are placed on ice the minute they reach the parcel post section of the big office.

Anything arriving up to 9 P. M. is sent out by special delivery, but all that comes in after that hour is simply kept safe and sanitary in this ice box, which is ten by ten two ways and six feet the other way, with a capacity equal to those of the largest of the city grocery stores, until the first delivery of the next morning.

Keeping mail on ice is not the only brand new stunt of Mr. Praeger's brand new office. He has gone one better in the matter of lists of producers with their commodities. He publishes a list of these things, and it likewise tells the prices asked for their butter, eggs, potatoes, and apples, etc., and the city housewife learns to her immense satisfaction that John Doe in a certain Virginia or West Virginia county or village is willing to sell eggs, chickens and butter cheaper than she ever hoped to find them again and—fresh. The Post Office tells her the postage rate on whatever she wants to get and she has nothing else to do but to send her order with the cost of the turkey and its postage rate included and her stout market basket on to John Doe or to any other producer whose wares are so listed and priced that she knows whether she can afford the luxury of fresh country goods or not.

From these printed price lists it is very easy to determine upon a course to follow for there are prices quoted to suit every pocketbook and to the family of affluence to whom price is not an object, being those producers who live nearest to the big cities and who therefore can and do command the regular top city prices for their produce.

Mr. Praeger insists that it was not for the benefit of this class of people that the parcel post

"Of course," continued Mr. Praeger, "for parcel post marketing to become thoroughly satisfactory, the producer and the consumer must get together on the price. The farmer should split the middleman's profit with the consumer in consideration of the fact that the consumer takes all the risk and also because of the fact that the farmer has his money in his hand, at his own door from the rural mail carrier before he packs up his eggs or butter for the order. Moreover he should remember that the consumer could go to market and pick out his selections from a large



BASKET USED BY MRS. MACKAY OF WASHINGTON, FOR WEEKLY CONSIGNMENTS OF FRESH MEAT MAILED TO HER FROM MT. HOLLY SPRINGS, PA.

and dust to take in exchange its equivalent or often a very unequal value of calico, sugar, coffee, etc., at the cross roads or village store, for delicious butter and splendid eggs that many jaded city palates dream of and pay fancy prices to obtain.

Farming is still the greatest industry in the United States and on its successful development depends the future of our country—the prosperity of every other industry and the health and happiness of our people. Increased crop production by better farming methods, which the government is spending so much money to promote, fails of its purpose if the price to the consumer is held up or even raised while the profit goes to the middle-man instead of to the farmer. The middle-man is merely a distributor, and he adds nothing to the value of the products that he handles; therefore his expense and profit, which frequently more than double the price of an article, are a loss to the community just so far as his services are dispensable—a tax without a commensurate equivalent. Distribution (marketing the product to the consumer) therefore is the important problem involving the question of how to dispense with the middle-man's service by facilitating direct dealing between producer and consumer.

In the recently established parcel post we have largely increased facilities for mail-order marketing, especially of farm products in the first and second zones (a distance of 150 miles) wherein the rates are low and the weight limit 50 pounds. Though Uncle Sam was a quarter of a century behind Europe in establishing the parcel post he has been trying, since he made a beginning, to make up for lost time.

And now Postmaster General Burleson estimates that more than eight hundred million parcels are being handled annually, which means that this service has grown beyond all expectations. To appreciate how gratifying this success is to the authorities one must know that the original advocates of the parcel post estimated that possibly three hundred million parcels might go through the first year.

Mr. Burleson's administration of the Post-office Department has proven his choice for this position by the President, a most happy one, as it is considered the most arduous and exacting of the cabinet portfolios and must of necessity have a man at its head whose activities of life have given him the broadest of training in the school of experience. Mr. Burleson is himself enough of a farmer to appreciate all the wealth of opportunity which the parcel post affords the producer especially when he is allowed a reasonable latitude in the matter of rates and weight limits.

Without doubt, much of the wonderful success of the project is due to Mr. Burleson's untiring efforts at popularizing it and the changes which he effected in increasing the weight limits and the reduction of the rates which dated from August, 1913 and January, 1914. In a recent report of the growth of the parcel post, the Postmaster General thus summarizes the work:

"The constantly increasing volume of business has confronted the Postal Service with many difficult problems in connection with the transportation and handling of mail. Innovations in the matter of equipment were a necessity while new methods in handling of parcels had to be adopted. These of course facilitated the parcel business without creating any delay for other mail.

"After long and painstaking investigation it has been shown that loss through damage to parcels has been reduced to seven one-hundredths of one per cent on the insured and C. O. D. parcels respectively. Through actual count it has been determined that the loss through damage to ordinary parcels going through the mails is only one-tenth of one per cent of the entire number handled, and this damage has been due to the failure of the senders to pack them properly, instead of to the method of handling. Of course the highest losses come from the perishable goods, and to products of this type proper packing is absolutely essential if they are to reach their destination in good condition. Impressed with the importance of making this point clearly understood by the public at large the department has, through the press and by other means, given detailed instructions in packing and preparing material, for mailing. To make this more plain postmasters have recently been authorized to hold exhibits at fairs and other local gatherings where not only the many advantages of the service are made plain, but the newest and best methods of packing are demonstrated.

"The reduction of the insurance fee from ten cents to five cents on parcels valued at \$25.00 or less and ten cents when the value was above \$25.00 and below \$50.00, which became effective July, 1913, played an important part in both the



PARCEL POST EXHIBIT AT WOODSTOCK, VA. POSTMASTERS ARE AUTHORIZED TO MAKE SUCH EXHIBITS AT FAIRS.

through an act of Congress, bulbs, seeds and plants may be shipped in this way.

Furthermore, the parcel post is open to the shipment of game, but in cooperation with the states and territories in the protection of wild birds and animals, a regulation has been adopted, which prohibits admitting to the mails any parcels containing game killed in violation of the state or territorial laws.

Other provisions have been those made for the attaching of communications to the parcel provided that the necessary stamps are placed upon the envelope containing the communication. By this plan both the parcel and the letter will be delivered together.

Although the parcel post has more than proved its value to the public, the depths of its possibilities have not yet been sounded, but there are many problems yet to be worked out and many improvements to be made before it will fulfill its destiny which is to be the direct mutually beneficial link between producer and consumer which will soon resolve itself into a simple bargain as to a set of rates between the two and then the leaving the empty market basket at the nearest postal station and mailing a check to cover the order including the postage and in return receiving at the door the Saturday, daily or mid-week order.

According to Mr. Burleson the greatest obstacle in the path of the rapid expansion of the parcel post system is temperature. When some bright inventor produces a thermic container that will keep supplies at just the right temperature, neither too cold nor too hot, and when the railways begin to look with friendly eyes upon the marketing-by-mail arrangement and install refrigerator cars, then perhaps the high cost of living will be nought but a bad dream and the farm communities become rich in honest, well-earned wealth. Of course temperature is of no concern during the winter months, but with the best care in packing, the utmost speed in delivery and transportation, butter, lard and poultry arrive after a 12 to 24-hour journey not in the pink of perfection or even anything like normal condition, during the summer-time.

Washington however, has solved the temperature problem, which she rightfully should, being the nation's capital, and besides having to set the pace for the country in all matters progressive in the development of the Post-office Department's pet scheme. Moreover another Texas man is doing credit to his state and to Mr. Burleson, who appointed him postmaster of Washington. The Hon. Otto Praeger, who has the pleasure of presiding over the most beautiful, commodious and up-to-date Post-office building in the United States, if not in the world, carries the success

system was planned but instead for the laboring men, the mechanic, the store clerk, the factory man in fact for every family whose income is small and to whom counting the pennies is an actual necessity. To people of this class the few cents saved each week upon the eggs and butter is a matter worthy of consideration.

Said Mr. Praeger, "to the small salaried people, parcel post marketing is a real boon for they not only get their goods cheaper if they select farmers who sell cheaply, and those who live on some of the star routes and off the main lines of travel offer their goods very reasonably, but the consumer gets purer, better food than he could possibly get in the city market at the same price.

things listed for sale in all of the post-offices. The prize performance of the Washington office however was the disposal of an entire steer for a country butcher, before the steer was even killed, and right now there is a husky calf cavorting over the Virginia hills, that has all been divided and apportioned and engaged by future consumers so that when the owner decides it is time to convert that calf into veal chops, etc., he knows exactly where every pound of it is to go and more than likely will have the price of each lot in hand before he ships it.

The same plan is carried out in other things. Chestnuts came into the Washington office in 50 pound bags and many days there were 50 or more sacks per day during the fall. Berries were sold before they were picked, and so with peaches and other perishable fruits. The berry farmer estimated his crop, sent in his price and number of crates, the Post Office printed his name and price and location and Mr. Bowerman, the librarian of the Public Library posted up the slip on his bulletin board just as all of these lists are placed, and the city housekeepers did the rest.

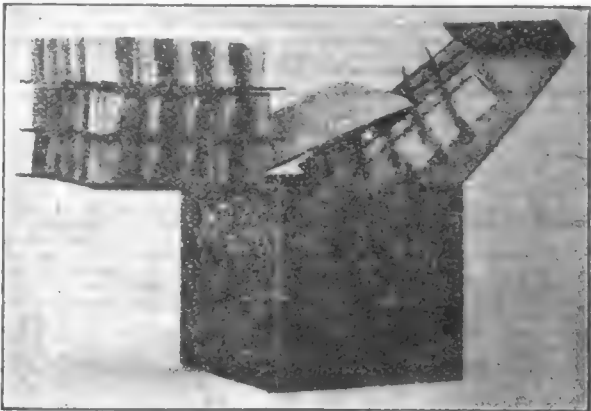
In the Washington office, which is a fair criterion by which to gauge the others throughout the country, for December 14th the actual count of parcels of farm produce alone was 395 which is about the daily average, while on Saturdays and the day before holidays the count runs up to, and sometimes above another hundred.

Of the 395 parcels: poultry was 59, eggs 137, fruit 24 and other farm products such as lard, nuts, meats, rabbits, etc., 165.

This activity of business is general and is the direct result of the campaign started by the Postmaster General last spring and by which the circulars were distributed giving addresses and goods for sale by various farmers. Washington had distributed about 25,000 circulars bearing names of about 150 farmers who desired to sell by parcel post, and since that time the amount of farm produce sold this way has been steadily increasing.

Similar campaigns were started in the following cities, with most encouraging results: Birmingham, Ala., San Francisco and Los Angeles.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



CORRUGATED PASTEBOARD BOX FOR MAILING TEN DOZEN EGGS.

and varied assortment, while in buying by mail, he does not really know what he is buying until his basket arrives and that is after it has been paid for. So the farmer should be willing to give the consumer the benefit of as good a shave in price as he can conscientiously afford and thus the consumer will save a few cents upon each order and the farmer may still make a little more profit than if he traded in his produce at the country store for household supplies.

"The Post-office Department is keenly alive to the possibilities of reducing the high cost of living through the parcel post, but if the farmers insist upon charging retail market prices for their goods, the consumer will not deal with them and they will be compelled to sell their produce at whatever prices the commission merchant will give them."

Mr. Praeger cited an instance of a Washington family that has enjoyed the most delicious fresh eggs all fall and winter, since September 1st, at the low rate of 25 cents per dozen.

Now these are used for the table and are of a necessity perfectly fresh. The same eggs, that is the same grade or quality, have been bringing not less than 40 cents per dozen and even as high as 60 cents a dozen in the city stores during this period. It costs the consumer 14 cents postage on every lot of five dozen which he orders as a week's supply. The corrugated pasteboard container which cost less than 20 cents, was bought for the first order and is still going back and forth every week and is yet in good condition, and out of all of 85 dozen eggs that came into this family in this way only one was broken, and three others cracked. The same family have enjoyed delicious butter at the rate of 30 cents a pound while their neighbors have had to pay 40 cents to get any fit to put on the table so, using three pounds of butter per week at this price and adding eight cents for postage which is the rate upon three pounds, it takes a very simple knowledge of arithmetic to figure out the saving in money this family has accomplished without saying anything of the value to them in the way of reliable and satisfactory quality of the eggs and butter. There has been almost as great a difference in the supplies of poultry, and it is in butter, eggs and poultry that the city family gets the most benefit from the market by mail arrangement.

This does not mean that other things are not sent and bought and sold satisfactorily by this method for there is an almost endless variety of things listed for sale in all of the post-offices. The prize performance of the Washington office however was the disposal of an entire steer for a country butcher, before the steer was even killed, and right now there is a husky calf cavorting over the Virginia hills, that has all been divided and apportioned and engaged by future consumers so that when the owner decides it is time to convert that calf into veal chops, etc., he knows exactly where every pound of it is to go and more than likely will have the price of each lot in hand before he ships it.

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



FIBER-BOARD EGG CONTAINER WITH CORRUGATED PASTEBOARD LINING AND PARTITIONS.

He not only is required to pay more in town for his marketing but he must also take the time to go to market and frequently has to ride quite a distance on the street cars to get it.



# The Calamity Breeders

By Thomas Addison

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I WANTED to leave the dog at home and take only one trunk, but Mary overruled me—as usual.

"No, John," she declared with an air of finality. "We will not leave Bevis to the care of the Browns. The poor fellow's tail is frightfully sore where that nasty dog bit him yesterday, and I've got to look after it."

"Oh, very well, my dear," I assented hastily. "But about the trunks. The cartage, you know, will be double all down the line, and—"

"As for the trunks," went on Mrs. Webb as evenly as if I had not spoken, "two steamer trunks tied together with a bit of rope would have to be taken as a single piece, and would be charged as such. I planned it all out today while you were at the office."

She regarded me with triumph, and looked so temptingly pretty that I hadn't the heart to enlighten her concerning the sordid ways of soulless traffic mongers. Instead I kissed her.

"You win," I whispered in her ear, and kissed her again.

She pushed me away with one hand and smoothed her ruffled hair with the other.

"Just see, John, how I've thought out everything," she proceeded with the little patronizing tone she assumes towards me on occasion. "We are to be gone fourteen days. I have written to Fred and Lucy, and Tom, and Gertrude saying we shall spend two nights with each—and there you have eight days of hotel bills done away with! And I'm going to write to your sister Ellen suggesting that we make her a little visit toward the end of our trip; so really, John, our actual living expenses will be next to nothing."

I kissed her a third time and held my tongue—a gift I have assiduously cultivated.

The day of our departure arrived. The first part of the trip was to be made by trolley, and our initial stop would be at Dresden, sixty miles distant. It was here Lucy lived, my wife's widowed sister.

The wagon came for our trunks, which were roped together according to specifications. They were brand new; I had picked them up at a bargain sale the previous spring. They looked as like as two peas, except that Mary had had hers lettered with her initials, "M. W.," while mine bore no mark of identification. Mary watched the driver closely, but he said nothing—only grinned. I had seen him the night before, I may remark, and two silver quarters had passed from my keeping into his.

"There," I told you so," exclaimed my wife as the man drove off. "You see, he didn't say a word. Now own up, John—you never would have thought of such a thing, would you?"

"No, I never would," I replied; and with this we set out for the interurban station. Mary leading the dog and I lugging a suitcase.

We were about an hour out, in the open country, and coasting down grade to take a switch that would let a car standing on the main line pass us. In some way we managed to jump the switch, and we met the other coach head on. There was a sickening jolt and a frightful grinding sound, but when we pulled ourselves together



IT WAS A TERRIFYING MOMENT.

we found that nothing really serious had happened. A good deal of glass had been broken and a considerable assortment of language spilled, but we were all very much alive and kicking—some of us violently.

All this time Bevis was howling his head off in the baggage compartment, and we now hastened to see what dreadful thing had overtaken him. He had hurt his sore tail, we discovered; a valise, or some such small bit of flotsam, had bounced on it in the shake up. The baggage man was swearing steadily and earnestly at our little pet as we came in. Mary soothed him—the dog—with caressing words, and I soothed him—the man—with silver.

It was the second time that day.

We arrived at Dresden an hour late. I chartered a hack to take us to Lucy's house. I had first privily seen the expressman and paid him the usual price per trunk before he could protest at the unwelcome coherence of the two.

"My, but I'm hungry!" exclaimed Mary as we drove along. "I suppose Lucy has given us up, and we'll get a warmed over dinner."

"Better half a loaf than none at all," I commented with borrowed wisdom.

We were turning into Lucy's street when one of the skeletons hitched to the hack stumbled and went down on his knees. The driver pulled him up by main force, but the shock was sufficient to jounce Bevis off the front seat to the floor, and in falling he again hurt his tail.

The outcry that dog made was hair-raising; you would have thought he was being murdered. The passerby stopped, and the neighbors came rushing to their doors. And with all this hullabaloo we drove up to Lucy's gate. She was there to meet us.

"Lands alive, Mary!" she ejaculated. "I thought you were lost. What's the matter? Where did you get that awful dog? And what have you been doing to him?"

Mary was on the side near the curb. She sat perfectly still and looked coldly at her sister, and for the moment made her no reply. I seized the opportunity to get out on my side of the carriage and help Bevis out. Then I busied myself with paying the driver, and thus was enabled to defer for a little my participation in what I feared would prove to be an embarrassing situation. Mary's silences are fraught with possible explosions.

"Good gracious!" I heard Lucy cry out. "Are you going to sit there all day, Mary? What has happened to you?"

Then my wife spoke.

"I was overcome by the warmth of your greeting, Lucy Reynolds," she said acidly; and with this she descended—that's the word for it—to the walk. "That awful dog," I wish you to know," she went on, "is the finest collie in this part of the country. I brought him with me because I thought you might like to see a real blue-blooded dog. However, it doesn't matter. Bevis won't give you any trouble."

Here the man drove off with the hack, leaving me exposed to view. I stepped forward briskly, with an effusive salutation to my sister-in-law, but I saw her eye the dog apprehensively.

"Does he bite?" she asked breathlessly. "There are the children! They'll be home soon. I sent Tommy on an errand, and Nellie went with him."

"No, Bevis doesn't bite," replied my wife indignantly. "He is gentle as a lamb. But really, Lucy, I think you might postpone your catechising until we've had something to eat. We are starved to death."

The next half hour was spent at the table. Bevis noisily gathering nourishment from a dish on the floor by Mary. I could see that Lucy viewed this proceeding with disfavor, though she abstained from comment on it.

With the progress of the meal Mary recovered her flow of spirits and related the incidents of our journey with the wealth of detail that only a woman can manage; but I noted a look of anxiety



HALF THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT DROPPED OUT.

dawning in Lucy's eyes, and she began to drum nervously on the table with her fingers.

"Why, child," she burst out at last, "you've started your trip with a regular hoodoo! You want to be careful!"

Mary laughed.

"Don't be a goose, Lucy! You're worse than a ducky. Let's go outdoors. I'm roasting in here!"

We rose. Bevis with us. The door giving on the side porch stood open, and a stray cat chose this moment to make her appearance.

It all happened in a lightning flash. The corner of the table-cloth, which hung low, had caught on a loose brass stud in the dog's collar. He made a lunge for the cat and dragged the cloth with him—and the crash of falling china was enough to break one's heart. Lucy nearly swooned. Mary fell into a chair and covered her face with her hands. Bevis, held back by the weight of the table-cloth with the dishes piled upon it, howled in despair, while I wished to seize the carving knife and drive it into his vitals.

It was a terrifying moment. I stooped and loosened Bevis, and gave him a cuff on the head that silenced him. Then I glanced at Mary and was horrified to see her shoulders shaking. I knew it was not grief which stirred her so.

"Never mind, John," said Lucy, rallying bravely. "Accidents will happen, and besides"—she laughed hysterically—"this seems to be your day for accidents."

"It certainly does," I admitted warmly. "I shall thank heaven when tomorrow comes."

And then Nellie dashed into the room, bursting with importance.

"Mamma!" she exploded. "Tommy's got the mumps—the mumps! We met Dr. Savage on the street, and he said so!"

"What?" cried Mary, springing up. "Tommy's got the mumps?"

"Yes! He's swelling up somebun' orful!"

The youngster clasped her hands in suppressed but pleasurable excitement. Tommy was entering. He looked a little frightened and a little proud. He felt himself to be something of a hero. His mother flew to him and examined his portly glands. There was a distinct swelling to be seen on the left side near the ear. Mary moved away from him.

"Poor baby!" babbled Lucy. "Don't you mind; it won't be long—only a few days. See! Here's your Aunt Mary and Uncle John. And look at the beautiful dog! Come here, doggie—nice doggie!"

She snapped her fingers at Bevis in approved fashion, and he sauntered over to them. As he passed Nellie she reached out and caught at his plump tail. Ordinarily the dog would not have noticed the little tweak she gave it, but now he paused and snarled at the child. Lucy gathered her brood to her as a hen draws its chicks under its wings.

"You said," she accused Mary in a quivering voice, "that he was gentle as a lamb! A wolf, you must have meant!"

The situation was saved, so I hoped, by the expressman driving up with our trunks. But I recoiled without Mary's command. "Tell him not to take them off. We are going away. You have never had the mumps, John. Neither have I. They're dangerous to grown people." She shied still farther away from Tommy. "Quick, John—stop that man!"

I left the room hastily, glad to withdraw from a scene I felt was burning on tragedy. In a few minutes Mary followed me, bringing over a grip. Bevis was at her heels. Just what occurred between the sisters I never knew, for I never asked. I threw the suitcase into the wagon and bade the man carry the outfit to the Hartman House, the best hotel in the place. Then we set off down the street.

"I suppose," Mary remarked presently, "it will take several days to tell. We've got to eat a pickle every night before going to bed. If it looks our jaws we're in for it! We'll have to go home as fast as we can."

"I'm beginning to think it would be a wise thing to go now," I hinted.

"We could make a fresh start next week. And meantime we could pick out a new set of china for Lucy. I guess we're stung for a twenty spot all right."

My wife received this coldly.

"It will be time enough to talk of that later," she returned. "Tomorrow we will go on to Fred's. He has a much better disposition than Lucy, and his wife is a dear. And their children are old enough not to be a nuisance."

In this manner we beguiled the walk to the Hartman House. They would not allow us to have Bevis in our room, so I turned him over to the porter, promising him a dollar if he would care for the dog as the apple of his eye, and paying him a half in advance.

We decided we would not have the trunks sent up, but would make out with what we had in the suitcase until we reached Hamilton, Fred's home. Mary said we would stay with her brother four days and thus somewhat balance our losses at Dresden. This would bring us on schedule time to Tom, my cousin at Greenwood. The train left for Hamilton at seven in the morning, and to save trouble I bought our tickets at once. The head porter attended to this for me, and to the checking of the double trunk; and although I tipped him a half dollar he handed me the solitary brass duplicate. I thought, with a scornful eye,

It must have been along toward five o'clock the next morning when we were aroused by a clangor of bells in the town and a terrific row in the hotel. Pale and trembling we sprang out of bed. Someone was crying "Fire!"

"Bevis!" choked my wife. "Quick, John! He'll be burned alive!"

"To the deuce with Bevis!" I shouted. "Get into your clothes!"

I helped her as best I could, and then scrambled into the most necessary parts of my own apparel. We rushed into the hall, which was filled with smoke, and down the stairs. The rotunda was crowded with frightened guests.

"There's no danger!" bawled the clerk, who was energetically meeting all comers. "Just a blaze in the cafe. They'll have it out in a minute. Go back to your rooms."

But Mary wouldn't obey. "We must go down to the basement and hunt up Bevis," she decreed.

We did so—and Bevis wasn't there! We found out later that someone had loosed him, and he had shot out into the street. I shall pass in review as rapidly as possible the events of that morning.

I sprinkled dimes and quarters around as if I had sprung a leak. I had a dozen youngsters scouring the town for Bevis. We lost the early train, of course, but there was another at twelve which we hoped to be able to take. Finally, about eleven o'clock, a small boy appeared leading Bevis with a string. An angry man accompanied the boy.

"Are you the owner of this brute?" he demanded.

"I am," I answered curtly.

"Then you'll settle with me," came back the man, wrathfully. "or I'll swear out a warrant agin' you for keepin' a vicious dog."

"What has he done?" piped Mary tremulously.

"Done?" broke in the man rudely. "He bit me, ma'am, that's all he done. He dashed into my shop like a ragin' devil. I tried to kick him out, and he bit me on the leg and went an' hid in the cellar. This boy—more fool he—pulled him out, an' I've come down here with him to see what you're goin' to do about it. I oughter have the beast shot, that's what I oughter do."

Mary recoiled from him in shuddering dismay. "You horrid, wicked man!" she gasped.

"Did he draw blood?" I asked the fellow.

"Good Lord!" he snorted. "So you got to have blood to make a bite hurt, hey? No, he didn't draw no blood, but I'll show you the print of all his teeth on the calf of my leg."

He stooped to roll up his trousers, but I stopped the immodest exhibition. To cut a long story short, I settled with the scoundrel for ten dollars, and we caught the noon train. Our trunks had gone on by the one before.

At Hamilton we first attempted to attend to the delivery of the trunks to Fred's house. They were in the baggage room all right—but separated! Some miscreant on the train had found himself in need of rope, I presume, and had taken ours. To my trunk was attached the check; Mary's was checkless. The baggage master refused to deliver it to us without an order from the superintendent, and that person was away; wouldn't be back until eight the following morning. There was nothing to do but wait for him.

Hamilton is a city of some size and boasts a motor cab service; so we took a taxi to Fred's house. We found the place deserted—shut up tight. Inquiry of the next door neighbors elicited the information that Fred had received a long distance telephone call that morning early, and immediately thereafter he and his family had hurried off, taking with them a varied assortment of handbags.

"It's Lucy's work!" declared my wife.

"Lucy?" I repeated, mystified.

"Can't you see through a wall with a hole in it?" rejoined Mary acrimoniously. "Lucy heard about the fire this morning, of course, and laid it on us along with the child and mumps and other things. She called up Fred and told him we were hoodooed, and he—he has simply run away. The coward!"

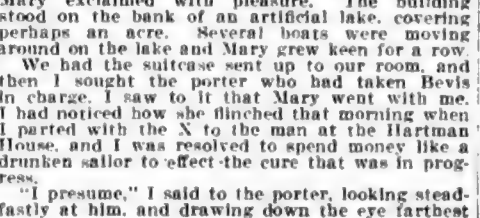
"Well, by George, I don't blame him," I retorted. "We are regular calamity breeders, my dear—you've got to acknowledge that. I think we'd better ring off on this trip right here."

"Not much," cried Mary. "We'll stop at a hotel overnight and go on to Tom's; and we'll stay with him a week and make up for all this."

We went to the Cawthorne Hotel. I chose it because our chauffeur said it was new and fire-proof. From this I argued that it wouldn't burn down or the roof fall in. As we drove up to it Mary exclaimed with pleasure. The building stood on the bank of an artificial lake, covering perhaps an acre. Several boats were moving around on the lake and Mary grew keen for a row.

We had the suitcase sent up to our room, and then I sought the porter who had taken Bevis in charge. I saw to it that Mary went with me. I had noticed how she flinched that morning when I parted with the X to the man at the Hartman House, and I was resolved to spend money like a drunken sailor to effect the cure that was in progress.

"I presume," I said to the porter, looking steadfastly at him, and drawing down the eye farthest



AT SIGHT OF THE CONTENTS SHE FELL BACK INTO MY ARMS.

from Mary—"I presume all you fellows charge the same for looking after dogs over night—two dollars?"

The man was Irish, and "on" in a jiffy. "The regular union scale, sir," he answered. I produced two silver dollars and banded them to him.

"It's an outrage," I pronounced in my sternest tones, "but there's no help for it, I suppose. I left home only yesterday morning, and what with another this dog has already cost me a fortune."

I heard Mary draw in her breath.

"It comes high, sir, traveling with dogs," re-

# tea-

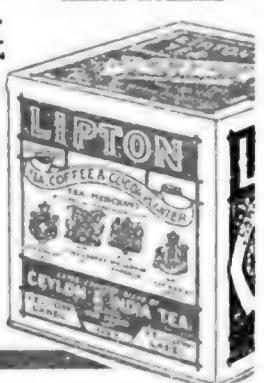
that's only half  
a word—the  
other half is  
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piled the porter readily, "particularly when you're fussy about what they has to eat. Anything special, sir, you want to order for this dog?"

"Oh, do come away, John!" called Mary. "I want to go for a row."

She walked off and left us. The porter and I

grinned at each other, then I followed my wife out to the lakeside. There was only one boat left at the dock. It was a flat-bottomed affair, and looked clumsy but safe. Mary settled herself in the stern and I took the oars. It was after four. The sun was declining and a stiff little breeze had sprung up from the east.

We were getting on beautifully. I had made almost the circuit of the pond and was rapidly engaged in watching a flirtation under a big elm on the neighboring bank when a smothered cry drew my attention to the partner of my own peculiar joys.

"John!" she exclaimed. "My feet are soaking! This boat leaks like a sieve!"

Sure enough, down by the stern the water was fairly bubbling in through the bottom seam.

"I guess we'd better go back," I said, and pulled for the landing.

We were about five yards from shore when we ran on a partially sunken log—ran on it with a crash. Mary screamed. I believe I swore—and she screamed again. By dint of hard pushing I got the boat off—and then, as I am a Christian man, half the bottom of that old tub dropped out, and we found ourselves standing in the water up to our waists. It was quite apparent now why this particular craft had been left alone at the landing.

We went to bed while the chambermaid dried and ironed out our respective garments.

"It's no use, Mary," I observed, nunching my pillow into shape. "We might as well knock under and go home on the next train. I believe if they were to lock us up in a safety vault an earthquake would come along and smash it."

"You forget my trunk," whimpered Mary, in turn punching her pillow. "It's a perfect scandal the way that man at the depot acts. And I want to say one thing, John Webb; if you had properly fastened those trunks together—with wire or something—I wouldn't be in this predicament now. That's all!"

It was enough, but I laid hold on silence like a man and wrung a victory from it.

At eight in the morning we were at the depot, only to learn that the superintendent had not yet returned. He had been detained somewhere down the road. Mary was desperate.

"Look at me!" she shrieked at the baggage-master. "I fell in the lake last night! My dress is ruined! I must have my clothes!"

But the man shook his bullet head obstinately, the while he favored me with a sidelong glance; and all at once I saw a light and was guided by it. Whereupon the fellow agreed to let us have the trunk if we could describe the contents. At this Mary rattled off a list of articles that would be found in the tray, and producing her key opened the trunk. She threw up the lid—and fell back into my arms.

The tray was filled with some man's things. On top of all was a big blue handkerchief case bearing the initials "M. W." in pink silk. We stood looking down stupidly at the array of haberdashery.

"John," said Mary in tones of awe, "am I going mad, or am I simply bewitched?"

"And I paid two dollars for this privilege," I returned irreverently.

A burst of laughter from the baggage-master's assistant broke the spell. It was a moment or so before he could speak, so consuming was his merriment.

"By cricky!" he gasped at last. "It's the best joke ever happened. You got Matt Williams' trunk and he's got yours!"

He went off in another convulsion, and his superior showed signs of joining him.

"Shut up!" I barked savagely. "This is no joke, to us, I'll take the matter up to headquarters if you don't instantly explain what all this means."

The threat had its effect.

"It's this way," said the young fellow. "Matt Williams belongs in this town. He took 21—leaves here 2 A. M.—for Rosedale where he's going to get married today."

"Rosedale!" we echoed, numb with surprise.

"Yes, he's going to marry Ann Crowley, a girl who used to live here. Matt blew in last night with his new steamer trunk, marked just like yours, and the same size. We must have got

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



# POUTY POLLY A Story for Little Folks

By Etta Webb

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THE Holly family was at supper. There were five of the Hollies, beginning with Father Holly who was a much-encrossed business man. Mother Holly, who managed everything and everybody beautifully even Irish Ann, the by-the-day help. Molly and Polly had just missed being twins and looked near enough alike to be twins anyway, and Billy the boy and the youngest who was a born tease.

Supper had got as far as the cake which was coconut, a kind that Polly did not like. She had therefore not taken any and her manner showed plainly that she felt snubbed because Molly's preference for coconut had been considered before her own for chocolate. However, nobody appeared to notice that anything was wrong until Billy, whose bright eyes had been studying Polly's face and empty plate alternately, burst out in an undertone chant:

"Polly's pouty. Polly's sad,  
Needs some chocolate cake to make her glad."

Polly's cheeks flamed. Molly turned in surprise to look at her, and Mother Holly was just opening her lips to reprove Billy when the door-bell rang in that sudden, sharp way which usually means something more important than a caller. So instead of reproving Billy, mother said simply:

"Please go to the door, Polly."

Polly returned with a special delivery letter for her mother.

"Well, the letter is from Aunt Libby," Mrs. Holly said. "Listen! She says: 'My dear niece: It is very lonesome for Pa and me since our dear boy went away as we cannot leave the farm much, especially in cold weather. I want to know if you won't send one of your girls up here to make us a little visit—say over Sunday. Pa will meet her at the station any Saturday night. We will take good care of her. We need somebody who is young and lively to chirp us up a bit. Hoping that you will send her right away I am your loving aunt, Libby Shattuck.'"

Mrs. Holly ceased reading and there was silence around the table, then father spoke cheerfully:

"Now there's a chance for one of you girls to have a visit and make two old people very happy besides. Which one of you is going? You'll have to decide quick, for tomorrow is Friday."

"I think," said mother Holly very quietly, "that Molly will go this time. Won't you, Molly?"

Molly drew her breath in quickly.

"Why, of course I'll go, mother," she said.

And mother looked straight into Molly's eyes and smiled her sweetest. When she smiled in that way it was like ten thousand banners waving you on to victory. You would have rushed into anything almost for the sake of that smile.

So it was settled then and there.

After the table was cleared and the dishes washed and Molly and Polly were sitting at opposite sides of the study-table in their room, Polly said:

"I'm glad I haven't got to go. My goodness, just think of being cooped up in that little farmhouse with two people as old as Aunt Libby and Uncle Joe when the ice and the skating-weather is perfect. And the Camp-fire girls have a chafing-dish party Saturday night—I guess you've forgotten that."

"I haven't forgotten anything," Molly replied. "Mother wants me to go and that's all there is of it. I guess Aunt Libby must be awfully anxious or she'd never have sent that special delivery letter. I'm going to do my best to give them a good time. I shall take my newest games and everything else I can think of that will entertain them. It's only for two days anyway."

"Two days can be awfully long sometimes," said Polly. "And I'm glad I'm not you."

All the same she felt a little knowing tooth of uneasiness. For she knew perfectly well why mother was sending Molly instead of herself. Molly was so joyous, so bent on having a good time always. Nothing ever upset her or made her cross or pouty. And then she was such a friendly young person. When she ran up the street on a gray afternoon wearing her scarlet coat she had a wave or kiss or smile for every baby and old lady and invalid on the street. And it was odd how all the babies and old ladies and sick folks got to the window just in time to see Molly going by. Nobody ever noticed Polly in that way, but then Polly had no scarlet coat. She wondered if it would have made any difference if when they were choosing coats she had taken a scarlet one like Molly's. In her secret heart she knew that all the scarlet coats in the world would not have changed her from what she was. She lacked something that Molly had, and that something was expressed in Billy's mischievous nicknaming of them—Pouty Polly and Merry Molly. Molly certainly was merry and as for Polly being pouty—why, how could she help being pouty when something was always going wrong? Of course in this instance she had the better of it for Molly would be shut up on the farm two whole days while she was skating and frolicking with the Camp-fire girls. Still she could not help wishing that mother had felt she was the one to go and cheer up those two lonely old people.

Sometimes that night Molly woke up with a sore throat, and in the morning it was worse.

Mother Holly of course said that school was out of the question and sent for the doctor.

When Polly came home from school at one o'clock she found Molly better but forbidden to go out of doors lest she take more cold.

"Then she won't be able to go to Aunt Libby's?" Polly asked.

"No, and I sent a special delivery letter for Uncle Joe to meet her at the station at five o'clock, Polly—"

Then mother Holly paused just a moment studying Polly's face. "I'm going to ask you to go in her place."

Polly jumped.

"Oh, mother, and I've planned—"

she stopped suddenly. There was such a kind of acher look the snow into their faces.

"I know," Mrs. Holly said, gravely, "but don't you think, dear, it is better for you to make some slight sacrifice than that Uncle Joe should have the trouble of going all that way to the station in vain besides taking home nothing but disappointment to Aunt Libby? You are young, Polly, and you don't know what it means to be seventy years old, away from every one, and their only boy that they love best in all the world thousands of miles away in South America. I have no way of getting another message to them today and unless you go I'm afraid they are going to be dreadfully disappointed."

Then Polly marched out her last reserves.

"But it isn't I they want," she said. "It's Molly. She's so bright and full of fun. I shan't know a thing to do—"

"You will do the best you can, I'm sure," mother replied and her smile set the banners to waving so fast and fine that Polly cried:

"I'll go, mother. I'll do anything you say."

Somehow, though she never knew how, she got ready. There was so much to do and so little time to do it in. Then presently she found herself at the station with father. She was put aboard and there stood father on the platform waving good byes while she looked at him with misty eyes. The train moved and she was on her way at last.

In the clear gray twilight she stepped upon the platform of a tiny station in the midst of frozen white fields. The sky was faintly flushed and in it the new moon showed like a bright new sickle. It was strange how much prettier the afterglow looked out here than in town, Polly thought. As she stood looking at it, caught by the beauty, she heard the creaking of footsteps and there was Uncle Joe in his old fur coat, cap and mittens.

"Well, well," he said, "I just told Libby that I'd bring you home with me. She's hustling like all possessed to get the taters baked and the chicken fried and if you hadn't brought a good appetite along with you she'll be the disappointedest woman in Delaware county. Well, well. To be sure, I guess now the train's gone along we can go out and get into the cutter. Old Mike acts up like fun every time he gets near a train of cars. Old feller seems to forget that he ain't a colt any more."

He laughed softly to himself and led Polly to the sleigh. There stood old Mike with a coat like black velvet, his head up and his ears pointed toward the flying train. Polly got into the sleigh and Uncle Joe tucked her in with thick furry robes and away they went facing the new moon all the way with old Mike's nimble heels kicking the snow into their faces.

"He used to be the goinest horse in these parts and he ain't got over it yet," Uncle Joe said. He looked admiringly round into Polly's fresh face. "I guess you like sleigh-riding, Molly, as well as your ma did."

Polly was just going to tell him that she was not Molly when old Mike spun in between two fence posts and slowed down before a gray house with windows that told the story of all the warmth and light and cheer there was to be found inside. And at the door was Aunt Libby smiling a welcome.

"Well, Molly, child, I'm right glad to see you," she said as she kissed Polly. "Come right in and get warm."

"Oh, I'm not cold one bit. We came so fast. But, Aunt Libby, I'm not—"

But Aunt Libby had smelled something burning and had flown to snatch her chicken from the stove.

Polly took off her things and sat down beside the glowing stove. She looked about her with interested eyes. Once, a long time ago she had visited Aunt Libby and Uncle Joe and she had kept with her a faint memory of how things had been then. It seemed that nothing was changed. Apparently the same maltese cat was asleep on the same cushion, the same geraniums glowed between the looped-back curtains, the same copy of Hoffmann's Boy Jesus was on the wall. But it was a thousand times cheerier and prettier than she had thought it could be.

Uncle Joe came stamping in and Aunt Libby called supper. And such a supper as it was! Polly had to say:

"Why, this nut-cake tastes exactly like mother's."

Aunt Libby laughed.

"Well, I taught your mother to make nut cake," she said.

They kept heaping Polly's plate up until she could not eat another bite. And Polly, longing with all her heart to repay them for so much kindness, tried her best to be as gay and entertaining as Molly would have been under the same circumstances.

After supper she helped Aunt Libby wash dishes. Then Uncle Joe brought in a dish of nuts—chestnuts and hickory nuts and beechnuts grown on his own beloved hill—and another dish of fat red apples from the musky bins down cellar, and set them beside the lamp on the red-covered center table. And Aunt Libby opened the old piano in the corner, dusted the keys with her apron and said, wistfully:

"Now don't be afraid to use the piano, whenever you feel like it, Molly. I know you're great hands for music at home. And pa and I like to hear a tune sometimes ourselves, though we can't either of us play a note and never could."

"Thank you, Aunt Libby," Polly said. She walked over to the piano, laid her hand on it and faced them earnestly. Her voice was just a little unsteady as she spoke for it was hard to tell them that she was not Merry Molly, but Pouty Polly.

"I want to tell you that I'm not Molly. Molly had the sore throat and mother sent me in her place, I'm Polly."

"Polly, eh?" said Uncle Joe. "Well, what difference does it make—Polly or Molly? I always get you two girls mixed anyway. I guess it was Polly we wanted in the first place, what say, Ma? Don't suppose you could play 'Home, Sweet Home,' could you, Mol—Polly?"

"Why, that's the very first tune I ever learned to play," cried Polly, sitting down at the piano.

How she made her fingers fly! And then gathering courage from their praise she sang some of the old songs that her father often called for and some of the new ballads which her teacher approved. Glancing over her shoulder she saw the two old people sitting in attitudes of listening content. Aunt Libby with her knitting idle in her hands, Uncle Joe with his hand behind his ear that he might lose no sound or syllable.

All too soon it was half-past nine and bedtime. Aunt Libby lit Polly's lamp and prepared to light her to the spare room. But before she went Polly went to Uncle Joe and kissed him good night. She kissed Aunt Libby too, at the bedroom door. And when a few moments later she cuddled down into the deep, soft bed she heard through the register in the floor the two old voices in happy communion:

"I always had an idea that Molly was the pleasant one," Uncle Joe said.

"We must have got 'em mixed somehow," said Aunt Libby.

Then Polly slept and dreamed that she was Molly.

It was Monday morning before, as Aunt Libby said, "they'd had more than a chance to turn around." And by noon Polly was kissing Molly who had come to the station to meet her.

"My throat was well Saturday and I went to the chafing-dish party after all," said Molly. "We had a grand time. I thought of you, Polly, and was so sorry you weren't there."

"Well, you needn't have been sorry," Polly confided. "I was having a good time myself. And actually I made them have a good time. Yes, I did. You see, I was on my honor, Molly. They began by thinking that I was you and even after I told them I wasn't they kept getting our personalities mixed. I gave up trying to straighten them out and just did my best to be like you—as far as being lively was concerned. And what do you think, they said if you were Merry Molly I must be Pleasant Polly. And I'm going to be Pleasant Polly after this all the time. You'll see!"

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no woman has any use for a bankrupt husband, at least I never had. The sawmill fellow seems to have brighter prospects, but then it isn't likely that he'll be able to get work for more than a year or two. The forests are rapidly disappearing and there won't be any lumber to cut. I know a girl who married a sawmill operator. Two days after they were married, he was brought home in four sections. He had been monkeying with the buzz saw and you know what happens to a man when he does that. He had gone to work a solo, and came home a quartette. Now Clara, suppose you had married the sawmill fellow and you put a couple of your biscuits in his dinner pail. Well you know the rest don't you? He would accidentally drop one of your biscuits right in front of the buzz saw, then you'd see the buzz saw's teeth go flying in all directions and the mill would have to shut down while you took the saw to the dentist and had a set of new gold teeth made for it, and you'd have a dentist's bill which you would not be able to pay for the balance of your life. Personally I think you would be happiest with the squirrel hunter. You see what an inestimable advantage he would have over the other fellows inasmuch as they'd be home all the time while he wouldn't. A husband with a laudable desire to efface himself has such an immense advantage over the one who is always under your nose, the kind that you can't turn round without falling over. Of course there is always the danger that he might have a deadly encounter with an enraged squirrel and get torn to pieces by the infuriated animal and be brought home to you on a stretcher, but for that matter all brave squirrel hunters take these desperate chances, so don't worry about that. With lamb chops, thirty-five cents a pound and porchouse steak, three dollars a inch, the man who can supply the family larder with squirrel meat at nothing a ton is surely a Godsend to any family. Why I'd marry one myself if I could find him. You might put canned squirrel meat on the market and gather in a fortune and you could make yourself a nice mink coat with the squirrel skins. All the furriers in New York are doing that, why not you? personally I think the squirrel hunter has great advantages over his rivals and as I said before the greatest advantage of all is that he won't be home much.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am twenty-five years of age, and a short time ago a young man eight years my senior, came to me in a very business like and gentlemanly manner and asked me to marry him. He has no bad habits, has a nice farm, horses, cattle, and some young stock, and owns it all, and has earned it all without assistance from anyone else. He is from nice people, who are wealthy and an only boy. But, here is the obstacle—I do not love him. What would you advise me to do?

May I see my reply in the COMFORT and please do not publish my address.

SKIN.

I think it would be very unwise of you to marry a man if you did not love him. Matrimony without love is like a dinner without food, a well without water, a field without grass, a forest without trees. To have to cohabit with a person, to be forced to surrender oneself wholly and totally when called upon as though one were a box of food or any other piece of inanimate property, submitting to the desires and wishes of a second party whose touch may be repulsive, is to my mind a condition too horrible to be contemplated, and yet thousands of women become the chattel slaves of men today, because the struggle for existence has sapped their nerve, spirit, respect and vitality, and made food, clothes and shelter, otherwise a home (or the semblance of it) an absolute necessity, to be obtained at any cost. Many a woman has married a man she didn't care a rap for before marriage, and has loved him devotedly some months after the wedding band has been slipped on her finger. But these cases I believe are the exception. Generally women who enter into these loveless marriages find their heart hunger appeased by the love they lavish on the children that result from these unions, the husband being merely tolerated, a necessary evil in a marriage that was not a sacrament, but a sacrifice, a business arrangement solely and wholly.

A woman who enters into an arrangement of this kind, merely transforms herself into a piece of merchandise, converts her body, soul and personality into a commodity that she exchanges with a second party, for his home and protection. She would, oh, so much rather marry someone she loved, but she is getting on in years and twenty-five does seem so terribly old to some foolish girls. Then too she thinks of the long, weary, lonely years ahead, with youth and attractiveness gone, the ability to find employment gradually growing harder, the ability to work gradually growing less, and the knowledge that all she most desired and craved in life—love and companionship—gradually drifting beyond her reach. She is liable, with such a dismal outlook, to take any old thing in the male line that happens to come along, even if the balance of her life be spent in regret. The divorce mills are grinding people into a matrimony almost as fast as they can wiggle in. People dash into marriage today as if it were a joke, only too often to find it a yoke. The fellow a girl could love can't afford to marry her and the fellow who would perhaps be willing to marry her has nothing to recommend him but a fat wad and a roof. Cupid is not only blind today, but he is bound by the shackles of economic stress, of low wages, uncertain employment, the high cost of living and the high cost of living. When the young fellow earning a moderate wage gets married, he gets along fairly well until the stork arrives, then the harness of matrimony begins to grip him around the withers. All the odd pennies that went for vaudeville and movie shows, beer and tobacco, are needed for baby. This is where the young bride finds out whether she has married a man or a rotter. When it comes to the point as to whether hubby's spare change shall go for cigarettes or ordinary milk, cigarettes and an wife wakes up one fine morning to find that hubby has beaten it to the tail timber and the waving Alfalfa. Matrimony is a very serious proposition. It is either heaven or hell. There is no happy or unhappy medium between these two extremes. Men and women should before entering into a life partnership, have every opportunity to know each other thoroughly, not merely on pleasure jaunts but under conditions which fully test the character and disposition and worth while qualities of the two contracting parties. I'm glad "Skip" has asked for my advice, though nothing I can say will influence her one way or the other. We all have to work out our own salvation and it is a blessed good thing to know that even in the matrimonial field, many more reach the goal of happiness than fall by the wayside of failure.

"Skip" my dear, give that excellent young fellow a trial acquaintance of say a year. Long before that time is up your heart will tell you whether you want to take him in your arms or throw him out of the window. Don't however, wait until after marriage to find out whether you want to kiss him or hammer him over the head with the carpet sweeper. Mind you decide that before that gold band is on your finger. If you don't love him for himself, don't love him for his pocketbook, or you too will be making possible grist for the divorce mill.

DEAR UNCLE:

Am sending you under separate cover some literature that I wish you would read. You seem to have such sound logic on most topics that I am surprised you do not read your Bible aright. I can't understand why anyone can grope in the Sabbath so mixed with the man made day—Sunday.

Please read what I have sent and if you feel interested (and I can't see why you won't), write for further information to the Tract Society.

From a Well Wisher.

Dear Friend: I know the best of intentions prompt you to send me your literature, but I'm already deluged with sectarian publications which are all carefully preserved and handed over unread to the Salvation Army, when its wagon calls weekly, and sold by them to the pulp mill at so much a pound. Print paper serves a very useful purpose inasmuch as it keeps alive, to my mind, the most useful and Christ-like organization on

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earth. When I glance at the publications of religious sects my heart and soul are weary of the bigotry and narrowness—so many religious bodies display. If you could see the intolerance, the ignorance, meanness, hatred and all uncharitableness that crops out in so many letters that I receive from hyphenated Christians, your stomach would turn over. At times I feel like misquoting Shakespeare and saying "A plague on all your houses." Thank heaven my days are too full of the real business of life to bother about the miserable little religious technicalities that divide the flood tide of Christianity into so many scores of adding, unproductive, paltry little streams. Instead of encouraging it as much as possible to flow on like one big, mighty river, sweeping sin, superstition, bigotry, intolerance, greed and error before it, carrying on its broad bosom the spiritual hopes and aspirations of all mankind, Mark Twain said it was a good thing in a way there were so many different sects—they could all keep a watchful eye on one another, and many of them needed watching. I don't mind the watchful eye but I do despise the envious and uncharitable eye. I am told at least a dozen times a week if I don't change my views and believe as this or that denomination believes I'll go straight to hell. I'll take a chance on that and lose no sleep over it. Heaven it seems to me will be anything but a restful, congenial place if some of the people I know ever succeed in getting there. Now friend Well Wisher, if I read my Bible through a thousand times a day, it would never bother me, nor occur to me to be bothered as to whether we should observe the Sabbath on Sunday, Saturday or Wednesday, on the seventh day of the week or the first day of the week. I don't care what old day in the week Sunday or the Sabbath or the Lord's Day, or any

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

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Besides six unique stories, a dramatic sketch and personal memoirs and thrilling incidents of his remarkable life, all from his inspired pen, there are chapters by "Billy the Goat" and Maria which throw interesting side lights on his character and let you into the mysteries of his daily life. Illustrated with new pictures of him and Maria and Billy.

The immense popularity of this book has exhausted the previous editions and this handsome new edition has been printed to meet the continued large demand for it. This edition is limited, so this may be your last chance to obtain a copy. Every home should have one.

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# The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

## More Power to Your Elbow

**P**ERHAPS an elbow does not seem of much importance to you who are interested in complexion, and pretty hair, and dainty arched eyebrows, and beautifully manicured nails?

But it is important, just the same! The girl who wants to look always sweet and fresh, smooth-skinned and dainty, cannot afford to overlook even an elbow!

As a matter of fact, in warm weather, when short sleeves are so alluring, the elbow is a most conspicuous portion of the feminine anatomy. Haven't you seen girls in airy summer frocks, whose soft arms looked wonderfully pretty and graceful in the loose, short, transparent sleeves, but when they reached up to pin on a hat, or leaned an elbow on a table, or in any other way brought an elbow into public notice, behold! it was roughened and yellow, and everything unlovely!

Most elbows aren't entirely clean! You don't believe me? It's true, nevertheless. A hasty washing with a soft cloth, or even a perfectly correct quarter of an hour in the bath-tub, will not suffice. Our little friend, the camel's-hair complexion brush, even, is a trifle too gentle for the task of

as far around as possible, thus twisting the arms. Twist until the shoulders feel a strain, then twist in the opposite direction. Repeat until the shoulders feel decidedly weary.

This will not only exercise off the surplus fat, if practised persistently, but it will strengthen the arm, and make it supple and graceful in its movements.

I can't emphasize sufficiently the importance of exercising all the muscles and joints of the body. The work you are doing, whatever it may be, no doubt is sufficient exercise for some part of the body—perhaps the back, perhaps the legs, perhaps the arms—but you may be perfectly certain that plenty of other muscles are getting into lazy habits from disuse. This means, later, stiff knees, and pudgy ankles and too fat abdomens and thick waists and flat busts, and round shoulders, and oh! so many more physical shortcomings that I can't take time to catalogue them.

Aren't we foolish, girls, to let ourselves grow unattractive in even the most trivial particular, when five or ten minutes a day would keep us lithe and graceful and every muscle doing its full duty?

Suppose we resolve that we'll not let a day go by without this personal care of ourselves. What do you say? Yes? Then it's a promise!

## Answers to Questions

Rose O'Neill, E. A. S., Earl C. and others.—The best way to remove superfluous hair is to anoint it with peroxide of hydrogen one day and aqua ammonia the next. The peroxide will bleach the hair to invisibility and the ammonia, in time, kills the roots. You could use tweezers to pull out prominent hairs, but should touch the spot at once with ammonia or alcohol. It will take quite a few months before you will obtain the results you desired.

Stasia H.—Indeed, I am very glad to give you a formula for a neck bleach. Is this the one you mean?

## Cleopatra Neck Bleach

Strained honey, one ounce; lemon juice, one teaspoonful; oil of bitter almonds, six drops; whites of two eggs; enough fine oatmeal to make a fine paste. Spread this thickly on a piece of cotton cloth, three inches in width, and tie as a bandage around the throat at night. Four or five of these applications should bleach the neck to a satiny whiteness. Remember, this is not a face bleach, and that oil of bitter almonds is a poison and must not be swallowed or left in the reach of children. I hope your neck will be as white as milk the next time I hear from you. Be careful to scrub it thoroughly daily with a complexion brush and hot soapy water, and rinse it in many waters.

K. S.—I do not sell any prepared cosmetics or charge the members of my Pretty Girls' Club for any advice. I have asked the bookkeeping department to return the money you enclosed. As to the Epsom Salts Reducing Paste, probably you did not use it long enough but if your trouble is mainly a too fat neck, try practicing the following exercise night and morning, and occasionally through the day if you have time:

## To Reduce Fat Neck

Stretch the chin out and up, and throw the head back on the shoulders as far as possible. Now turn the head as far toward the right as you can; to the left, to the right, etc. Practise for five minutes. Now drop the head forward on the chest and roll it to the right, raise it, drop it toward the back, roll it to the left, drop it on the chest. In other words, describe a complete circle with it! Do this for another five minutes. If persevered in, these exercises will reduce a fleshy neck and give it good outlines.

R. A. P.—I am very glad to give you the formula for the Vaucaire Bust Tonic. The galega must be perfectly fresh or you will not get good results. No old materials must be used.

## Vaucaire Bust Tonic

Liquid extract of galega (goat's rue), ten grams; lacto-phosphate of lime, ten grams; tincture of fenel ten grams; simple syrup, four hundred grams. The dose is two teaspoonfuls in water before every meal.

Anxious.—The Vaucaire Bust tonic (see answer to R. A. P.) is recommended for increasing the bust; but I am attaching directions for an exercise I should like you to practise to bring about the same results. Gentle massage with a cake of cocoa-butter which you can buy at the drug-store will also help. Heat the cocoa-butter over a lighted flame and rub the breasts lightly around and around, reheating the cocoa-butter at intervals. Is the rest of your body well developed? If not, take outdoor exercise and eat plenty of good nourishing food.

## Exercise to Develop Bust

Stand, heels together, chin up, chest raised. Stretch arms out at sides on a level with shoulders. Keeping every muscle rigid, throw the arms forward until the hands meet. Now throw the arms back again as far as possible, being careful to keep them on line with

## Bleaching Lotion

Rose-water, one pint; tincture of tolu, twenty drops; tincture of benzoin, one fluid dram. If any special care of the elbow has been neglected for a long time, it is quite possible, on a careful inspection, that it will be found to be very rough, indeed, and covered with gooseflesh. In such case you may use toilet pumice and rub the skin gently with it until the surface has been smoothed. Apply cold cream immediately after, and, of course, be careful not to be too heroic in wielding the pumice stone.

If the elbow is very yellow, a good bleach should be used twice a week for six times. Of course, it will not do to bleach the elbow alone, as the contrast between it and the arm would not be a gratifying one. Therefore, prepare some strips of cheese-cloth two inches wide—or, better still, buy a roll of two-inch surgical gauze and after thickly anointing elbow and lower arm with the bleaching paste, wrap the arm round and round with the gauze, beginning above the elbow, and fasten in place at wrist, above elbow, and spirally around the arms by adhesive tape, which you can get in a tin case at your druggist's for five or ten cents.

## Bleaching Paste

Rose-water, three ounces; liquid honey (strained), two ounces; yellow wax, one ounce; powdered myrrh, one half ounce; a little glycerine. Melt the wax in a double boiler, or in a porcelain pan set down in a kettle of boiling water; add to this the myrrh, and beat. Take from the stove, and a little at a time add the honey and rose-water, and as much glycerine as will make the mixture of the consistency of a paste. Put the glycerine in drop by drop, so that you may not thicken the mixture too much.

Very dainty young women slip on elbow length hose or silk gloves over bandages and paste. If you have a discarded pair, with holey fingers, cut into the shape of mitts so that the hands will not be kept too warm. Of course, you will see that the gloves are made spotlessly clean before each wearing.

If the elbow is very sharp, then no doubt the arms are unduly thin, and it is your task to put on a few more pounds of flesh. It is seldom arms are thin unless the whole body is under weight, as well; so I suggest that you put yourself on the milk diet for at least a month. You know just how to do it, because I am always preaching milk diet to you, not only to add flesh to bony figures, but to clear the complexion and set the bodily functions in good order.

If the elbow has deep dimples—not the witching kind which twinkle in and out, and are a real beauty asset, but the kind which lose themselves in heavy masses of flesh, and cause the small boy's remark, "Oh, mamma, Bridget has holes in her elbow." Well in such case, it is proof positive that your arm is too fat and heavy. What it needs is exercise and massage.

Every night before you go to bed, rub a little cold cream in the palm of your hand and go over the entire length of the opposite arm with a wringing motion, exactly as if you were doing the family washing and had to wring the sheets by hand before putting them in the basket. This is an excellent form of treatment for too fat arms. In addition, practise the following exercise night and morning, and any other time through the day when you happen to feel like it, and have a spare five minutes to devote to a good cause.

## To Reduce Arms

Stand with feet together, chin up, chest out, hands shut closely, arms stretched out, horizontally, at sides, on a line with the shoulders. Now stiffen the arms, and without bending the elbows or changing the horizontal position, turn each fist

duce dandruff. As for freckles, prevention is better than cure, and to keep new ones away you rub a good cold cream into the skin when you get up in the morning, and any time during the day that you are going outdoors. Be careful always to wipe the face thoroughly with a towel after rubbing in the cold cream, so no greasy look may remain. Then powder lightly and wipe the face off with a pad of absorbent cotton or a very soft cloth. Here is a freckle remover:

## Freckle Remover

Lactic acid, two ounces; glycerine, one ounce; rose-water, one half ounce. Apply to the freckles with a pad of cotton several times a day.

Discouraged One.—Yes, the dandruff is the cause of your hair trouble. You do not wash it often enough—try washing it once in two weeks, using this soap jelly:

## Soap Jelly

Shave fine one bar of pure Castile soap and dissolve in a quart of boiling water. After the soap is dissolved add a teaspoonful of powdered borax and put in a jar and use as wanted.

School Girl.—See answer to "Sarah." Wear broad-brimmed hats and hosiery or silk gloves as much as possible, to protect arms and neck, as well as face. Try using the Old Virginian Face Bleach twice a week for a time.

## Old Virginian Face Bleach

Buy a fifty-cent jar of theatrical cream and a pound of almond meal. Beat together one teaspoonful of the cream and some almond meal and add enough hot water to form a thin spreadable paste. Cut two squares of cheese-cloth big enough to cover the face and tear a hole in the center of each square for your nose, so my beauty patient won't smother. Now dampen the squares and spread the paste between. Bathe the face in very hot soapy water, massage for a minute and then apply the pack, patting it down so it touches the face all over. Now lay on two medium-sized, hot, Turkish towels and as soon as they cool replace with others. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, then remove pack, wash face in warm water, then cool, then very cold. Three weeks, when your skin will be beautifully white, and soft as satin. If you have a face in hot weather, you are probably a little full-blooded or wear your clothing somewhat snug. It is fashionable, now, to have one's corsets very loose about the waist—and it is the only healthy way. Do not eat much meat or starchy food in summer—the green vegetables and fresh fruit are good for you and not so heating.

Daisy, La.—I do not think you have given me your right height—six feet nine inches? You ask if one hundred and forty pounds is all right. Not for that height, but I imagine from your weight and other measurements that this is a mistake. Write me again, I am sorry you find your freckles obstinate. See answer to "Sarah" and try the lotion I have given her. You have probably been outdoors a good deal without properly protecting your skin, and may have let outgrow some of the freckles that bother you. Be more careful of your complexion in the future.

J. L. and N. C.—See answer to "School Girl" for a good face bleach.

Mrs. G. H. S.—See answer to "Rose O'Neill." It will do the deed, but it takes patience and perseverance.

Box 168.—What is your height and weight? Exercise is the best thing for all-around reducing. If you will let me know where you need reducing, I shall be very glad to suggest special exercises. In the meantime, cut out potatoes from your diet, fat meats and sweets. With summer coming on, it will be easy, because there are so many good green vegetables and fresh fruits. Cut out candy, cakes, pies, and sweets altogether, for the time being, and eat only at your meals. Also, lessen the amount of food you are taking.

Mrs. H. O. A.—Do not try to peel the skin. Only strong and injurious liquids can do this, and the new skin left exposed is so tender it cracks and wrinkles easily, and tans and freckles and in a short time is much worse than the old skin one was so anxious to be rid of. Instead use the face bleach recommended to "School Girl," and see my answer to "Sarah" in regard to freckles.

O. P. Q.—It is hard to tell whether you are overweight, because you do not give your height, but I imagine you are probably about fifteen or twenty pounds too heavy. You need lots of outdoor exercise—swimming and rowing and tennis, and every sort of exercise which causes you to use your arms. See answer to "Box 168." A girl of your age needs to be very active indeed—and must be careful not to eat too many sweets.

Mrs. T. F. M.—You can get the toilet ammonia at the drug-store. Just ask for toilet ammonia. If this irritates the skin, dilute with a little water.

D. D.—Frequent shampooing is the best thing to keep the hair lustrous. Wash the hair once in two weeks. See directions to "Discouraged One."

A. M. H.—There is no paste or other preparation which can be used to cover gold fillings. The only remedy would be to have the gold fillings removed and porcelain fillings inserted or a new pivot tooth put in, in place of the filled tooth. Good dentists is the best person to advise you. To remove superfluous hair see answer to "Rose O'Neill."

Gracey.—Here is the formula for an egg shampoo: One pint of hot rain-water, one ounce of spirits of rosemary, yolk of one egg. Beat the mixture thoroughly and, while warm, rub well into the scalp with the fingers. Then rinse thoroughly in many waters. Another good shampoo is the soap jelly given to "Discouraged One."

Fairy.—To make the eyelashes grow, anoint the lids with warm sweet almond oil, being careful not to get any into the eye itself.

E. M. C., Miss R. P., Rose O'Neill and B. E. M.—To reduce your flesh, why not try the Epsom Salts Reducing paste, which can be made as follows:

## Novel Reducing Paste

Take half a pound of epsom salts and dissolve in a pint of rain-water, then shave fine one and a half bars of the best white kitchen soap and dissolve in half a quart of boiling rain-water. When partially cool, beat in the epsom salts solution. This preparation must be massaged heavily into the fleshy parts at night and allowed to dry on the skin. When morning comes, wash it off. Continue treatment until flesh disappears. The average loss in weight per week is two pounds. Twice a week before taking above treatment, it would be a good idea to immerse body for a few minutes in a tubful of very hot water into which has been thrown half a boxful of ordinary baking soda. When you feel as if you were about to melt away, jump out of the tub and after drying yourself hastily, wrap up in a woolen blanket. When you cease perspiring, which may not be for half an hour, dry body and rub in the epsom salts.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

## Toughey

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

A few days later the mules were recovered, considerably used up from hard riding but sound in wind and limb. With the supply of goat's flesh the men were able to subsist for a time without seeking food from others—which might have led to their discovery—and they probably worked their way down the river bottom to the coast or to one of the lower counties and thence, with the help of their own countrymen of whom many are to be found in southwest Texas, they made their way to the border. Once across the border, it was easy to lose themselves among Mexico's uncounted millions.

Nothing disturbed the Manager so much as to lose one of his men, since it seemed to reflect upon the discipline of his Camp, and upon the efficiency of the men employed to guard the force. But the escape of the young Mexican convict came about in such a natural way and the Sergeant's report of it was so satisfactory that the matter never came up for investigation.

Although a line man, always under the gun, and therefore without a trusty's opportunities to run away, the convict at the time of his escape, was enjoying special privileges.

It appears that some weeks earlier, he had been attacked by fever, and, according to custom, was put in the hospital. During convalescence his condition became so unsatisfactory that by the doctor's orders he was given the freedom of the Camp.

Too ill to be counted with his fellows when the



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were locked up for the night in the general building, too weak, as it was supposed, to run away, yet too weak to be constantly looked after, the convict had drifted about the Camp almost unheeded. It thus became an easy matter for him to slip away and join Monte; more than likely by agreement, as Monte had been seen at the Camp the day before.

The circumstance of the slaughtered kid looked like premeditation, and when Monte abandoned his flock to capture the mules only to assist the convict in their capture, the wolves, that had for sometime been hovering in the neighborhood, seized the opportunity to make their raid, kill several does, break up the flock into frightened bunches and at the time Tomhey and the children appeared were trying to bring down the tempting prize hung just out of their reach.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## Freckles

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## VETERINARY INFORMATION

Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

**THIN PONY.**—I have a pony nine years old. She gets very poor in the winter, but in the summer is fat. Can you tell me what is the matter?

A.—See answer to B. L. O. in March number.

**BLINDNESS.**—At times my three-year-old filly appears blind in both eyes. The eyes look all right and there is no water running in them.

A.—The cause no doubt is periodic ophthalmia (moon blindness) and it is incurable. Do not breed from such a filly. Wash her eyes twice daily with a ten per cent solution of boric acid, to keep them clean.

**SICK HOGS.**—A peculiar disease in my herd of hogs occurs once a year and usually the last of January. They all shoat three and four months old and appear to be in a healthy condition, when of a sudden one falls to eat or drink. Generally one or two die out of the herd. They live about four days and in appearance are not very sick. They lie down all the time.

A.—Your herd of hogs may have the chronic form of cholera which is evidenced by just such symptoms as you describe; but to determine that an investigation and post mortem examination would be necessary. You should have such an examination made by the local graduate veterinarian. Meanwhile clean up, disinfect and whitewash the pens and houses and as worms may be a complication give copious drenching for five consecutive mornings allowing one dram for each hundred pounds of body weight.

**LEAKING MILK.**—I have a cow that is a heavy milker and about three or three-thirty she loses her milk. I have tried milking at noon, but without success. (2) I have cows and heifers that are full blood Jerseys, but have failed to have them registered. Can I do so now?

A.—Suck the teats in strong alum water twice daily and if that does not suffice paint the ends of the teats with flexible collodion after each milking, and if that does not prove effective bind with wide tapes or put on very wide rubber bands. Care must be taken not to choke off the blood circulation in the teats, else sloughing will take place. (2) It will be necessary to consult the secretary of the Jersey cattle herd book as to the registration of your cattle. He will advise you what to do.

**LAMENESS.**—My mule has a wire cut on his foot and it is split and he limps on hard roads when he trots. It has been about two years since he was hurt. A. E. B. A.—Put on a bar shoe and have the smith put a small shoe nail through the crack to clinch and keep it shut. He should also burn a deep line almost through the wall of the hoof across the crack at the junction of the wall and hoof-heel. Afterward clip the hair from the hoof-heel and blister twice a month with a cantharidine ointment to be brought from a veterinarian or druggist.

**COUGH.**—Will you tell me what ails my pet house dog? He is eight years old. Everytime he runs or does much exercise he is seized with a bad cough, that seems to choke him.

A.—The dog probably is fat and pampered. Give him one small meal each night and let him live out of doors so far as possible. Feed no sweets, dainties or potatoes. Make him take lots of exercise every day. If there is a lump on the neck, just under throat it is goiter and incurable in an old dog.

**RINGWORM.**—I have a Jersey heifer that has a breaking out. It started around her eyes and has gone all over her body in round rings or spots. The hair comes off and a scab forms on these places.

A.—Scrub each spot clean and then rub in a little iodine ointment once or twice daily until well. Isolate affected cattle as the disease is contagious, being due to the vegetable parasite trichophyton tonsurans. See other recent answers on this subject.

**LAMENESS.**—I have a mule that seems lame in front feet. In walking he takes short steps and chugs his front feet. (2) I also have a cow that has a sore foot—a crack above the hoof.

A.—Clip the hair from the hoof-heel and blister several times at intervals of two or three weeks, one foot at a time, using a mixture of one part of powdered cantharides and three parts of lard for the work. (2) Cleanse the foot and then for a few moments immerse it in a hot solution of two ounces of blue-stone to the pint. Then cover the foot and sore with oakum or cotton saturated in a five per cent solution of coal tar disinfectant and to be kept in place by bandages. Renew the dressing daily and repeat the immersion treatment at intervals of three days, if found necessary.

**GARTER.**—I have a milk cow, and occasionally she has a caked teat. It is not always the same one. They cake faster in the summer. They have caked twice this last winter.

A.—To determine if tuberculosis is present it will be necessary to have the cow tested with tuberculin. This is the only sure way of deciding the question and every dairy cow should be tested. Chills of the udder is the probable cause of the attacks mentioned. Keep the stall floor well bedded. Do not let the cow lie on cold or wet ground. In summer keep her out of storms and wet. At time of attack mix two or three times a day and at night rub in warm melted lard. Give a tablespoonful of saltpeter twice daily for two or three days, at such times.

**SITFAST.**—I have a horse that has a sore on his neck. It is a growth that is very hard and breaks off. The least pressure from the collar seems to hurt him.

A.—A patch of dead, horny skin (sitfast) is present in such a case and must be dissected out by cutting. Then wet the wound often with a mixture of one ounce of sugar of lead and six drams of sulphate of zinc in a pint of water. Label the bottle "poison" and shake it well before use.

**CATARH.**—I have four colts that had, as I supposed the distemper; they coughed and run at the nose and have never recovered from it.

A.—As there is danger that glanders may be present in such cases it would be wise to have an examination made by a graduate veterinarian. Meanwhile feed well on whole oats, wheat bran and best of hay and in the feed twice daily for ten days mix two or three spoonfuls of a mixture of equal parts of dried sulphate of iron, powdered nux gentian and saltpeter; then skip ten days and repeat. An adult horse takes a tablespoonful at a dose. You do not state age of colts, so we cannot prescribe quite confidently.

**LAMENESS.**—I have a mare three years old that is lame in the morning, first on one hind leg, then the other. It appears to be a drawing or stiffening of the muscles.

A.—Never let the mare stand for a single day idle in the stable. Allow her a roving box stall when in the stable. Do not feed millet hay. Without an examination we cannot decide the cause of the lameness and if it persists you should employ a local graduate veterinarian. Osteo-porosis (big head) sometimes comes on with such symptoms apparent.

**TUMOR.**—Please tell me how to doctor a horse that has a sore shoulder. The tumor appears to be a hole and a bunch under the skin. It heals, but when I put a collar on it, it breaks out and becomes a running sore.

A.—The correct treatment in such a case is to have the tumor cleanly removed by dissection and then treat as a common wound until healed.

**PROLAPSE OF RECTUM.**—I have a brood sow, five years old. She has young pigs two months old, and has never appeared sick. A month ago her bowels refused to act, and two inches of the entrails extended beyond the rectum. I gave Castor oil and stock powder for physic and she grew worse. She eats heartily and gives plenty of milk for her pigs. If she lives to wean her pigs would her meat be fit for use if we could fatten her?

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A.—Do not give stock powders in such a case. Feed light, laxative slop containing a little raw linseed oil and once daily give her a teaspoonful of sulphur. Wash the protruded parts clean and then dust daily with freshly powdered ergot. Amputation of the parts by a graduate veterinarian sometimes is necessary where return of the parts is impossible. The meat may be used if the sow is in good flesh.

**DEHORNING.**—Please give me some advice on dehorning cattle. When is the best time in the year? Should a cow be dehorned when she is heavy with calf?

A.—It is best to dehorn by rubbing caustic potash on the wetted skin over the horn buttons as soon as they can be felt under the skin of the calf that is three or four days old. Rub until a crust starts to form and the horns never will grow. Horn buttons may be gouged out later, but that is a painful operation. Cut off horns by means of a bone saw or by means of dehorning shears on any fine day in spring or fall when flies are not there to bother and when frost will not trouble. Many people dehorn cattle in winter and house them for a few days afterward. Do not dehorn a cow that is heavy in calf.

**BOILS.**—A sow pig four months old, has lumps in flanks and under fore legs and the lumps appear hard; they turn red and are blistered. They are the size of a pea and grow to be most as large as a half dollar. We let her run about the place in the daytime. She eats heartily and appears to be all right every other way.

A.—We take that the lumps are boils or they may be simply due to infection of the skin from filth. Swab them with tincture of iodine daily and if that does not avail rub in a little yellow oxide of mercury ointment once daily. Keep the pen floor clean and make the sow take plenty of exercise every day.

**KNUCKLING.**—I have a colt seven months old that has coked ankles in the hind legs. Is there any cure for it?

A.—In some instances a colt outgrows such a condition if kept off hard floors, made to run out daily and well fed. Twice a day band rub the parts and force the joints into proper position; the bandage snugly with flannel. If treatment does no good a qualified veterinarian will have to perform the operation of tenotomy.

**LUMPY MILK.**—I have a good cow eight years old, half Jersey, half Holstein. She gives an abundance of milk for seven or eight months, making butter; that we cannot get any butter, even though the cream rises. The milk gets lumpy. This is the second year we have had this experience.

A.—The cow should be dried off for six weeks before calving. The whole trouble may be due to bacteria in the milk utensils which may not be perfectly scalded and sun dried. When trouble starts give her a full dose of epsom salts. At least one pound in three pints of warm water and afterward mix half an ounce of granular hyposulphite of soda in her feed twice daily.

## Marketing Farm Products by Parcel Post

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

Angeles, Cal., Atlanta and Athens, Ga., Chicago and Rock Island, Ill., Baltimore, Md., Boston, Lynn and Lawrence, Mass., La Crosse, Wis., Detroit, Mich., St. Louis, Mo., Washington, Louisville, Ky., Cincinnati, Cleveland and Danville, Ohio, Hartford, Conn., Indianapolis, Ind., New Orleans, La., Brooklyn, N.Y., Portland, Ore., Philadelphia, Pa., Providence, R. I., Nashville, Tenn., Austin, Tex., Seattle, Wash., and Richmond, Va. The postmasters in all of these cities are authorized to send out printed matter and to make special effort to push the market-by-parcel-post idea as much as they can. There are other cities and other postmasters who are doing splendid volunteer work along this line.

Officials from the Post Office Department and also the new Office of Markets of the Department of Agriculture give talks and demonstrations to farmers and farm communities to bring them to a realization of the efforts the government is making to help them build up a lucrative line of trade with city people. But it is the postmaster who can give the most real assistance. The Postmaster General has seen to it that all postmasters are fully informed upon this subject and it is to them the farmer must apply for information and to them he must bring or send his package.

The most important investigation since the establishment of the parcel post especially in relation to that line is the attempt of the govern-

ment to standardize the food packages, such as boxes, bales, barrels, etc., for general market purposes. This investigation is in the hands of C. T. More, the market specialist of the Office of Markets and C. J. Brandt, chief of that new division of the Department of Agriculture. Mr. Brandt is anxious for a national law that will regulate the grades and standards in all of the states. For instance in the case of the strawberry box, about 20 of the states of the Union have laws adopting the dry measure for quarts, pints and half pints. One state, Kansas, has adopted the liquid measure. A liquid quart is 57 and a fraction cubic inches while a dry quart is 67 and a fraction cubic inches. It is easy to see the difficulties such a difference would create in shipping berries, etc., into other states. Similar differences in weight standards exist in other states. In other commodities; turnips in some states must be 42 pounds to the bushel, in another there must be 50. The weight of cherries is placed in one state at 14 pounds per bushel when without stems and with the stems 56 pounds. Grapes in the same state are 60 pounds without stems and 48 with stems to the bushel. These are the sorts of differences that the Office of Markets hopes to reconcile as well as to standardize the food packages. This according to many authorities is best done by a national law. With a standard apple box, a standard barrel for vegetables, standard box for cherries and small fruits the greatest benefit will accrue to the patrons of the parcel post.

The market is flooded with all sorts and conditions of containers, many of them elaborate and expensive, and while no doubt very good are beyond the pocket of the average buyer who is seeking the economy side. Both the Postmaster General and Mr. Praeger, who is conceded to have done more to promote the development of the parcel post than any other postmaster, agree that a simple split bottom market basket will answer for vegetables and poultry in winter, and the regular corrugated pasteboard container for eggs is hard to beat provided it is constructed so that the eggs do not lie directly against the sides of the box, and these are very cheap. A fourth of an inch air space should be left between rows of egg compartments. Thus they are safe from injury by jarring as in no other method of packing.

The government has issued an explicit set of instructions which cover every question in packing and shipping, labelling, insuring, C. O. D. packages, and also explains just what may be sent by parcel post and what is excluded. These may be had for the asking at any Post Office, so that none need plead ignorance on these topics.

Christmas trees (small), holly wreaths and all of the greenery used for Christmas decoration formed a feature of the shipments before and during the holidays. Roots, herbs, growing plants such as ferns, etc., in five-inch pots, sets of buggy spokes, and even cast iron stoves in sections have gone through.

Close attention to the rules insure the safe arrival of your gifts or purchases. While you cannot send the rarest of old Burgundy wine nor a case of choicest cordial, neither Pekinese prize winners, Maltese kittens, nor fireworks, you may send many articles of larger bulk and at lower rates than ever before. Paris bonnets (made in America), fur overcoats, the most elegant and fragile of dolls and engines, large enough for the small boy to occupy the engineer's seat, the rare and expensive star of roses, may all occupy the same car with the Sunday turkey, possum and little roasting pig and all arrive safe and sound, barring wrecks and land-slides. If they conform to the rules laid down for packing and shipping. The people in the rural communities hail the parcel-post growth with delight and the department is daily receiving letters from all parts of the country, which proves that the farm communities are alive to the possibilities it opens to them. The country and village merchant has already discovered that it helps and does not harm his business for the simple reason that where he cannot carry very extensive clothing stock and also large assortments of many articles, he can get them to be the case when it was necessary to pay express and freight rates. Now he can often get the article from the factory by return mail, which means that he does not lose his customer.

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## Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

the girl's arm within his—almost supports her, indeed, up the short avenue and to the altar steps; and the curate—who is too sleepy, and anxious to return to his boat beside the river to care much whether the bride's downcast face be pretty or ugly—gabbles over the ceremony after the approved fashion, and Sir Cyril More and Edna Weston are one.

There is still the ceremony of signing the registrar to be gone through, however, and the bridegroom, still with his bride's arm drawn through his tightly and supportingly, conducts her to the vestry.

There is some little questioning by the sleepy curate, but Cyril takes the answering upon him-  
self, and Edna, who has gone through it all as in a kind of deep trance, finds herself in the open air—and married.

The fly has been waiting to take them back to the station. The ceremony has been timed, there is no time to waste; they are in the train, in the carriage which Cyril has secured to themselves by a bribe to the guard, four porters, and Heaven knows how many other officials, before he takes her to his arms and whispers these two sweet words:

"My wife!"

"Am I really your wife?" she asks, blushing and fearful. "Really—your—wife?"

"Yes—for better or for worse—didn't you hear, you sly puss?"

Edna shakes her head, raising it from its favorite resting place to do so.

"No, I heard nothing; the man—how ugly and insignificant he looked beside somebody I know—seemed to be talking nonsense. I did not even hear your name—our name—he seemed to gabble out a strange one. And I am your wife?"

"My wedded wife until death doth us part," says Cyril, smoothing the cheek that has all the healthy bloom of a child, and the lovely color of a woman combined.

"Oh," says Edna, making a move, "it is dread-  
ful to think of! To think that I have been married in these shabby clothes—without even a veil—and no bridesmaids, and no breakfast."

"No breakfast!" laughed Cyril, "why, what do you call this?" and he drew a picnic basket from under the carriage seat, and, opening it, displayed a perigot pie, some grapes, peaches and a bottle of sparkling moselle.

Edna clapped her hands.

"Oh, I'm so glad, for I am so hungry."

"Bravo," cries Cyril, "who says that the mar-  
riage ceremony destroys the appetite? There's a plate and a glass—only one glass—"

"Oh, I couldn't drink after you," says Edna, with an arch affectation of overdelicacy.

"Then you shall have the glass," laughed Cyril, "and I'll drink out of the bottle!"

Then he spread the wedding breakfast upon the seat opposite him, sat Edna at his side with great ceremoniousness, and cut the pie.

They were like two children, for all the world, playing at husband and wife, and no child could have enjoyed the commingling of perigot pie and carresses more than did Edna; only now and then a little startled, questioning look came into her eyes when Cyril drew her to him and called her "his wife"; and no child that ever played at matrimony could ever have been more ignorant of the import of the game.

"And now," said Cyril, who was flushed with happiness, and looked more like a great, happy, handsome boy than ever, "we have the pleasant duty of drinking the bride's health—that's yours, you know," he explained. "Now, I'm supposed to be the friend of the family. Ahem! Ladies and gentlemen, on this occasion—on this occasion—his happy occasion," and Cyril screwed up his face into a quaint resemblance of a fussy old man in the act of speechmaking. "It is my duty to propose the health of the bride, Lady More."

"Lady who?" exclaimed Edna, in the midst of a trill of happy laughter.

"Eh?" said Cyril, "Oh," gulping down his wine and turning rather red after the operation. "Lady anybody—this is supposed to be a fashionable wedding—the health," he went on, "of Mrs. Harold Payne. Ladies and gentlemen, may she live long and live happy; and may her husband give up smoking and allow her a liberal pocket money."

"Oh," says Edna, "I'm sure they don't say that."

"No, but they mean it," laughed Cyril.

"But I don't want you to give up smoking," pouted Edna, nestling against him in her favorite fashion, "and I hate pocket money; it is so much trouble to count the change; and then it all goes so quickly; and when one thinks there is quite a lot left one finds it is all gone. No, I won't have any pocket money."

"What a paragon a wife!" laughs Cyril; "doesn't object to cigars, and refuses pin money! 'Pon my word, I shall believe I have got a prize in the marriage lottery. Perhaps you'll object to give me a kiss," and he leaned over, with a passionate light in his dark eyes.

Edna puts up her small white hands, but he laughs at such resistance, and only kisses them to scorn, and it ends in Edna putting up the soft, ripe lips that have known no other kisses than his.

It is four hours from Basle to Lucerne by ex-  
press, but it only seems three quarters of an hour to the happy lovers, and it is with a start that Edna hears the porter calling the name of the latter station, and comprehends that the hour has arrived when the confession to Aunt Martha must be made. Cyril hands her to a fly, and they roll over the bridge, the Keuss, Edna has crossed a score of times, and knows it well; but it all seems in some way altered today, and she wonders if Aunt Martha will seem the same. Then they come to the cathedral, and the fly is just about to turn up the road to the left when Edna starts from the shelter of her lover's arms to remember that she has left her china crepe shawl behind her. It was a birthday present from Aunt Martha, and stops the fly. They shall drive back for it at once—or, better still! Suppose Edna got out and waited on the cathedral steps while he drove back for it?—then they could discharge the fly at the steps, and would so get rid of the chance of any excitement that might attend their appearance at the gates of the pension.

"I shall not be long," said Cyril; "you stay here and wait, darling, and then we will walk up the rest of the way together, and face Aunt Martha."

Edna is perfectly willing, takes her place on the worn steps, and the fly departs with Cyril in quest of the lost shawl. There is an old West of England proverb which says that it is a bad omen for the bride and bridegroom to part on their wedding day; but Edna is in happy ignorance of the old saw, and seats herself in shadow of the old cathedral, content to wait and dream, for it is all a dream as yet—love's young dream, than which there is nothing half so sweet in life! It is difficult to realize that she is married, that she is a wife! She, Edna Weston—Edna Weston no longer!—the wife of the man she thinks the handsomest, the best in all the world! What has she done that she should be so happy, she asks herself, as she looks back upon what she considers her useless life, and then—blushing—she calls up Cyril's face, his words, his warm, heart-thrilling kisses, and covers her face with her hands, perfect! Oh, yes, it is too great a happiness—too great!

A footstep causes her to look up, half dazed, half curious, and she sees approaching her a tall, handsome and richly dressed woman.

For a moment Edna is so absorbed by her passionate dream that she does not recognize her, then as the overdressed figure comes nearer, Edna remembers the lady in the carriage at the door of the Grand Hotel.

An unpleasant sensation of antipathy—distrust—what?—it is difficult to analyze—permeates the whole of the girl's frame. The lady comes slowly toward the cathedral door, breathing rather hard from the steep ascent of the cathedral steps. An-  
other moment and she is close upon Edna, bring-

ing with her a strong odor of patchouli and jockey club.

Opposite Edna she pauses and draws a long breath, opening her wide, but not ill-shapen, mouth to do so, and accosts her.

"Can you tell me when the organ plays?" she says, then stops abruptly and scans the sweet face below her with an eager interest. "I was going to ask you," she adds, after her scrutiny is over, "if you were waiting for the organ to play—but I suppose you are not."

"No," says Edna, smiling faintly. "I am not."

"So I thought," retorted the lady, eying her still with an unpleasant minuteness. "I've seen your face before, haven't I?"

"It is very likely," replies Edna with a smile; "I have seen yours."

"Ah!" retorts the strange lady with a little sniff, "that's more likely still, and if it's not a rude question, where did you see me?"

"At the entrance to the Grand Hotel," says Edna, regarding her questioner with mingled amusement and repugnance.

"I thought so," responds the lady under her breath; "and it was there I saw you. I was talk-  
ing to a gentleman, wasn't I?"

Edna flushes and nods.

The lady eyes her with a profound air of in-  
telligence, then nods her head violently.

"Yes, and if I'm not mistaken, you are waiting for that very gentleman now. Am I right?"

Edna regards the full, flushed and not by any means unhandsome face above her with a puzzled air.

"You are quite right," she says, in a low voice. "I thought so," is the exclamation; "I knew it!"

"How do you know it? Why do you ask me?" asks Edna, with a bewildered stare. "Do you know the gentleman?"

"Do I know him?" echoes the strange lady. "Who does, if I don't? Know him! I should think I did! Better than you do, or ever will, I hope, my dear! Come, if I'm right, and you're waiting for him, I'll give you a bit of advice, and that is, get away from here as fast as your legs will carry you, and never let him come near you again."

At this vehemently delivered exhortation, Edna opens her eyes wide and smiles.

"Why do you say that?" she says, half indig-  
nantly.

"Because no young girl, like you; ought to be waiting for the like of him. There! perhaps I'm a fool to interfere with what doesn't concern me, and I shall be sorry for it afterward; but—there's a good look about you—you're too good to go wrong for him. Take my advice, and go home, and when that gentleman you are waiting for calls next time, shut the door in his face, and say, 'not at home.'"

Edna rises and confronts the tall, handsome woman, and stares into the bold, daring eyes and powdered, painted cheeks, with bewildered astonishment.

"Are you—mad?"

"Mad! no," with a short, coarse laugh; "not half so mad as you if you listen to him. Come, I'll prove to you if I'm mad or sane. That gentle-  
man you're waiting for—he says he loves you!"

There is no answer, only the same puzzled stare.

"He has promised to marry you—"

The stare falls for a moment and the cheeks flush.

"Oh! I thought so," continues the loud voice. "The same old tale! Well, let me tell you that he's told the same thing and promised the same thing, to half a dozen before you, and disap-  
pointed 'em all!"

Edna finds voice at last.

"How dare you?" she flashes out. "You are speaking wicked falsehoods of someone you do not know—"

"Don't know!" retorts Glitters, for it is she. "Look at that!" and she snatches a huge locket from her waistband. "Don't know! Whose face is that, I should like to know?" and she tears the locket open and extends it.

Edna is fascinated; she cannot hold back; she must look at that look deals death to her, and it does almost, for as she looks on Cyril's face she falls back with her hand on her heart.

"Come—there—bear up," says Glitters, not un-  
kindly. "It seems rough, I know that—of course it does; but it's better to find him out now than when it's too late. Oh, yes, he's handsome enough, too handsome, for that matter; and it's hard to believe that a man with a face like that should be like the devil himself. I wonder what he's been telling you? Never you mind; the best thing you can do is to forget it—take my advice—"

"Let me see," breaks in Edna, rising from the cold stones and advancing, white as the sculp-  
tured saints in the niches above her.

Glitters held out the locket again.

"Yes, there he is, there's no mistaking him—there's the handsomest man in England, and the wickedest. You can't count on your fingers all the hearts that face has broke, yours among 'em, perhaps. Well, well, perhaps it ain't too late! It's funny as I should have found out his little game—funny I should meet you here; but I'm glad I have, if it's only taken one plum out of his mouth—not that he has done the shabby thing by me—"

She stops in consequence of a gesture of mingled agony and horror by the quivering, an-  
guished victim at her feet.

Edna turns her white face up with a great loathing.

"Are you—his wife?"

"His wife! Well, no, not exactly," replies Glit-  
ters, with an uncomfortable laugh. "Not that I ought not to be, if it was right. No, I'm not his wife, and nobody ever will be if he can help it—he knows a trick worth two of that! But I know as much about him as if I was, and more, perhaps; and my advice to you is, get away from him, reach as quick as you can! Don't let him say a word for himself, for he's as soft-tongued as a serpent, and as artful, for all his boyish look; and if you think there's any mistake—if you think I've been playing it rough on him, ask him when you see him—if you're foolish enough to see him again—if he knows Molly Glitters, of the Theater Royal!"

Then she gathers her voluminous, mauve-  
colored skirts about her, and with an emphatic nod of the head, goes her way, leaving her victim bowed down with anguish, like a flower bruised and crushed, upon the cathedral steps.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## The Calamity Breeders

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

em mixed. Oh, lord!"—to his chief—"can't you see Matt's face when he opens that trunk?"

They broke into irrepressible laughter, and I turned to Mary.

"It's a warning," I said solemnly—"the hand of Fate. We go home today. . . . Do you know

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where I can reach Mr. Williams at Rosedale?" I demanded of the head baggageman.

"He always puts up at the Seneca."

"All right, I'll wire him. We are going to Rosedale by the next train. When does it leave and when does it get there?"

"Leaves at ten-thirty. Due at three-thirty."

Mary and I rushed to the telegraph office and sent this message to the joyful bridegroom:

"My wife's trunk checked by mistake for yours. Wire, Cawthorne Hotel, authority to bring yours with us to Rosedale on ten-thirty train today."

John Webb.

This dispatch cost me one dollar. I took care to let Mary see me pay for it. Then we returned to the hotel. We came upon the porter at the entrance.

"How's the dog?" I inquired.

I would not have been surprised to learn that he had been shot, poisoned, or drowned in the lake. I was steered against anything that could happen to us or ours short of death by famine or the sword.

"The dog is fine and dandy, sir," replied the porter as though he were communicating the most ordinary intelligence. "I've doctored up his tail and it'll be all right in a day or two."

On the strength of this we went in and had some breakfast. Mary was apparently in troubled thought. I drank my coffee in moody silence. Presently Mary spoke.

"I wonder," she mused, "if that man has been rummaging through my things?"

I grunted unsympathetically and then coughed, for my ducking had given me a cold.

"I wonder," I croaked, "if we had better not have a guardian appointed the next time we feel like straying away from home with a fool dog and two trunks that won't stick together?"

Mary's eyes flashed, but fell before my own. I was beginning to feel mad all through, and I fancy I showed it. Then, like the mean-minded creature I was, I took revenge on the wife of my bosom.

turned over the menu card and did some figuring on the back. When I had finished I handed it to Mary and buried myself in the morning paper. This is what Mary saw:

PARTIAL EXPENSE OF OUTING.  
DOG.  
Tip (twice) on car to Dresden, ..... 50  
Broken china at Dresden, ..... 20.00  
Porter at Hartman House, ..... 50  
To boys hunting lost dog, ..... 1.90  
Man bitten by dog, ..... 10.00  
Tip on train to Hamilton, ..... 25  
Porter at Cawthorne Hotel, ..... 2.00  
Tip (forthcoming) to Rosedale, ..... 25

Total (perhaps).....\$35.40  
TRUNK.

(Charged all along as two pieces.)

To station at Rosedale, ..... 50  
To house at Dresden, ..... 50  
To hotel at Dresden, ..... 50  
To porter at Hartman House, ..... 50  
To station at Dresden, ..... 50  
To baggageman at Hamilton, ..... 2.00  
To telegram to Williams, ..... 1.00  
To house at Rosedale, ..... 50

Total (maybe), .....\$0.00

For a long time Mary studied this expense account with drooping head. Then I saw a tear roll down her cheek and fall on the figures. It blotted out all my petty passion. I was smitten with compunction, and leaning over towards her I whispered:

"Don't sweetheart! I was a brute! It's nothing—the money. A thousand dollars would not be worth a tear of yours. We'll start all over again as soon as we get rested—and hang the expense!"

I tore up the menu card and threw it in the finger bowl. And just here, as good luck would have it—the first in forty-eight hours—a boy entered with the looked-for telegram. I read it out to Mary:

"Bring trunk. For heaven's sake don't miss train. Am getting married at Ave."

"Matt Williams."

Mary smiled at me through still wet lashes, and I—knowing I was forgiven—laughed boisterously.

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## Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

**NOTICE.**—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's name and address. Inquiries only or anonymous names, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Miss N. L. S., Kearney, Kans.—COMFORT has no department where fancy work is sold nor could it have. You pursued the right course, the course we have been trying to teach COMFORT women who produce articles that may be sold, when instead of writing to COMFORT for advice you took the baby hood to Kansas City and sold it for five dollars. But you fell from grace with the second one. Why did you not go out among people who had babies and sell the second one instead of writing to COMFORT to know where to sell it? The trouble with women who can make salable articles is that they don't use judgment and industry in selling their products. There are buyers for good things always and the producers must get their productions next to the buyers. Now, you have sold one hood and know you can sell that many and it should be taken as a good sign that you can sell more and that if there is one buyer there are bound to be others. Take as your motto, find the buyer.

J. S., West Leyden, N. Y.—If you will write to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for information about ginseng, you will get two or three pamphlets on the subject which will give you full information. What you read in them will be true enough but we advise that you go very slow in the ginseng business till you have learned it. It is like any other business that requires skill and experience. Golden seal, or yellow puccoon, is quite a different proposition from ginseng.

Mrs. F. G. M., Marlboro, Mass.—In these modern days of chemicals and business so much better shoe polish is made to sell at a nickel or a dime a box than can possibly be made at home that it is a waste of time and money to attempt to make a home-made polish. In the old days you might have saved a few cents by making your own blacking, but not in these days. Ask at any shoe store.

Mrs. W. H., Swift City, Ind.—If you wish to make dustless dust rags you must devise a plan of your own. These dust rags are made under patented processes and you will get into trouble and the courts if you use a formula not your own.

Mrs. O. W., Brownstown, Ind.—If the man was acquitted for killing your husband on the ground of self-defense, that makes him innocent in law and you can get no damages. Ask some lawyer to take the case in civil suit to court on a contingent fee and if he will take it, there may be a chance for you. But pay no money in fees until the lawyer earns it by winning your case.

Mrs. G. A. S., Ashtabula, O.—Don't go into business on newspaper information merely. If you want to succeed, you are not far from Cleveland. Go there and make inquiry among business people and what you learn will be practical, on-the-spot knowledge worth more to you in a minute than printed knowledge would be in forty years. COMFORT readers thinking of starting business make a note of this.

D. F. S., Martinsville, Ind.—Read the advertisements in COMFORT if you want to know about things better than we can tell you in this column. The COMFORT reader who misses the advertisements misses matters of value.

Puzzled, Montgomery, Ala.—Write to Secretary Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C. for information about positions in the government civil service. Men of good habits and good sense are in demand almost anywhere.

J. E. C., Murfreesboro, Tenn.—Miss Helen Keller is a suffragist, but not a suffragette. Equal suffrage has been in effect in Wyoming since 1890; Colorado, 1893; Utah, 1896; Idaho, 1896; Washington, 1910; California, 1911; Arizona, Kansas and Oregon, 1912; Nevada and Montana, 1914. In 1913 the territorial legislature of Alaska granted full suffrage to women and the Illinois legislature extended to women all the franchise rights within its power, that is, for all the offices not created by state constitution. Three of these states—Arizona, Colorado and Kansas—are prohibition, but the Colorado law does not go into effect until 1918. Idaho, California, Washington and Oregon are local option. The percentage of illiteracy in Wyoming is 3.3; Idaho, 2.2; Colorado, 3.7; Nevada, 6.7; Kansas, 2.2; Montana, 4.8; California, 3.7; Oregon, 1.9; Washington, 2; Arizona, 20.9—this high percentage due to the fact that there are many Indians and Mexicans in the state. Excepting Arizona the illiteracy rank of these states is high.

Inquisitive, Dresser Junction, Wis.—Manuscripts need not be typewritten, but the chances that they will be read by editors are vastly improved if they are typewritten. A manuscript written poorly by hand is certain not to be read unless it bears the signature of a well-known writer. Publishers are not responsible for manuscripts not ordered, even though accompanied by postage for return.

Mrs. C. J. E., Hamill, S. Dak.—A soldier of the United States army—there are no soldiers drafted into the army—goes wherever he is ordered, even to the uttermost parts of the earth. That is his business. (2) The requirements for a foreigner to become a citizen of this country are not very complicated. He must file his declaration of intention in the clerk's office of a United States District Court, or any court of record having a seal, a clerk and jurisdiction in actions in which the amount in controversy is unlimited. There are details which must be known by the clerk of the court, for subsequent proceedings. Any intelligent citizen can tell him all that is necessary and COMFORT hasn't space to do it.

M. S. K., Burlington, Iowa.—If you are too timid to ask a local physician or hospital superintendent for information which you can get from them much more satisfactorily than you could from us, we hardly think you are capable of filling the position you seek. You must overcome your timidity or give up your ambition. Talk to your local physicians and hospital and get what you want at first hands and from professionals, who are experts in their lines. Other COMFORT readers who go away from home thinking to learn what they could much better learn at their own doors please note this.

T. B., Lloyd, Fla.—The address of the American Bible Society, 10 Bible House, Astor Place, New York City. (2) State flags do not appear to cut very much figure anywhere, the Star Spangled Banner being good enough for most states. State flags are used, however, in celebration of state anniversaries, though we do not recall having seen a state flag in years. Suppose you start a crusade for the recognition and development of state flags. (3) Write to Secretary National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C. for best books on ancient excavations and discoveries. The Society has some very good things on that subject with pictures not to be had elsewhere. For two dollars you can become a member of the Society and get its magazine issued monthly.

A. J., Odell, Ia.—The only steps that an unknown writer may take to get his literature before the public is to submit his manuscript to a publisher and if the publisher thinks it will pay to print it, the writer will get it before the public. There is no other way, for the publisher holds the key to publicity. We wish to say to you and to other would-be writers that until you know who are the publishers, what kinds of books they publish and several other practical branches of the writing business, you should not attempt to write, because you don't know enough to write acceptable matter. You should read for example such magazines as The Bookman published at New York City, and The Editor published at Ridgewood, N. J. These magazines will inform you on numerous necessary

points, which being ignorant of, you cannot write and place manuscripts. The writing game is not one easily learned.

Mabel, Good Luck, Ky.—A little kerosene in the water washing mirrors or windows will make the glass sparkle. Only an expert can do anything in restoring mirrors worn out on the back. Better not try to take the tin stain out of your ivory brush. The material is composition that will not stand the acid test. You can clean the white paper of the book to some extent by rubbing it carefully with a ball of bread crumbs taken from the center of a loaf. This is also good to clean pictures with, or for paper. When plated silver is worn through the plating the only salvation for it is to take it to the electroplater, or buy a new set. It is poor economy to spend time and money on many old things about the house in attempts to make them new again. It can't be done and is cheaper and more satisfactory to substitute new articles.

C. B., Epworth, Neb.—As we have before told COMFORT readers, that when they find anything vegetable, mineral, animal or otherwise which they or their neighbors know nothing about, they should submit it to Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., so we now tell you to send your glittering bits of stone there for inspection and report. Maybe there is a precious stone quarry in Nebraska.

T. B. S., Richmond, Va.—Alarm watches may be had from almost any jeweler, but not as low as one dollar. Inquire in your city shops for them. (2) Letters to Mr. Samuel G. Blythe and Mr. Irwin S. Cobb, sent to The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pa., will reach them. (3) The lady is not in "Who's Who." Write to her yourself for the information. (4) Very comfortable living, if not real money in bank, have been made on plots of ground not larger than two acres with all kinds of crops, from pop-corn to peanuts. It isn't so much the crop as it is the man behind the crop. You will have to decide for yourself what crop you think will pay best.

Mrs. A. M., Marion, O.—Virginia is a fine old state and the Shenandoah valley is a very pretty and productive farming country, but we do not believe four people could make a living on ten acres of ground unless they were expert and intensive farmers who knew just what crop they wanted to raise and how to raise it and market it to the best advantage. One objection is that it is too far from markets of the kind you should have. With a small farm you should be within an hour of a city, for most of your stuff would be garden truck, we should say. Or small fruits, or such things as city consumers need. If you have some extra income and merely want the ten acres to make your eating on, the Shenandoah valley would do well enough. If you like Southern people and ways. If not, somewhere along the Ohio River would be better for you.

## A Thorn Among Roses

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

So, on the first day of the trial, when asked if she would go, she passionately retorted: "No, of course I will not go to be gazed at by everybody as the daughter of a felon."

Imogen, wretched as she was, could not have stayed away, and, seeking an obscure corner in the courtroom, listened with absorbing interest to all the evidence. She was in her place every day, but during the last day she became so excessively nervous it seemed to her that she could not endure the strain much longer.

She was almost glad when Judge Ashburton was taken ill, and it seemed necessary that she should follow him home to see that he was properly cared for, although she was appalled in view of his attack as she feared it would affect Mr. Fletcher's case unfavorably if he were not there to make his closing plea, for she had no faith in Alice's ability to take his place. When Alice and Will returned with the information that the verdict would not be rendered until the following morning, it seemed to the tortured woman as if her powers of endurance had reached their limit—as if she could not live through another night of suspense.

As soon as she had seen the judge made comfortable for the night, she went to her room and sank, weak and spent, upon her bed, a nervous trembling pervading her whole frame.

She lay there for a long time, her brain in a whirl, her heart quaking with fear, mingled with remorse, and finally dropped into an uneasy slumber.

When she awoke night and silence seemed to have settled down upon the house, but she was impressed that some unusual sound had awakened her.

She arose and lighted one of the burners of the chandelier and listened intently for a moment; then smiled bitterly at what she believed was only excessive nervousness. "It was only the wind," she murmured, as she sank upon a chair. Presently, however, the sound was repeated.

She arose, crossed the room, and, sweeping aside the draperies of a window, was startled to see the face of Reardon, the detective, pressed against the glass.

Her heart sprang into her mouth, and for a moment the mad thought that she would like to push him backward from the balcony, on which he stood, to the ground, took possession of her mind. Oh, if she could but end forever her bitter bondage!

But, quick as the flash, she inquired, in a fierce whisper:

"For Heaven's sake, what brings you here tonight?"

"A little matter of business, Mrs. Ingraham. Let me in, if you please, before anyone sees me, and I will explain it to you," the man returned, with exasperating coolness.

She stepped aside, and the next moment he was in the room, when he lowered the window and pulled the draperies together.

"Is the door locked?" he inquired.

She nodded assent as he motioned him to a chair and sank into another.

"Well!" she said, fastening her burning eyes upon him.

"Well!" the man repeated, with a cruel smile. "I have been attending court during the last few days. Mrs. Ingraham, and have been highly entertained. Mr. Fletcher's friends have made a brave fight for him, but he isn't going to be acquitted, all the same. He will be released, because he cannot be proven guilty of the charge against him—'treason'—but that will be small comfort to a man of his make-up, for he will always rest under a cloud, unless those papers can be restored and proof that someone else stole them be forthcoming."

"Now, I have a proposition to make to you, Mrs. Ingraham."

"Yes—yes; oh, what is it?" Imogen demanded, impatiently, as he paused.

"Of course, I understand that those documents are very valuable."

"Oh! have you opened them?" the woman groaned.

"Aren't you assuming considerable in asking me that?" the man inquired, with a leer.

"No, I know you have them!" she retorted, fiercely.

"Well, I suppose you have reason to believe that I have," he admitted, then resumed: "No, I haven't opened them; to be perfectly frank, I didn't think it would be quite safe for me to break the official seal that guarded them."

"Why did you take them from the safe?" Imogen inquired.

"You told me that night that you had taken nothing but a little money."

"I know I did," the detective replied, "and I had no intention of meddling with any papers when I opened the safe. I was furious when I found only that paltry sum there, for I expected to make a good haul, and I looked everything over pretty thoroughly. I had just replaced everything, as I thought, and shut the safe, when I heard a step outside the library door. Then I discovered that I had overlooked an envelope which had partially slipped under the safe. I seized it and thrust it into a pocket just as you entered the room. Then, while we talked, I forgot that I had them, and did not once suspect the nature of what I had taken until after I heard of Mr. Fletcher's arrest. Now, for my proposition: If you will raise a thousand pounds for me, I will hand these papers over to you, with a written statement that I stole them, and that will clear Fletcher at once from all suspicion."

"Raise a thousand pounds for you!" repeated

Imogen, with mingled amazement and consternation. "When?"

"Now; this very night."

"Are you mad?"

"Never was more sane in my life," was the cool response. "Get me this money and I will clear the country before tomorrow morning; you shall never hear from me again, and I will also swear that I will never blow on you about that other affair."

"You might just as well ask me to get the moon for you," said Imogen, in a hopeless tone. "Not at all, I happen to know that Judge Ashburton is a very rich old codger; go to him and get the money out of him, upon some pretense or other; you are a clever woman and can manage it, I am sure."

"If it is money you want, why have you not responded to the advertisements for the papers? There was a reward offered," Imogen returned, after a moment of thought.

"I know there was," said her companion, with a cunning smile, "but that advertisement was too broadly worded to suit me. Your old judge is also very clever, and he meant to catch the thief with the papers. You'll have to do this business for me—there is no other way," he concluded, doggedly.

"Suppose I refuse to do so?" queried Imogen. "Then I will go at once and sell these secrets; then there will be another trial and your unimpeachable Mr. Fletcher will prove a felon and his fate will be sealed, while I will still have the old matter to hold over you," was the threatening reply.

"How can I be sure that you will keep your word—that you will not continue to hold it over me, even if I get you this money?"

"I told you I'd leave the country. I want to go back to America, for I'm dead tired of England."

"Where are the papers?" questioned Imogen. "If I could manage to get the money for you tonight could you deliver them to me before the court sits tomorrow morning?"

"I could deliver them to you this moment if you could produce the thousand pounds," said the detective, as he clapped one hand significantly over a breast pocket.

"How am I to know that they have not been tampered with?"

"I told you that I have not opened them."

"I know you said so, but I want proof," said Imogen, doubtfully.

"Well, you are about as suspicious as they make 'em," the man retorted, with an expressive shrug of his shoulders.

He unbuckled his coat and, running his hand into an inside pocket, drew forth a bulky official-looking package which he held up before her.

"Read for yourself," he said, "there is the address: 'Roland Fletcher, Esq.' Now, look on this side," reversing the package, "and you will see that it is sealed with three seals, neither of which has been broken. No, madam, I know too much to tamper with these seals; but, as I told you before, I never dreamed that this envelope contained matters of such vital importance until I heard of Mr. Fletcher's arrest, and then, I'm free to confess, I was rather sorry I had them, and I didn't quite know what to do with them, I knew, of course, that you'd suspect where they were, but I felt sure you'd keep mum, and then it occurred to me that I might make a nice little pile by working their return through you. I've tried to see you two or three times lately, but couldn't manage it. Tonight, however, I knew I'd have to get at you some way, or it would be too late, and so I shinned it up that waste pipe outside, as soon as I thought the coast was clear. Now, are you satisfied?"

"Yes, I'm satisfied that the papers are intact," Imogen thoughtfully replied, while her mind rapidly revolved certain conditions. She dare not go to the judge and ask for a thousand pounds. Such a request would appear the very height of presumption in her, unless she gave the real reason for wanting it, and she knew well enough that he would never pay it in that case; the straightforward old gentleman would never consent to buy off a thief in any such way. Besides, the very fact of such a proposition coming through her would look suspicious.

She certainly had no means of raising any such amount herself, for, even if she gave the man all she had and should sell every jewel she possessed, she could not meet his demand.

She might ask Will to lend it to her; but how could she ever repay the sum and what excuse could she give him for wanting so much?

She saw that Reardon was anxious to get rid of the papers—that he feared a felon's fate if they should be found in his possession.

She wondered how it would work to set some officer on his track and make him suffer to the extent of the law.

True, when he found himself cornered, he would revenge himself upon her by betraying her secret; but she could face him and deny it and claim that he was only trying to ruin her, because he had come to her to sell the papers and she had refused to give him the exorbitant price he had demanded for them.

She felt sure that he could never prove that she went aboard the vessel and exchanged those children, but he could prove that she had given birth to a child in Rome, and if he also knew, as he said he did know, where that perforated extension was, a revelation of those facts would be very detrimental to her.

Oh! she did not know what to do—whichever way she turned, danger and betrayal seemed to hedge her about. If she could only get him into her power and make him think she was going to give him up to the authorities, he might possibly weaken and surrender the package to her. But how—how could she accomplish such a coup?—and there was so little time before the verdict would be rendered.

"I do not think it will be possible to get the money," she finally remarked, as he made an impatient movement over her long silence.

"It'll do no harm to try—I've got to have it from somewhere," he said, with significant emphasis.

His retort angered her, and her eyes began to blaze.

Just at that moment she caught a sound that thrilled her like an electric shock; it was a voice outside her room.

It was Alice who was speaking. She was coming up-stairs to bed, and she had paused in the hall to say a last word or two to Will. A sudden impulse seized Imogen, and, without waiting to consider it, she sprang to her feet with an air of well-stimulated alarm.

"Hark!" she said, in a low, startled tone, "here comes Olive—Mr. Fletcher's daughter. What shall I do with you? she always comes to say good

"A Girl in a Thousand" and "A Thorn Among Roses"

BOTH BOOKS FREE!

The story "A Girl in a Thousand" does not complete the narrative. In order to get the climax you should read its sequel "A Thorn Among Roses" now running in COMFORT. If, however, you missed one or more installments of "A Girl in a Thousand" we will be glad to send you the story in book form just as it appeared in COMFORT. If you desire, we can also supply you with its sequel "A Thorn Among Roses" in book form. Large installments will appear each month in COMFORT but if you do not want to wait in order to catch up with the story, we will send you the book thereby giving you the opportunity to finish the story as soon as you like. Send us only one new 25-cent 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription at 25 cents and 5 cents additional (30 cents in total) and we will send you either book—your choice of "A Girl in a Thousand" or "A Thorn Among Roses"—or for two 15-month subscriptions at 25 cents each, we will send you both books free and postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Imogen, with mingled amazement and consternation.

"When?"

"Now; this very night."

"Are you mad?"

"Never was more sane in my life," was the cool response.

"Get me this money and I will clear the country before tomorrow morning; you shall never hear from me again, and I will also swear that I will never blow on you about that other affair."

"You might just as well ask me to get the moon for you," said Imogen, in a hopeless tone.

"Not at all, I happen to know that Judge Ashburton is a very rich old codger; go to him and get the money out of him, upon some pretense or other; you are a clever woman and can manage it, I am sure."

"If it is money you want, why have you not responded to the advertisements for the papers? There was a reward offered," Imogen returned, after a moment of thought.

"I know there was," said her companion, with a cunning smile, "but that advertisement was too broadly worded to suit me. Your old judge is also very clever, and he meant to catch the thief with the papers. You'll have to do this business for me—there is no other way," he concluded, doggedly.

"Suppose I refuse to do so?" queried Imogen.

"Then I will go at once and sell these secrets; then there will be another trial and your unimpeachable Mr. Fletcher will prove a felon and his fate will be sealed, while I will still have the old matter to hold over you," was the threatening reply.

"How can I be sure that you will keep your word—that you will not continue to hold it over me, even if I get you this money?"

"I told you I'd leave the country. I want to go back to America, for I'm dead tired of England."

"Where are the papers?" questioned Imogen.

"If I could manage to get the money for you tonight could you deliver them to me before the court sits tomorrow morning?"

"I could deliver them to you this moment if you could produce the thousand pounds," said the detective, as he clapped one hand significantly over a breast pocket.

"How am I to know that they have not been tampered with?"

"I told you that I have not opened them."

"I know you said so, but I want proof," said Imogen, doubtfully.

"Well, you are about as suspicious as they make 'em," the man retorted, with an expressive shrug of his shoulders.

He unbuckled his coat and, running his hand into an inside pocket, drew forth a bulky official-looking package which he held up before her.

"Read for yourself," he said, "there is the address: 'Roland Fletcher, Esq.' Now, look on this side," reversing the package, "and you will see that it is sealed with three seals, neither of which has been broken. No, madam, I know too much to tamper with these seals; but, as I told you before, I never dreamed that this envelope contained matters of such vital importance until I heard of Mr. Fletcher's arrest, and then, I'm free to confess, I was rather sorry I had them, and I didn't quite know what to do with them, I knew, of course, that you'd suspect where they were, but I felt sure you'd keep mum, and then it occurred to me that I might make a nice little pile by working their return through you. I've tried to see you two or three times lately, but couldn't manage it. Tonight, however, I knew I'd have to get at you some way, or it would be too late, and so I shinned it up that waste pipe outside, as soon as I thought the coast was clear. Now, are you satisfied?"

"Yes, I'm satisfied that the papers are intact," Imogen thoughtfully replied, while her mind rapidly revolved certain conditions. She dare not go to the judge and ask for a thousand pounds. Such a request would appear the very height of presumption in her, unless she gave the real reason for wanting it, and she knew well enough that he would never pay it in that case; the straightforward old gentleman would never consent to buy off a thief in any such way. Besides, the very fact of such a proposition coming through her would look suspicious.

She certainly had no means of raising any such amount herself, for, even if she gave the man all she had and should sell every jewel she possessed, she could not meet his demand.

She might ask Will to lend it to her; but how could she ever repay the sum and what excuse could she give him for wanting so much?

She saw that Reardon was anxious to get rid of the papers—that he feared a felon's fate if they should be found in his possession.

She wondered how it would work to set some officer on his track and make him suffer to the extent of the law.

True, when he found himself cornered, he would revenge himself upon her by betraying her secret; but she could face him and deny it and claim that he was only trying to ruin her, because he had come to her to sell the papers and she had refused to give him the exorbitant price he had demanded for them.

She felt sure that he could never prove that she went aboard the vessel and exchanged those children, but he could prove that she had given birth to a child in Rome, and if he also knew, as he said he did know, where that perforated extension was, a revelation of those facts would be very detrimental to her.

Oh! she did not know what to do—whichever way she turned, danger and betrayal seemed to hedge her about. If she could only get him into her power and make him think she was going to give him up to the authorities, he might possibly weaken and surrender the package to her. But how—how could she accomplish such a coup?—and there was so little time before the verdict would be rendered.

"I do not think it will be possible to get the money," she finally remarked, as he made an impatient movement over her long silence.

"It'll do no harm to try—I've got to have it from somewhere," he said, with significant emphasis.

His retort angered her, and her eyes began to blaze.

Just at that moment she caught a sound that thrilled her like an electric shock; it was a voice outside her room.

It was Alice who was speaking. She was coming up-stairs to bed, and she had paused in the hall to say a last word or two to Will. A sudden impulse seized Imogen, and, without waiting to consider it, she sprang to her feet with an air of well-stimulated alarm.

"Hark!" she said, in a low, startled tone, "here comes Olive—Mr. Fletcher's daughter. What shall I do with you? she always comes to say good

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night to me before she goes to bed. Oh! be quick! Step into this closet until she goes, and then I will go to the judge."

She sped swiftly across the room and opened a door.

The detective could hear the girl talking outside, and, under the pressure of the moment, he did not pause to consider what he was doing.







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## The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**NOTICE.**—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the column, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Mrs. A. H. Kenwood, Fla.—Medicine will do you no permanent good for so-called malaria. If you live in a malarial neighborhood, Quinine is the usual remedy, but no definite rule of quantity can be given, because in some malarial sections the people almost eat it. It will affect the hearing when taken to excess. You had better move away than to fill yourself up with medicine.

Mrs. C. C. Hincley, Minn.—Kidney and bladder troubles are too serious ailments for you to attempt to doctor yourself. You will only make matters worse as you would do in trying to do anything else you knew nothing about. The doctor's bill may be larger than you think it should be, but your health and strength are worth all they cost, and you cannot get them back by trusting yourself to treatment from anybody except a physician who can examine you and give you what you need. Other COMFORT readers please take notice.

E. H. Altura, Minn.—The ordinary remedy for warts is lunar caustic, which burns them off. But as yours are small and numerous, they are probably due to some nervous trouble or other and you should consult a physician.

Brunette, Chelsea, Ia.—You are another one of those COMFORT readers who are trying to bring a child through all the ills of childhood without knowing anything about what to do. The wonder is that your child is alive at all. Take the advice of your friends and of us and go to a doctor with the baby. You are guessing at what should be done and also expect us to guess at it and prescribe. We decline to assist in ruining the future health of your child.

L. V. H. Baudette, Minn.—Stuttering is due to diffidence, self-consciousness or nervousness and usually can be cured by treatment in the nature of training, but practitioners skilled and competent to give the proper treatment are not commonly found. Send your boy, if possible, to someone of the institutions where the best treatment may be had. Do not delay, because it will become more difficult to remedy as the boy grows older and the habit becomes fixed. (2) You must know what causes the spots on your face before treating them, and only a doctor who can examine them can be expected to be of service.

N. C. Columbia, S. C.—Olive oil, that is, pure olive oil, is probably better than cotton seed oil either as an excellent lubricant for the bowels. Take one or two tablespoonsful with your meals. The pain which you think is colic may be from some bladder trouble and you should see a doctor. It may be from the operation for appendicitis.

A. A. W. Crozet, Va.—The finger nails are subject to various diseases, but they cannot be treated except by a physician who can make a personal examination and determine the cause. We advise COMFORT readers who are so troubled not to neglect their nails if the trouble reappears or continues.

Mrs. C. T. Harold, S. Dak.—Falling hair may be the result of disease of the scalp, or other disturbance lying more deeply, or it may be natural as is the case in many instances of young men becoming bald. When this latter is the cause, very little can be done to hold it in place, but in the former if the disease is properly diagnosed and treated the hair may be made healthy and normal. You should consult a physician who knows something about the hair, not necessarily a specialist, and get his advice and treatment. The various hair tonics to be had at drug stores are good enough for the ordinary hair troubles, but are of no value when other than local disease causes the loss of hair. If your husband at twenty-four is losing his hair and it is not a falling in his family, he should go to a physician not a druggist.

Mrs. R. L. Decatur, Ga.—If you have pellagra, a most serious and often fatal disease, you should know much more about how it should be treated than merely what you should eat. See a physician, and the best you know. Also write to your State Board of Health for additional information.

W. M. Saugertius, N. Y.—Red precipitate ointment is the usual remedy for freezing of feet or other parts of the body after the frost has been taken out. But when the freezing has been deep the resulting sore is very difficult to remedy and very careful and often long treatment is required under a physician's direction.

Dollie, Tucson, Ariz.—First off, stop worrying about your relative back East. If anything is going to happen to them, it will happen just the same whether you are there, or in Arizona, or Africa, and you cannot be any prevention. So why worry? Most of your other troubles are due to your disturbed nerves and if you will take the advice of your home doctor—he knows your case better than any distant doctor could—and not bother about yourself you will be quite as well as the average woman of your age.

J. R. J. Dexter, Mo.—There is nothing the matter with you except a kind of a foolish nervous fear that something will be the matter with you. Plenty of young people get fits like that and sometimes make themselves really sick just thinking about themselves. Buy a health magazine and read up on deep breathing and other good rules of exercise and sane living and eating. You are ignorant and need knowledge. You have no more tapeworm than you have bow constriction. If you had either you would be hungry all the time. Instead of thinking you have no appetite. You are not in love, are you? Nineteen-year-old boys sometimes become thin when they have that complaint. But don't worry, you'll outgrow it.

Anxious, Seneca Falls, Ohio.—At a guess, for you give few satisfactory symptoms, we should say your husband's trouble is indigestion, the common complaint, and he should change his diet completely and eat only such food as agrees with him, chewing every mouthful to a pulp before swallowing it. It is not so much that people eat, allowing that they eat well-cooked, sensible food in not too large quantities, as it is how they eat it—throwing down their throats in a hurry and rushing off without ever giving the digestive organs a chance to do their work. To have a healthy body, there must be a healthy mind and the healthy mind thinks of the stomach's work and does not give it impossible tasks.

V. W. Wenatchee, Wash.—Sweaty hands are due sometimes to nervousness and the prevention of the perspiration is difficult. The hands should be kept open as much as possible and exposed to the air to keep them dry. As an internal remedy take one pill of one-sixtieth grain of strychnine sulphate after each meal for twenty days. Ask the druggist about this.

Mrs. H. J. Lowell, Mass.—There is no universal remedy for constipation, so we cannot give you either a formula or a diet. Generally speaking the patient must decide what his particular stomach can most easily assimilate, and then eat only such food. No two stomachs are alike in their demands. There are dozens of laxatives, some good for one person and others good for others, and the one best adapted to your needs is the one you should use. One which is good for the majority, but not for all, is olive oil, an excellent intestinal lubricant. Take one or two tablespoonsful of pure olive oil at mealtime, either during, or before or after. This will not begin to act at once, but its effect is sure and good. Don't get cheap and adulterated oil.

Mrs. F. C. S. Auburn, Nebr.—The physician in charge of your case can best tell you what to do to remove or prevent the annoying spots on your skin, as he should know what causes them and be able to prescribe the proper remedy. Have you asked him?

F. W. T. Plentywood, Mont.—The intermittent red flushes of your face may be due to several causes, some that may be remedied, and others which you must endure because it is the nature of your circulation. Before any treatment can be prescribed the cause must be known and only an examination can determine that.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

other day you like to call it falls, so long as one day out of seven is set aside for rest and worship. That is the main thing, and the only thing that matters—all the rest is of no consequence whatsoever. Some people it seems study the Bible solely with a view to finding texts, the meaning of which are so obscure that different interpretations can be put upon them. This gives them the longest-for opportunity of finding an excuse for differing with all other churches. Then before you know it another sect is built up, confident that it is the only one that has the right of way on the celestial road to the world beyond. And so they go on ad infinitum, and everyone who does not believe as this one or that one believes, is going to make the early acquaintance of the Old Boy below. Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. The Russians celebrate their Christmas twelve days later than ours. As long as they celebrate it sometime what's the odds? And so it pleases some people to choose the Jewish Sabbath as their day of rest, and we prefer to have our Sunday on the first day of the week, again what's the odds? Christianity is on trial before the world, or rather churchianity is. There is enough work for Christian denominations to do in abolishing war, poverty, disease, sin and moral death and more than enough to do to lift man to a higher plane of Christian brotherhood, where they will do unto others as they would have others do unto them. What is to be gained by splitting hairs as to whether Sunday falls on Tuesday, Monday or Friday or any other odd day. What we should strive to do is to have Sunday every day of the week, and keep religion from being put away in moth balls six days out of seven. Let your life be the people who are quibbling about these things are not making any determined effort to rescue the two million child slaves that nice Christian gentlemen are grinding into profits beneath the cruel heels of industrial exploitation. If the Christian church is to justify its existence, it should get together in one united body, presenting a mighty front to the evils of our time. Let us tackle the big things first. Let us clear the field, throw out the rocks of oppression, root up the weeds of greed and prepare the soil for the proper fashion for the harvest of God. Until we do this, our work is vain, we are building on the sands, and the voice of the church is as one crying in the wilderness. There are material problems man must solve. They must clothe the body and feed the gnawing stomach ere the spirit life can bloom and flower. We've had two thousand years of churchianity, many generations of warring sects. Then in spite of it all we are presented with the bleeding spectacle of Belgium and Poland and nearer at home Ludlow and Crome, New Jersey. I look into the hearts and lives of tens of thousands of people yearly and know what they think and how they feel, how they live and what they know (and God knows and I know how little they do know compared to what they ought to know). Humanity wants rehabilitating and rebuilding from the bottom up. The foundation is all wrong. The tree is planted in a soil that can only bring forth bitter fruit. There has got to be repainting. A brighter day is dawning (now don't think I'm trying to give a boost to another sect when I say that) and the war I hope will hasten that day instead of retarding it and when that day comes Christ will rule in the hearts of men and man's brotherhood will not be an empty dream. When too that day comes the theological hair splitters and other gloomy ghosts of a benighted era will vamoose to the woods and the tall grass of oblivion forevermore.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring out the false, ring in the true,  
And hail the Christ that is to be."

P. O. Box 13, WILLIAMS, IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:  
I received my membership card and button and was pleased with them. We have taken COMFORT for several years and think we could not do without it. Well, Uncle Charlie, I guess I will describe our town next. There are about two hundred and fifty people that live in Williams. The most of the town is up on a hill. We have one depot, one hotel, one

hour mill, an electric light plant, a post-office, five stores, three blacksmith shops, one barber shop and a telephone exchange. White river goes past Williams. There are some nice fish caught out of the river here. A person can get a few alibies most any time. Uncle Charlie if you and Billie the Goat will come to Williams I will take you fishing.  
I am seventeen years old, weigh one hundred and eighteen pounds, am five feet eight inches tall. I have dark brown hair and brown eyes and I am not very fair skinned.  
Hoping to hear from all. Your cousin,  
STACIA BOWDEN. (No. 39,979).

That's quite a big city of yours Stacia, and there is so much of it you seem to have got it plentifully distributed, part on the top of the hill and part at the bottom I suppose. I remember I was in a very large city once, it consisted of one house, and it broke our hearts to think we could not build part of that "city" on the top of the hill and part at the bottom, but as the top of the hill was a mile up in the air we didn't have enough lumber to do the job. I'm very much interested in the fishing business in Williams, Ind. It's quite exciting to hear about nice fish being caught out of the river. I always thought that fish were caught in a river, but possibly the fish of Williams, Indiana, are amphibious, living on land or in the water; and I suppose one afternoon when the sun was shining brightly, the fish put on their best Sunday clothes and hoisting their pink parasols, started out for a constitutional. I can in imagination, see them now, gazing at the many beautiful art exhibits in the windows of the three blacksmiths' shops and dropping in the barber shop for afternoon tea and a hair cut, and while getting their toes manicured, you, Stacia, of course came along and caught them out of the river, and took them home and dropped them in the frying pan. Those must be nice, obliging fish in your section of the country. I remember getting caught out of the river once myself. I had been swimming and when I came out on the bank of the stream I found someone had stolen my clothes, then some dogs came up and thought I had been for a new kind of rabbit. I was wishing I had been for at least I would have had a nice ear of corn. The dogs chased me until I ran into the arms of a policeman who loaned me a barrel to walk home in. Ever after that when I went swimming I took my clothes into the water with me and sat on them so that no one could steal them. Better be sure than sorry. It must be nice to know that in Williams, Indiana, you can get a few nibbles any time. As you don't seem to have any restaurants, I'm wondering where you get your nibbles. Of course nobody need go short of a nibble as long as you have a flour mill. In a burst of confidence you inform us that White river goes past Williams, but you forgot to tell us whether it goes past the part that is at the bottom of the hill or the part that is at the top. Maybe, dear, you'll tell us that later on.

DEWITT, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
I am a lady of eighteen summers, have light hair, and gray eyes, or in other words a "blonde." At the present I am single, not knowing how long I'll remain single, it would be impossible to relate. I live in the country on a one hundred and sixty acre farm. My parents are thrifty farmers. I keep very busy for all it takes in Will Power. I have one married sister, and one niece, of course Uncle, I don't like to tell very many people I have a niece, cause it makes me feel old to be called auntie.

I enjoy taking care of house plants. If you were a little closer, I'd send you a bunch of blossoms to put in your office. I am very fond of flowers. For pets I have a pair of Italian birds. The singer is a dandy. His name is "Pete." Good birds go by that name. He learns all of the latest stunts. He can do the "tango" and furnish his own music when a mirror is placed so he can see himself. My little hen bird is setting on four eggs, will hatch this week.

I've been exposed to the mumps. Do you think I'll take them? If I don't take them day after tomorrow, I'll think I'm mump proof. If I should want to take the mumps, would you please send me directions?  
Hoping to hear from you. Your niece,  
ELVETTA WEBB.

Alva Etta, you say it would be impossible to relate, but you don't tell me what it would be impossible to relate. Why leave us in the lurch  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Prize Winners in February Contest!

THOSE of our readers who won a February Cash Prize in COMFORT'S Seventh Grand Prize Contest will find their names somewhere in this list. These prizes have already been paid to the winners and now we are almost ready to pay the March Prizes. The names of the winners in our March Contest will be printed in May COMFORT. All who have not yet entered this Cash Prize Contest should remember that there is still one month of it left. Each month's contest is separate and distinct from another and has a separate list of Cash Prizes which are paid promptly at the end of the month. At the end of the one remaining month we will also pay a list of Grand Prizes. Every Monthly Prize you win helps you win one of the Grand Prizes. These Monthly Cash Prizes and Grand Cash Prizes are extra and in addition to the premiums we give you. You are sure to get a premium for every club you send in and in addition any Monthly Prize you win is paid to you promptly at the end of the month in which you win it. All of our readers who have not yet done so should by all means enter now for the April prizes. It costs you nothing to try. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Read all about this Grand Cash Prize offer on another page. Also write us for our latest Premium Catalogue. We want to show you what splendid premiums we will give you in addition to any prize money which you may win. And while you are waiting for the catalogue start securing a club of subscriptions to be placed to your credit on the April Prizes.

## We Have Paid The Following Prizes for February!

The 43 contestants whose names appear below have been paid the following February Monthly Cash Prizes. Many of them won a February prize DOUBLED OR THIRIBLED.

Ada Humphrey, Ky.	1st Prize doubled	\$60.00
Mrs. Alice Warner, Minn.	2nd Prize doubled	40.00
Macdon A. Green, Tenn.	3rd Prize doubled	20.00
Henry N. McCord, Ga.	4th Prize doubled	10.00
A. J. Nicholson, N. Y.	5th Prize	5.00
Shilb Pharis, Kans.	6th Prize thiribled	15.00
Mrs. Mary F. Crothers, Ill.	7th Prize doubled	6.00
Mrs. David Graham, Maine	8th Prize	3.00
Mrs. Oscar Hile, Missouri	9th Prize doubled	6.00
Mrs. George Kurtz, Kans.	10th Prize doubled	6.00
Mrs. Lezin Verrier, Wash.	11th Prize doubled	4.00
Miss Florence Bartz, Ala.	12th Prize doubled	4.00
C. A. Brown, Mich.	13th Prize	2.00
Mary Brookes, Missouri	14th Prize	2.00
Miss Freda Wickham, Iowa	15th Prize	2.00
Mrs. J. R. Scott, S. C.	16th Prize	2.00
Mrs. R. B. Wilson, N. C.	17th Prize	2.00
Miss Agnes Johnson, Nebr.	18th Prize	2.00

## The Next Five Received a \$1.00 Monthly Prize Doubled!

Mrs. M. A. Pearl, Conn., Mrs. P. E. Johnson, Fla., Mrs. Almerna R. Hurtence, Pa., Mrs. Pearl Riley, Miss. Mrs. Clara Brown, Pa.

## The Next 20 Received a \$1.00 Monthly Prize Single!

Mrs. Lenna Brooks, N. C., Mrs. Zora A. Hicks, Miss. Mrs. Lena Farmer, N. C., Richard Brown, Calif.; Mrs. Patrick O'Neill, Ill.; E. A. Buckingham, Va.; Manick Skogan, Mont.; Mrs. J. A. Edmiston, Texas; Martin Kiddwell, Indiana; Mrs. W. P. Trimble, Missouri; Miss Mary Jefferson, Indiana; Clifford B. Danforth, N. C.; Mrs. W. E. Hogg, Ga.; Mrs. J. W. Bays, W. Va.; Mrs. A. T. Harrison, Wash.; Kathlene Nichols, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Sleeter, Ark.; Mrs. Geo. Alfred, Colo.; Cordia Ward, Okla.; Mrs. H. B. Williams, Wis.

## We Paid Each Of These Women A \$1.00 Consolation Prize!

Mrs. E. W. Plummer, Missouri; Mrs. P. W. Kerby, Missouri; Mrs. John Wheatley, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Comfort, Mich.; Miss Mary Ford, Kans.; Mrs. Sarah Walls, Ind.; Miss Silvy Riley, Missouri; Mrs. Norman Boyer, Mich.; Lillie Mullins, Ky.; Kate Ogden, Ill.; Mrs. Sallie L. Walker, Ky.; Florence Heath, Kans.; Mrs. Cora Whaley, Kans.; Mrs. N. A. Lusk, Texas; Emma Jane Ward, Ohio; Mrs. Theo Brown, Va.; Mrs. J. E. Freeman, Colo.; Mrs. Lizzie A. Long, Maryland; Mrs. Mariette Loomis, N. Y.; Mrs. Totty Nay, Kans.; Miss Margaret Everhart, Pa.; Miss Addie Johnson, N. J.; Mrs. D. Siple, Iowa; Mrs. O. M. Smith, Pa.; Ohina Carnes, Ky.; John Ellis, Mich.; Agnes Horrell, Pa.; Mrs. C. A. Hood, W. Va.; Mrs. John J. Tron, Ohio; Mrs. B. W. Gerow, Mich.; Mrs. F. Hall, Mich.; Mrs. Cummings, Iowa; Ruby Denison, Tenn.; Mrs. A. E. Keller, N. Y.; Mrs. Thomas C. Loyd, Va.; Edith Short, Texas; Mrs. A. G. Hemingway, N. Y.; Mrs. Bertha Stamey, Tenn.; Miss Stella M. Kist, Pa.; Mrs. George Stacher, Indiana; Miss Freda Matheny, Ohio; Mrs. J. P. Smith, Kan.; Gertrude Callahan, Va.; Mrs. Eliza J. Bagley, Ohio; Mrs. Rosa Boles, Indiana; Eva Clair Moon, N. Y.; Miss Stevenson, Tenn.; Mrs. August Lenschner, Calif.; Mrs. D. A. Phillips, Tenn.; Mrs. E. M. Crutcher, Tenn.; Mrs. Samuel J. Ward, Del.; Miss Freda Melton, Wyo.; Mrs. L. E. McCarver, N. C.; Mrs. Eura Trank, Ill.; Mrs. C. W. Norwood, Okla.; Mrs. Fannie Bieb, Okla.; Mrs. Mattie Hadley, Indiana; Mary Coffee, Ind.; Mrs. A. E. Walsh, Ill.; Miss Luanita Egan, Calif.; Mrs. Ernest Vaux, Calif.; Mrs. M. M. Lilley, Ill.; Bessie Risinger, Indiana; Rosalie Whipple, Pa.; Mrs. A. G. Hemingway, N. Y.; Mrs. Bertha Stamey, Tenn.; Miss Stella M. Kist, Pa.; Mrs. George Stacher, Indiana; Miss Freda Matheny, Ohio; Mrs. J. P. Smith, Kan.; Gertrude Callahan, Va.; Mrs. Eliza J. Bagley, Ohio; Mrs. Rosa Boles, Indiana; Eva Clair Moon, N. Y.; Miss Stevenson, Tenn.; Mrs. August Lenschner, Calif.; Mrs. D. A. 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Made of the purest, softest rubber. Its slight vacuum cup surfaces render misplacement impossible. Only device on the market easily inserted or removed without attachments of any sort. Endorsed by the medical profession as one of the greatest achievements in the annals of recent invention. The cheapest, yet best. Accept no substitutes. Sent postpaid in plain package upon receipt of price, \$1.50. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Write for illustrated descriptive circular. IT IS FREE.

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**Stomach Sufferers**

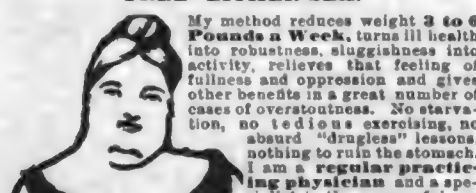
You who have taken this and the other thing, and doctored and doctored with only temporary relief, or none at all—You who are troubled with heartburn, indigestion, sour stomach, nervousness, general debility, nervous pain and misery that come from a bad stomach—It is useless to doctor your symptoms or to take some one's stomach tablets. You must cure your trouble at the source which in such cases is usually the liver with bile and acid. Write for our book, "GALLSTONES AND APPENDICITIS." Sent for our book, below mentioned for those who have liver or stomach trouble. IT IS FREE.

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If you have ever been threatened, or have ever had pains in the right side, our Book on Gall-Troubles sent Free upon request, may throw valuable light on this subject and give you the key to the cause and cure of your trouble.

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I WILL SEND YOU A PROOF TREATMENT FREE—EITHER SEX.

My method reduces weight 3 to 6 Pounds a Week, turns ill health into robustness, sluggishness into activity, relieves that feeling of fullness and oppression and gives other benefits in a great number of cases of overweightness. No starvation, no tedious exercises, no absurd "drugs" lessons, nothing to ruin the stomach. I am a regular practicing physician and a specialist in the successful reduction of superfluous fat. My scientifically perfected method strengthens the heart, enabling easy breathing, quickly removes double chin, large stomach and fat hips. Write to-day for proof treatment, book of valuable advice and testimonials, all sent free. Address: Dr. F. T. BROUCH, 20 East 22d St., 9B, New York.



**To Women Who Dread Motherhood**  
Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE.

Don't dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 106 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

**Girl's Waterproof Cape**  
A Great PROTECTOR From WIND and RAIN

Made of striped rubberized cloth with suitable lining, and the best feature of this cape is the hood. Girls going to school do not like to carry an umbrella, and this cape can be worn either in hot or cold weather. If in winter a sweater or coat can be worn underneath, and the child is not only dry but perfectly warm. There are two openings in the cape for the arms, but the garment is large enough so the books or packages can be carried underneath, which makes it much better than a Rain Coat. The shoulders are shaped so as to give it a very attractive look. This cape comes in a very dark drab color with lighter drab stripes. They are so pretty any girl will be proud to wear one. Sizes 6 to 14 years. When ordering better order it larger than necessary so to have it of sufficient size to go over a heavy coat or other garments. Boys can easily get up close and dry during the rainy season. We are prepared to fill all orders promptly.



**Special Club Offer:**  
For a club of only seven subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you by Parcel Post one of these serviceable Rain Capes. Premium No. 529. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**Comfort's League of Cousins**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

while attempting to guess the dark secrets of your heart. You say I keep busy for all it takes is Will Power. Would you mind telling me who this fellow Will Power is? I've heard a great deal of him lately. I suppose he is related to Jack Frost, who I understand is a sister of Alf-Alfa. Anyway I'm glad that Will Power is lots of assistance. Keep him at it. The busier a boy is the better for his health. You say "Of course Uncle." I wish you to understand that I am not coarse. I of course abhor coarse people. Try a u instead of an a next time Alfa. Excuse me for abbreviating your name. I like the first half immensely, but the second half sounds like a restaurant and suggests cannibalistic tendencies. When your Italian birds can sing English I shall be glad to hear them. You mention that you have a bird named Pete and that good birds go by that name. You are quite right my dear, they do. I had a canary by the name of Pete and to prove that good birds go by that name, I flew out of the window one day, and I was so heart broken by his loss that I have never cared to replace him. You inform us that your little hen bird is setting on four eggs, and he will hatch this week. That must be some bird to hatch a whole week. You are very foolish to take the mumps. Why not leave them alone. Of course if you insist on taking the mumps that is your business, but I wouldn't advise you to do it. Before you can take them of course you've got to catch them. The best way to catch the mumps is to get a shot gun and an electric search-light and go out in the woods on a dark night in the middle of the day on some fine spring morning in December, preferably on the 39th of the month, and after a few weeks you will doubtless, with the assistance of a good mump dog, get on the trail of the mump family. After throwing your search-lights on the highest roots of the trees, you will doubtless see Mr. and Mrs. Mump and all the mump family roosting on a limb. If you want to catch them alive, climb the tree and branch out or shoot them dead with a piece of rock and catch them in your mouth as they are falling. Then you will have the mumps if you want to be mump proof boil two mumps, one red and one green over a hot fire for three weeks and two days, forty minutes and five hours, stirring the contents gradually with the left foot, and then anoint yourself from head to foot in the mump gravy. After bathing swallow the gravy and you will be mump proof for life. A man named Mumpford gave me this prescription. Try it and you will find it a sure preventive.

**Comfort's League of Cousins**

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into a big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed impossible to refuse them. Thus all are eligible to admission into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.", a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

**How to become a Member**

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-month subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal. The League number is never for the members, undoubtedly in the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15-month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states can send a stamped envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York grand secretary.

**Special Notice**

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

**League Shut-in and Mercy Work for April**

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

W. S. Roberts (65), Brush Valley, Pa. Crippled from rheumatism. Is very needy. Would appreciate financial aid, reading matter and cheery letters. Do what you can for him. Mrs. Katherine Fraiture (63), Lulu, Fla. Has one leg amputated below knee, ulcer on the other. Widow. Daughter her only support. Is very poor. Send her some cheer. S. A. Shambless, Dorsey, Miss. Invalid. Needy and worthy. Great sufferer. Send her some cheer. J. Mattson Johnson, Martel, Tenn. Sufferers from epilepsy and other diseases. Unable to work. Remember him. Mrs. Sarah Mack (63), Bradford, Ark. Great sufferer from rheumatism. Poor and needy. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. Perry Parrish, Nashville, R. R. 2, Box 26. Ga. Crippled from rheumatism since he was three years of age. Also blind. Send him cheery letters and don't forget to put something in them. James T. Haney, 1109 Kansas Ave., Hlawatha, Kans. Great sufferer from rheumatism for sixteen years. Unable to work. Aged mother his only support. Send him some help. Simon Marshall, Ocala, Va. Helpless from rheumatism and kidney trouble. Highly recommended. Do something for him. Mattie Moss, Nelsonville, Ky. Invalid. Doctor says she would be able to work if she had a brace. Who will help her get one? Robert Ruark, Covedale, Lewis Co., Ky. Was badly burned six years ago and has been a cripple since. He has no one to help him. Doctors say he might be cured but he has no money to pay for treatment. Who will help him? Anna Arthur, Ona, R. R. 1, W. Va. Shut-in. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Frances Watts, Taylorsville, N. C. Badly afflicted from rheumatism. Unable to do anything. Well recommended. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Mollie Burris, Rice, N. C. Shut-in. Poor and needy. Well recommended. Do something for her. Mrs. J. E. Jones, Horton, R. R. 1, Box

90, Vernon Co., Mo. Invalid would like silk, velvet or worsted quilt pieces, and reading matter. Mrs. Polly Schade, Bee Long, N. C. Shut-in. Would like cheery letters.

Charity covers a multitude of sins. Here is your chance to get a lot of your sins covered. Lovingly.

**Uncle Charlie**

**Uncle Charlie's Poems The Best Spring Medicine in The World!**

There is no spring medicine that compares with Uncle Charlie's Poems. They make the sluggish blood course through the veins like a mill race, for the best tonic in the world is a hearty laugh, and there are a thousand laughs in Uncle Charlie's book of poems. You owe it to the children if not to yourself, to get immediately a copy of this exquisitely dainty book bound in lilac silk cloth, gold top, autumn leaf lined, splendid illustrations of the author and his faithful Maria and a sketch of his life. Free for a club of only four fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Yours for an hour's easy work. Don't be left out in the cold, but start your clubbing today.

**Uncle Charlie's Song Book a Whole Entertainment in Itself**

Uncle Charlie's Song Book supplies a complete musical entertainment for church, parlor or concert room. Twenty-eight songs for every and all occasions, comic, sacred, coon and novelty songs with full music for voice and piano. On the handsome cover appear several splendid photographic pictures of Uncle Charlie. Five dollars' worth of music free for a club of only two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. These premiums count toward our grand cash prize competition. Both books free for a club of six. Work for them today.

To DISTRIBUTE ELK.—A plan has been recommended by the superintendent of Yellowstone national park that from 500 to 1,000 elk be taken from the park herd each year and be distributed among state and municipal authorities of the country who will agree to protect them. The object in distributing them in this manner is to provide for their increase and preservation.

**Sister: Read My Free Offer!**



I am a woman.  
I know a woman's trials.  
I know her need of sympathy and help.

If you, my sister, are unhappy because of ill-health, if you feel unfit for household duties, social pleasures, or daily employment, write and tell me just how you suffer, and ask for my free ten days' trial of a home treatment suited to your needs. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any man. I want to tell you how to cure yourself at home at a cost of about 12 cents a week.

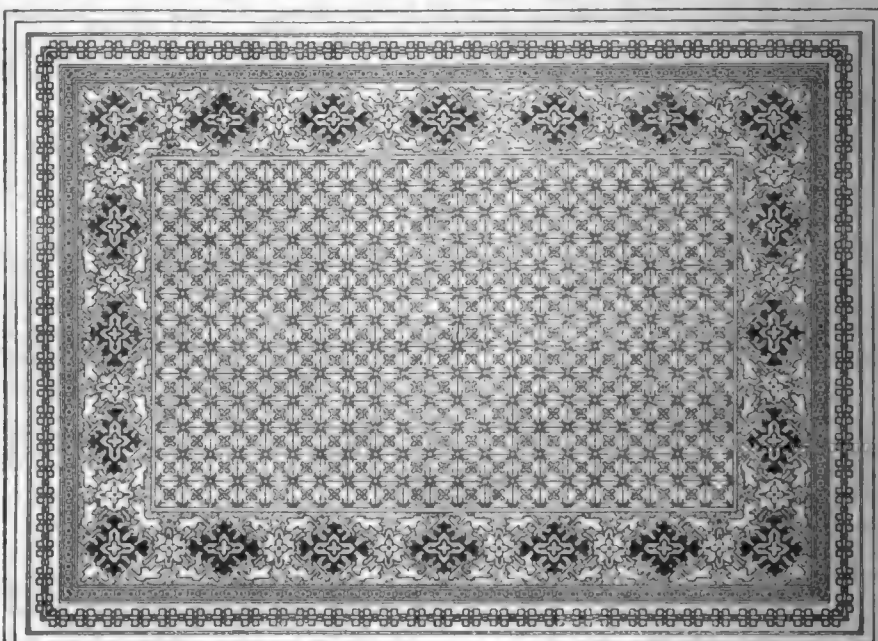
If you suffer from women's peculiar ailments causing pain in the head, back, or bowels, feeling of weight and dragging down sensation, falling or displacement of pelvic organs, causing kidney and bladder weakness or constipation and piles, painful or irregular periods, catarrhal conditions and discharges, extreme nervousness, depressed spirits, melancholy, desire to cry, fear of something evil about to happen, creeping feeling along the spine, palpitation, hot flashes, weariness, sallow complexion with dark circles under the eyes, pain in the left breast or general feeling that life is not worth living.

**I INVITE YOU TO SEND TODAY FOR MY FREE TEN DAYS' TREATMENT**

and learn how these ailments can be easily and surely conquered at home without the dangers and expense of an operation. When you are cured, and able to enjoy life again, you can pass the good word along to some other sufferer. My home treatment is for young or old. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain how to overcome green sickness (chlorosis), irregularities, headaches, and lassitude in young women and restore them to plumpness and health. Tell me if you are worried about your daughter. Remember it costs you nothing to give my home treatment a ten days' trial, and does not interfere with daily work. If health is worth asking for, then accept my generous offer and write for the free treatment, including my illustrated booklet, "Women's Own Medical Adviser." I will send all in plain wrappers postpaid. To save time, you can cut out this offer, mark your feelings, and return to me. Send today, as you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 315 - - - NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.

**THIS LARGE CONGOLEUM RUG**



**Sent You Free And Prepaid For A Club Of Five!**

**Absolutely Waterproof—Dirtproof—Sanitary!**

Water Cannot Rot It, Sun Cannot Fade It. It Lies Flat Without Nailing or Paste, Will Not Curl Up or Kick Up At The Edges, Will Stand The Hardest Kind Of Wear!

NO MORE trouble with unsightly, ill-smelling, dirt and germ laden grass, matting, fiber or fabric rugs or oil cloths. Every woman who has had experience with any one of these old-fashioned methods of floor coverings knows how unsatisfactory they are, and expensive too, because they wear out so fast it is necessary to keep buying new ones all the time. Here, however, is a rug that will actually give years of constant service—a rug which is absolutely waterproof all the way through—which is not injured or even affected by heat, cold, water or changes of temperature—which neither fades nor rots no matter where you put it in-doors or out. It is not oilcloth—it is not linoleum—it is not made of grass, fiber or fabric—it is not like any other form of floor covering in the world. It is known as "Congoleum," a combination of a special wool mixture, waterproof paint and asphaltum. When you wash the floor or porch you can wash the Congoleum rug at the same time without taking it up. You can leave it out on the porch all summer or all winter or the year round and it will not rot, fade or get that faded look that other rugs do after exposure to sun and wear. You can use it on the bathroom floor, the pantry floor, under the refrigerator, under the stove or as an ordinary rug in any room in the house, in fact, there is not a single requirement that this rug will not fill. It is absolutely sanitary because having a hard solid surface the dust, dirt and disease germs positively cannot get into it. No nails, tacks or paste are necessary to keep it down because it always lies flat on the floor and the edges will positively not curl or buckle, thus tripping up everybody who walks over it. These Congoleum rugs cost no more and in some cases actually less than other forms of floor covering and they will wear ten times as long, therefore they are the most economical as well as the most serviceable and satisfactory rug to buy. They come in different attractive designs and beautiful combinations of shades and colors. As a premium for our readers we have selected the pattern illustrated above as the most suitable for all-round purposes. It is one and one half yards long and yard wide. The color scheme is subdued and very charming and it will make an attractive appearance regardless of whether you use it as a porch rug or in kitchen, pantry or any other room in the house. We are positive that every woman who secures one of these rugs will want two or three more at once, therefore we worked hard with the manufacturers to get a special low price on them so that we could give them in return for a very few subscriptions. In this we succeeded as you will note by reading the following

**Club Offer.** For a club of five 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one Congoleum rug free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7305. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.







# ROSES!

## 6 Beautiful Monthly Blooming Roses Delivered to Your Door For One New Subscription!

**BEAUTIFUL** Charming roses anybody can grow in any climate and in almost any soil. Again this season we offer our readers a splendid opportunity to secure without money cost a rare collection of six, hardy, vigorous growing rose plants that will bloom and bloom all summer transforming your flower garden into a veritable paradise of delicious fragrance and radiant colors. The six varieties described below are strong, well-rooted plants ready to be transplanted to your garden as soon as you receive them and we guarantee that they will grow and thrive beautifully.

**Crimson Crown** For color effect and general bedding purposes here is a rose that is hard to equal. It is a robust growing variety, quickly developing into a large bushy plant that is literally covered with immense clusters of deep crimson roses which are tinted a rich lemon-white at the base of each petal. The flowers are of attractive form and borne in such profusion as to give the plant a bright brilliant display from early spring until long after the late frosts.

**Killarney Queen** In this fine new rose some wonderful improvements have been made over the old pink Killarney and the grower now has a nearly perfect variety as it seems possible to secure. The flowers are massive in size, very double and liberally produced. They are constructed of better substance and are of a richer dark deep pink color than the old variety. In rapid vigorous growing habit it cannot be equaled by any other rose in its class. It seems to be perfectly adapted to soil and weather conditions in all localities and if given some care, small plants will develop into fine large bushes the first season planted, returning for the little attention an abundance of magnificent fragrant flowers.

This rose is a hardy everblooming and flowers from early spring until after freezing weather in the fall.

**Climbing American Beauty** The American Beauty in all its glory and fragrance, develops into a hardy outdoor climbing rose. It is a prolific bloomer, with a strong habit of growth, thriving and blooming in almost any situation. The bush growing American Beauty is proved perfectly hardy in any part of the United States. One plant of this new rose will produce twenty times as many flowers as the old variety. The roses growing on a single stem measure three to four inches in diameter and possess the same delicious fragrance that the American Beauty alone has. This new rose must not be classed among the old-fashioned climbers of the rambler type, as it is distinct from them in its very superior quality. It has a fine foliage that does not burn, its thick glossy leaves remaining on the bush all summer. No lover of beautiful roses should fail to plant this fine climber, as it is a worthy ornament to any garden, and its beauty and fragrance will prove a lasting pleasure and delight.

**Bessie Brown** This wonderful rose is indeed a crowning masterpiece and has been hailed by flower-lovers everywhere as one of the greatest rose creations of modern times. With a hardy, vigorous constitution, growing to perfection in any soil or location, it has the most magnificent foliage that is possessed by any variety. It is a tremendous grower, producing flowers profusely all through the summer on strong erect stems. The handsome flowers are of unsurpassed beauty. They are full and deep, of a totally distinct character and formed of such substance as to last splendidly when cut. The color is an exquisite creamy white, delicately flushed pink.

PREMIUM  
No. 672

### DATES TO PLANT ROSES.

Latitude of	after	Feb.	1
Florida, Calif., Tex.,		Feb.	1
" Ariz., Okla., So. Car.,		"	15
" Wash., Tenn., Va.,		"	15
" Nev., Kans., Mo.,		"	15
" Iowa, Ohio, W. Va.,		"	15
" Mont., Mich., N. Y., and all New England States		May	1

**Nita Weldon** Here is another gold medal winner, well worthy a place in the heart and garden of every flower lover. In habit of growth it is perfect. Both the canes and foliage are of such strength and vigor as to withstand without injury the ravages of insects or disease. Neither soil conditions nor location seem to effect its rapid growth or liberal blooming qualities. The flowers are of globular form, very full and immense in size. They are deliciously fragrant and pure ivory-white with edges of petals tinted the faintest blush.

**Lady Hillington** In this variety has been found every good desire of a deep golden everblooming rose. After being awarded gold medals over such varieties as "Sunburst" there is no ground to question its merits. It is a sturdy, vigorous grower, producing long strong stems which hold the beautiful pointed buds upright, making them especially desirable for cut flower purposes. The buds open slowly to full deep golden bloom which hold their form and color much longer than other varieties. In the garden its rich green foliage and abundance of flowers present such a beautiful display of color that it cannot be passed by the most casual observer without an expression of admiration.

These roses are all strong healthy plants on their own roots and will be sent to you by Parcel Post prepaid packed in wet moss so that you will be sure to receive them in just as good condition as when they leave the greenhouse. You may accept this offer with the perfect assurance that these beautiful ever-blooming roses will grow and develop into rare specimen beauties. If any fail to grow we hereby guarantee to replace them for you free of all cost.

**Offer 672 A.** For one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you these six beautiful roses free by Parcel Post prepaid.

**Offer 672 B.** For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents, and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you these six beautiful roses free by Parcel Post prepaid. If you want to send them immediately be sure to say so in your order otherwise the roses will not be mailed to you until the proper time arrives for you to plant them in your garden.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## French Pearl Pendant With Chain



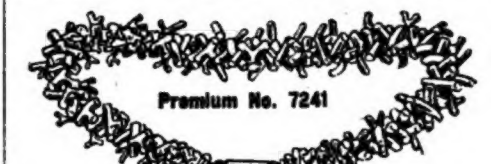
Given For A  
Club Of Two

**FRENCH** Pearl Pendants and Chains (also called "Lavalieres") are always in style and many new handsome designs are being worn this season. One of the prettiest designs we have yet seen is shown in the accompanying illustration. The pendant is made up entirely of a large number of tiny French pearls and set with either four emeralds or four rubies whichever you prefer. The gold-plated chain is 15 inches long and fastens with a reliable safety catch. We will give you this handsome Lavalier free upon the terms of the following:

### CLUB OFFER

For a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this stylish French Pearl Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. When ordering be sure to say whether you want emerald or ruby setting. Premium No. 7202. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Real Coral Necklace



Given For One Subscription!

**NECKLACES** are the style this season. Any kind of a necklace is fashionable but there are none more popular than the coral necklace and it is not nearly so expensive as some of the other kinds. The necklace offered here is made of genuine branched coral—not imitation—strung on a stout cord, 15 inches long and fastens together with a strong safety snap. We will send you this stylish coral necklace free as a premium if you will accept either one of the following special offers:

**Offer No. 7241 A.** (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you this coral necklace free by Parcel Post prepaid.

**Offer No. 7241 B.** For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you this coral necklace free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7241. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Silk Wrist Bag

Given For Two  
Subscriptions

Premium No. 7002

ONE of the latest styles is this handsome black moire silk wrist bag with nickel plated frame, patent snap fastener and fancy lining. As shown in illustration it is carried suspended from the wrist by means of a sixteen-inch strap which is made of the same material as the bag. This bag is of good size being over 5 inches wide at the widest part and 7½ inches long. It is well made of fine material and will certainly please the most fastidious. We will make any lady or girl a present of this bag upon the terms of the following:

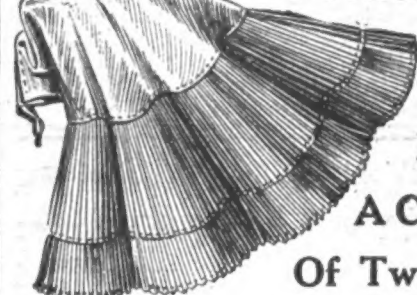
### Club Offer

For a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this handsome moire silk wrist bag free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7002.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Premium  
No. 612

## Stylish Colored Petticoat



For  
A Club  
Of Two

### Kelley Green, Cerise Or Black

**COLORED** petticoats are now the style. Kelley and Black seem to be popular shades as they afford a striking contrast to most any dress. The petticoat offered here is made of handsome satin or "farmer's satin" of good quality with finished seams and deep flounce and it comes in the popular colors above mentioned. Every woman to be in fashion now needs one or more of these petticoats which fit so nicely and hang so gracefully. Be sure to specify size and color wanted when ordering otherwise we cannot fill your order. We have them in lengths from 38 inches to 44 inches and will send you length and color desired, if you will accept the following:

**Club Offer.** For a club of only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one of these petticoats free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 612. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Look Boys!

**You Can Get This  
DANDY STEVENS RIFLE FREE!**

If you want a real rifle—not a toy or the make-believe kind—then here's your chance to own a Stevens Rifle and best of all it won't cost you one cent of money. Of course, you know what the "Stevens" Rifle is. It is acknowledged to be one of the very best makes in the world manufactured by the famous Stevens Firearms Co. of Massachusetts. The rifle we offer you here is their "Little Scout" model and is the take-down pattern—that is by simply turning a screw you can remove the barrel from the stock which is a great help in cleaning the gun or packing it for travel. It shoots C. B. caps, .22 short, .22 long, or .22 long rifle rimfire cartridges, has an 18-inch round all-steel barrel, case-hardened frame, blued steel butt plate, German silver knife-edge front and open rear sights, polished black walnut stock and weighs 2½ pounds. This rifle is absolutely safe because it cannot be discharged until the cartridge is automatically locked in the chamber and there is positively no danger of back firing. For target practice and for along on hunting and camping trips this is just the rifle that every red-blooded boy wants and should have because with it you are always sure of bagging all the small game that comes your way such as rabbits, squirrels, hawks and all kinds of game birds. We want every boy who reads this offer to have one of these splendid rifles and we are going to make it very easy for you to get one without spending a cent for it. Here's our free offer. Just read it!

## You Can Get This DANDY STEVENS RIFLE FREE!

**Club Offer.** For a club of only twelve 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this genuine Stevens Rifle free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 691. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Looks and Wears Like Solid Gold



Free For A Club Of 8

you unlimited satisfaction. We have just added this elegant new watch to our list of premiums and are giving it away free on the terms of the following special:

**CLUB OFFER.** For a club of only eight 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or four 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome lady's watch exactly as described free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 691. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Elegant Lady's Watch

HERE is a watch that we are proud to offer and one that any lady or girl should feel proud to own. It is known as the "Leonard Dutchess" and is a perfect little beauty having all the refined, stylish features that are generally found only on the highest priced solid gold watches. We show both the front and the back of the watch in above illustration so that you can gain some idea of its beautiful appearance, especially the fancy engraving on the back. This is a thin model watch, 6 size, stem wind, pendant set with antique bow and flat stem. The movement is damasked, quick train, hardened steel cut pinions, straight line escapement, every part carefully made and adjusted by skillful watch-makers in one of the largest watch factories in the United States. Best of all however, this watch cannot be told from a solid gold watch and it will wear like solid gold because the case is made of a solid composition of gilt metal that is the same color all the way through so that it will never tarnish or change color, but the longer it is worn, the brighter and better it will look. This dainty little timepiece is refined and stylish enough to satisfy the most exacting taste. We guarantee that it will keep perfect time and otherwise prove satisfactory or it may be returned to the factory any time within one year where it will either be repaired free of charge or a new watch sent in exchange. The factory's guarantee will be sent to you along with the watch and in addition we will ourselves guarantee that this watch will give you unlimited satisfaction.

## Boys' Base Ball Outfit

A Good Ball, Glove, Catcher's Mitt, Mask And Suit Consisting Of Trousers, Shirt, Belt and Cap!

**BOYS,** here is your chance! We will give every boy who accepts our offer this dandy baseball outfit and it will not cost you one cent. It consists of a splendid baseball, junior size, with extra well sewed genuine horsehide cover—a beauty of a fielder's glove made of brown Nappa leather, kid lined, strongly sewed, with web thumb, a regular big league style catcher's mitt made of Craven tan leather, well padded, a strong, durable catcher's mask made of electro blued steel wire with side pads, head and chin pieces and a handsome gray flannel suit, consisting of padded trousers, a shirt with elbow sleeves and red collar, cap with red visor and a red belt with a metal clasp. No matter how old you are—if you are not over 14 years of age—we will send you a suit that will fit you perfectly as we have them in all sizes up to 14 years. The ball, glove, mask and mitt are the famous "D. & M." brand made by the Draper-Maynard Company, one of the largest and best known sporting goods manufacturers in the country. We tell you this so that you may know that we are giving you the "real thing" an outfit that you will feel proud to own and one that will stand the wear and tear of a hundred hard fought games. When you order this outfit be sure to state your age. Don't forget that because we want to send a suit that will fit you.

### Given For A Club Of Twelve.

For a club of twelve 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you free and charges prepaid this complete baseball outfit exactly as described above. When ordering be sure to give your age. (Premium No. 73012.) Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

We Prepay  
All Charges



# Beautiful Souvenir State Spoons!

We Want To Give A Set To Every Reader of COMFORT!

**Start Your  
Collection Now  
And Get This Hand-  
some Sugar Shell Free!**

**WHY NOT** start with six Spoons (Six of the same state or different states) and get this Sugar Shell free. You certainly want a collection of these State Seal Spoons. Everybody wants them. They are something you will always feel proud to own. You are SURE to be both pleased and satisfied with them because they are just as durable as they are handsome. They are the finest heavy SILVER PLATE made. Every Spoon in this wonderful collection bears the trade-mark "WALLACE A1" stamped on the handle. That is your protection and you are still further protected by a PRINTED GUARANTEE that comes wrapped around each Spoon. A facsimile of this guarantee is printed below. Read it carefully.

**Read This Guarantee. It Protects You  
Fully And We Back Up Every Word Of It**

## WE GUARANTEE

That This State Souvenir Spoon

Stamped "Wallace A1." is made by us. That the base is 18 per cent Solid Nickel Silver, and that it is plated with a Heavy Plate of Pure Silver 999-1000 Fine (50 Dwt. to the gross.) We hereby agree to replace, free of charge, any spoon which does not give satisfactory service to the purchaser.

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.

**You Will Find The Above Guarantee Wrapped  
Around Every Spoon In The Collection**

Notice that the Wallace Co. agrees to replace FREE OF CHARGE any Spoon that does not give satisfactory service and that guarantee is backed up by us. No matter in what State you live you can have YOUR OWN STATE SPOON and we can give you the other State Spoons as fast as you send for them. You do not have to

start your  
collection  
with as many

**HERE IS** a chance for readers of COMFORT to join the great army of Souvenir State Spoon collectors, but while others have to pay money for them YOU can have a complete set of forty-eight Spoons and a handsome patriotic Sugar Shell without one cent of expense, by accepting our offer at once! *Send your order in NOW as our supply is limited.*

Everybody is getting a collection of these beautiful Souvenir State Spoons. It is the greatest fad that ever struck this country. We know that there are thousands of COMFORT readers who are interested in securing a set of the Spoons so we have arranged with the R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co., Wallingford, Conn., to make for us a complete set of forty-eight

as six Spoons unless you want to but UNLESS YOU DO you lose the opportunity to get the handsome patriotic Souvenir Sugar Shell absolutely free in addition to the Spoons. This Sugar Shell is exactly the same high-grade as the Spoons. It is heavily plated with PURE SILVER on a nickel silver base, the bowl is plain and bright polished and the handle has the popular French Grey finish and bears the heavily embossed Seal Of The District Of Columbia the head of George Washington and United States Shield. Our illustration of the Sugar Shell is greatly enlarged to show you what a beautiful design it is. The Sugar Shell itself is the regulation size and will match your Spoons finely. You certainly do not want to miss this chance to secure a set of these beautiful Souvenir State Spoons for yourself. We make it very easy for you to get them and convenient for you to send for them if you will use one of the coupons printed in the lower right-hand corner of this page. If you send a club of six 15-month subscriptions at 25 cents each for **Six Spoons** (Six of the same state or different states) and Sugar shell, just fill in Coupon No. 1 and mail it to us with your remittance and the sheet of paper on which you write the subscribers' names and addresses. If you send **one** 15-month subscription (it must not be your own, but that of a friend) and 25 cents for **one spoon** fill in Coupon No. 2 and send it to us with your remittance. If you want **more** than one Spoon but **less** than six Spoons send us **one 15-month subscription and 25 cents for each spoon ordered.** In this case you need not send either coupon. When ordering **be sure to write very distinctly what States you want.** You had better start your collection with a set Six Spoons so as to get the Sugar Shell free, then you can add to your collection as fast as you please. Remember we have a Spoon for every state in the union and we can send you the states you desire as fast as you order them. *Don't Delay but start your club today! We may not repeat this offer!*

Spoons—a Spoon, for each State in the Union. We have just received the first lot and they are beauties. They are heavily silver plated on a nickel silver base. The pattern is simply exquisite. You never saw anything lovelier. The illustration at the lower left-hand corner of this page gives you no idea of their real beauty. The bowls of the Spoons are perfectly smooth and polished to a dazzling brightness. The handle of each Spoon has the popular French Grey finish and is *handsomely embossed* with the arms of the United States—the flag and eagle—and the name and *State Seal* of the particular state which the Spoon represents. You will be perfectly delighted with these Spoons because they are without doubt the handsomest you ever saw and they are of such high quality that they will last you a lifetime. "Wallace" silverware is acknowledged to be one of the best brands made anywhere and these Spoons are MANUFACTURED AND GUARANTEED by them. You can use them on your table every day in the year and they will wear splendidly and give perfect satisfaction. You will find them just as USEFUL as they are ornamental. We are now ready to distribute these Souvenir State Spoons to readers of COMFORT on the terms of the liberal free offer explained below. Don't miss this chance to secure at least a set of six of these Spoons in addition to the handsome Sugar Shell illustrated herewith while this offer lasts. You can, of course, start your collection with one Spoon but by starting with a set of six Spoons *we will give you absolutely Free this Handsome Patriotic Sugar Shell, the handle of which is decorated with the head of George Washington, the shield of the United States and the seal of the District of Columbia.*

We Illustrate The Sugar Shell A Great Deal Larger Than It Really Is To Give You Some Idea Of The Handsome Embossed Design On The Handle.



Premium No.  
7271



**Here is The  
Way To Get  
As Many Of The  
Spoons as You Want!**

**WE CANNOT** accept YOUR OWN SUBSCRIPTION for one Spoon but your own subscription (or renewal or extension of your present subscription) may be included in a club of six or in fact in a club of three or more. If you want ONE State Spoon only, get some friend to hand you 25 cents to pay for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT, write his or her name and address and your own name and address and the name of State Spoon wanted ON COUPON NO. 2 and then mail the coupon and 25 cents to us and we will send you the spoon selected by Parcel Post prepaid. If you want to start with a set of Six Spoons and Sugar Shell get a club of six 15-month subscriptions at 25 cents each (including your own subscription if you so desire) then send us the subscriber's names and addresses and COUPON NO. 1 and the \$1.50. We will send you the Six Spoons and Sugar Shell by Parcel Post prepaid and guarantee that you will be more than delighted with them. Don't fail to always mention state or states wanted. Premium No. 7271.

**Address All Your Letters and Orders To  
COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.**

No. 1

## Six Spoon and Sugar Shell Coupon

(Use This Coupon If You Send Club Of Six For Six Spoons And Sugar Shell)

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

Dear Sir:—I enclose \$1.50 and six 15-month subscriptions. Please send me free and postpaid the Sugar Shell and Six Souvenir Spoons of the following states:

(Write Name Of States Wanted On Above Dotted Lines)

My Name is \_\_\_\_\_ Post Office \_\_\_\_\_

Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_ Box No. \_\_\_\_\_ R. F. D. No. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Write Subscriber's Names and Addresses On Separate Sheet Of Paper and Pin This Coupon To It.

No. 2

## One Spoon Coupon

(Use This Coupon If You Send One Subscription For One Spoon)

Publisher, COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

Dear Sir:—I enclose 25 cents and one 15-month subscription. Please send me one souvenir spoon for the state of

(Write Name Of State Wanted On Above Dotted Line)

Subscriber's Name \_\_\_\_\_ Post Office \_\_\_\_\_

Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_ Box No. \_\_\_\_\_ R. F. D. No. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Sign Your Name and Address Below.

My Name is \_\_\_\_\_ Post Office \_\_\_\_\_

Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_ Box No. \_\_\_\_\_ R. F. D. No. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



